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THE NEW YORK MONTHLY • JANUARY 1990

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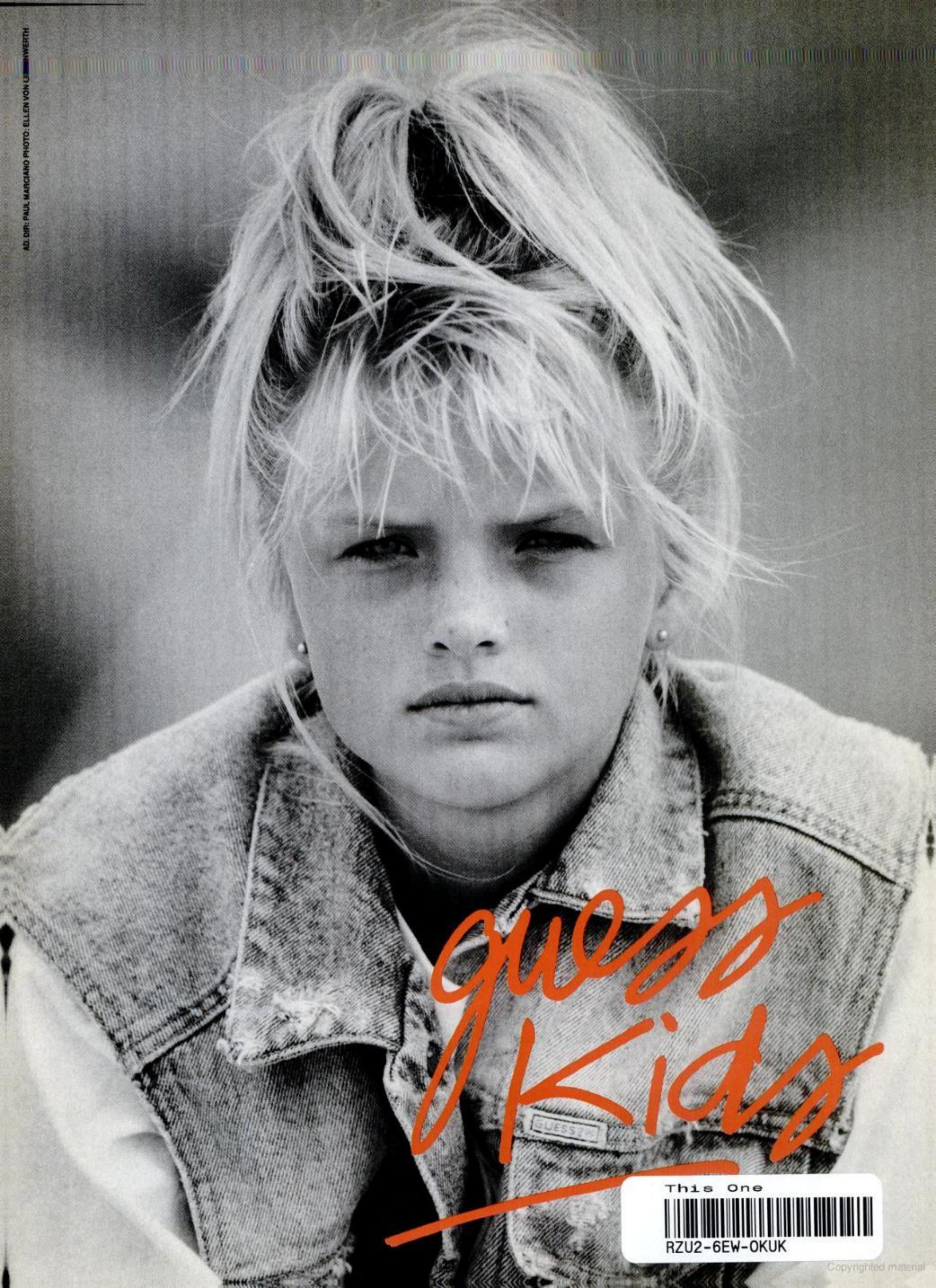
Victoria Jackson as  
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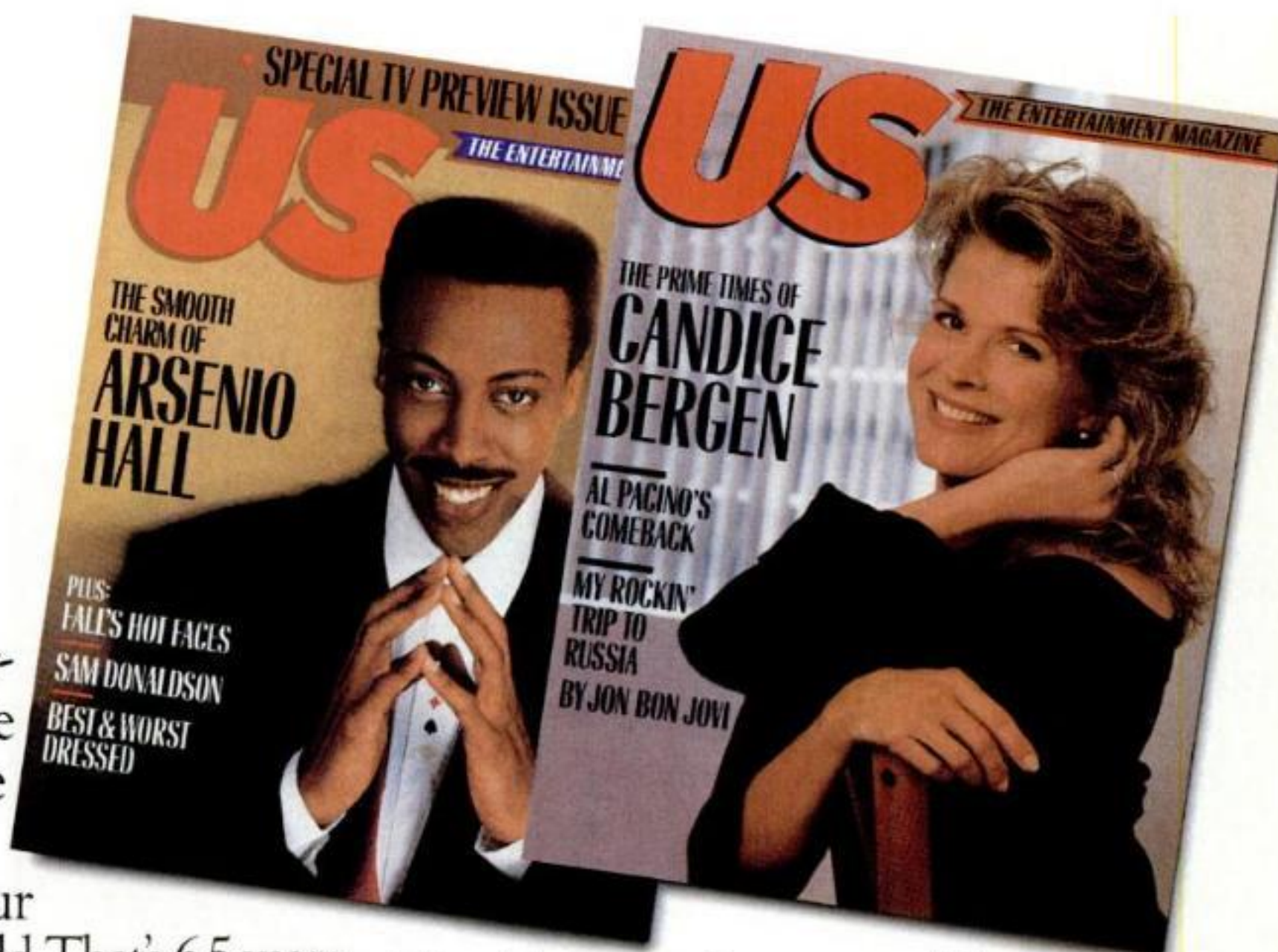




# No Yiddish heavy metal bands.

— People Magazine, July 31, 1989, pages 78-79.

The style of our entertainment coverage and the entertainers we cover have gathered US a younger and hipper audience. Our average reader is 30 years old. That's 6.5 years younger than the average reader of People.



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A wishful,

disingenuous

conventional

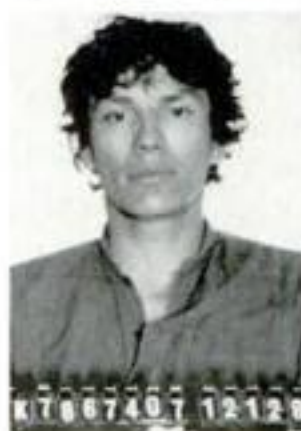
wisdom is in

THE NINETIES? A WISFUL, DIS-INGENUOUS conventional wisdom is in already: a sweeter, more caring, down-to-earth era, all of America like Portland (Maine, Oregon, it doesn't matter), all Americans like Garrison Keillor and eating nothing but healthful grains, the century finishing up in a coast-to-coast Capra-esque love-



fest. But so far, anyway, it looks like the Frank Capra spirit is operative only on the far side of the Rhine; the *American* 1990s look to be complicated, weird—downright Tim (*Pee-wee's Big Adventure*, *Beetlejuice*, *Batman*) Burton-esque. As we announced in a ground-breaking epiphany here sometime back in the late 1980s, *Batman* was, in effect, a naturalistic ac-

count of life in these United States, a cryptodocumentary. "We're a nation of fucks and gangsters," a patronage-dispensing New York City school board intendent who and-gangsters other villain, its victim, Alas-penses incurred up the *Valdez*-besotted Alaskan coastline, claiming the state



slowed the operation down (quick: real life or *Batman II*?). Where but in some anxious, febrile, cinematic Manhattan dreamscape would a gang of black teenage girls glancingly prick dozens of white women? ("They thought it was fun," explained a deputy police chief after the gang was apprehended, "to run down Broadway and stick white women with pins to see their reaction.") When Richard Ramirez, the Los Angeles serial killer called the Night Stalker, learned that he would probably be gassed to death, he provided the perfect sound

bite: "Big deal," Ramirez said simply and eloquently, and five days after the death sentence was pro-

nounced came the made-for-TV movie based on his life, just in time for Thanksgiving. But there are also, for comic relief, life's distinctly *Pee-wee* aspects. The published suggestion, for instance, that the Jockey shorts on sale for \$700 to benefit the Long Island Animal Rescue Fund were in fact Don-





ald Trump's. A spokesperson for The Trump Organization challenged the garment's provenance. "It's ridiculous. It's absurd. It's totally false. *No one*," the spokesperson insisted, "has access to his underwear except his wife and family." (Plus, if they *were* for sale, they'd go for *plenty* more than \$700.) And when Disney chairman Michael Eisner set out last fall for the Paris Bourse to announce the sale of \$970 million worth of stock in the new European Disneyland, he was accompanied by footmen in Mickey Mouse and Pluto costumes. But that was simply not zany enough: upon arriving, Eisner was pelted with eggs and catsup by young Communists in Disney-character costumes of their own.

There are no young Communist ideologues in America anymore, certainly none enterprising enough to wear giant Goofy masks to a protest demonstration.

Yet, as we explained in a ground-breaking essay back in the late eighties, we and the Soviet Union are undergoing a wholesale role reversal—the USSR becoming a lively bourgeois democracy, the U.S. becoming a dreary, defensive, enervated hulk. Ridiculous? Absurd? Totally false? While Moscow is allowing free travel and emigration, even for those who have sought to leave illegally, Washington is fretting over the possibility that some impoverished Mexican-Americans may have been given immigration amnesty improperly. It is our National Endowment for the Arts, not the Soviet Ministry of Culture, that has just withdrawn funding for an art show catalog because it criticizes members of the ruling party. And it is New York City's Metropolitan Transit Authority that has ordered its police force to search out subway beggars and expel them from the system. Moscow on the Hudson? *No*, ridiculous, absurd, totally false, precisely *not* that: "We're not," MTA chairman Robert Kiley thought it necessary to point out, "proposing jackboots, whips and clubs."

No jackboots, not a single whip, no clubs—and Charlton Heston doing the voice-overs for government instructional films about nuclear weapons. This is why

the U.S. will never *really* be like the Soviet Union—why the American police state, if it finally comes, will be so much more pleasant and enduring than the rough, tough kinds established abroad. Heston has narrated at least six of the doomsday movies, a job for which he and his toupee have been granted one of the highest security-clearance levels. "I'm not trying to be dramatically secretive," he said, "but I can't get into that." Just what sort of government would entrust national security to a pompous old B-actor? Why, one



led by a *Boy's Book of Presidential Leadership* guy like Poppy Bush, who has had the White House retrofitted with all kinds of super-cool spy-HQ gadgetry. According to an intimate, "He's turned the Oval Office into *Mission: Impossible*."

Meanwhile, Elizabeth Clare Prophet, who inspires passionate commitment from more Americans than the president (thousands for Prophet versus several for Bush, including Bar), has turned her Montana ranch into *Mission: Impossible*. Fellow members of her Church Universal and Triumphant have stockpiled weapons (.50-caliber armor-piercing guns, 120,000 rounds of ammunition) and built bomb shelters on the land they bought from Malcolm Forbes about the same time Charlton Heston started his top-secret work. Erin Prophet, Elizabeth Clare's daughter and spokesperson, says it's ridiculous, absurd, totally false that the church poses any threat. But the neighbors are spooked. "People who go around with armor-piercing assault rifles and building bomb shelters," said one last fall, "are not exhibiting neighborliness." The bomb shelters, by the way, are for the Soviet attack that Prophet has astrologically predicted for this New Year's Eve.

Of course, this New Year's Eve means just one thing to fans of 1999: *Casinos of the Third Reich*, our ground-breaking serialized novel—the finale to "It's My Party," the story's glittery, glitzy Part I. Of course, the grand, glossy world of high-stakes art auctions figures prominently in the concluding chapter of Part I: as the hero and heroine swagger out of the auction house empty-handed, having been outbid on *Torpedo Los*, Roy Lichtenstein's funny, frightening comic-book-panel painting of a Nazi U-boat captain (it went for \$5.5 million, 2,200 times the price art dealer Leo Castelli originally got for it in 1963), we hear the president of Christie's exulting to a reporter. "It was an exciting sale," he says, "snap, crackle and pop all the way." And it is wise, wily Castelli himself, speaking of the same Christie's auction, who delivers the famous closing line of Part I: "One expects miracles again—and they may be happening."

Miracles? And *how*: with an astounding, absurd *deus ex machina*—the Iron Curtain comes down! Peace on Earth!—we plunge headlong into "Berlin Calling," Part II of our novel of the fin de siècle. Everything seems to be pointing toward a Capra-esque lovefest of an ending, with a tough, time-tested Bush administration European expert gushing that the White House now believes Gorbachev is "real, real, outrageously for real." But so many loose ends remain in our rollicking, rueful story—especially for a certain North American country whose identity has been based on its readiness to repel marauding Communists, not to mention a certain bifurcated European country that has never managed to go more than 20 years *whole* without starting a world war. The specter of a born-again Berlin with designs on the world? It's ridiculous. It's absurd. It's totally false. Yet when the Wall was finally breached, did West German chancellor Helmut Kohl say *Marvelous!* or *Oh, happy day!* or *Snap, crackle and pop all the way?* No. He said, "Long live a free German fatherland!" Right-wing Germans ranting about the fatherland... yes, the ground-breaking novel that began as 1999: *Casinos of the Third Reich* undergoes a change of title halfway through the action—a teasing, terrifying mystery that readers of 1999: *Casinos of the Fourth Reich* can't wait to unravel! ☛



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From the SPY mailroom: In the two and a half years this column has been appearing, no one has ever asked us exactly how it's put together. Well, we'll tell you. First we come up with an opening gimmick; you are enduring one right now.



Then we weed out the cards and letters that are obviously nothing more than auditions for publication—wacky requests, ir-

relevant information, private correspondence, petty complaints; these are what we choose to work with. Finally, we set aside a generous portion of the column for our readers to engage in a wide-ranging debate on what *nubbin* really means.

There are many exceptions to the rule, of course, but this particular column will for the most part follow that pattern. With one special bonus: Bill Cosby has written us.

A William H. Cosby Jr. of Manhattan has returned a recent SPY subscription solicitation sent unwittingly to him—returned it *unopened*, despite the envelope's attention-grabbing promise that a **FREE Gorby Lick 'n' Stick Birthmark** was inside. Scrawled across the envelope: "NO!!! This is funnier than anything you've done with my name in it. Bill Cosby." By "this," we assume Mr. Cosby means our attempt to sell him a subscription. Of course, of course—he must already have one. Are our faces red!

Cos's was not the only Gorby Lick 'n' Stick Birthmark to be bounced back to us. The Allenwood Federal Prison Camp in Montgomery, Pennsylvania, returned the one we sent someone who happens to be doing time. (Where *do* we get our mailing lists? Old White House staff directories?) Prisoner—rather, *potential subscriber*—No. 35060-066 shall remain nameless; he may, after all, intend to turn over a new leaf. The rejected Gorby Birthmark, the one that might have been his, was returned to SPY attached to official prison form BP-328(58). (We got the original copy, by the way; yellow goes to the inmate, pink to the mailroom—theirs, not ours—and "golden-rod" to something called the Central File.) Anyway, form BP-328(58) revealed that in our communication with potential subscriber No. 35060-066 we had enclosed "unauthorized material"—to ▶

DEAR EDITORS **A** few years ago your magazine published an article that attempted to test the gullibility of those who collate mailing lists, as well as trace the route along which a name is passed on such lists ["Dear \_\_\_\_\_, You May Have Already Won...," by Roy Harley, November 1987]. Since that time, I've been receiving a gift subscription to SPY, addressed to Karen Troxy, as opposed to my real, therefore preferred, name, Karen Trott.

There has since been a deluge of junk mail delivered to this newly channeled entity. Additionally, a second being has been identified, one Admiral Karen Troxy, who now receives her own daily bundles of catalogs and ephemera. Karen Troxy receives subscription offers to *Mother Jones*, for example, whereas Admiral Troxy is being solicited by the National Rifle Association.

Enclosed is a change-of-name-and-address form. I'm curious about how long it will take for the Troxys to move out of my mailbox. I'd consider keeping you posted but fear the consequences.

Karen Trott  
New York

*We enjoy a good name mangling as well as the next magazine, and, frankly, we like the sound of "Troxy"—but we'll of course correct the mistake, with our apologies. But you might look elsewhere for the provenance of "Admiral Troxy" (which we love the sound of)—we've never sold our mailing list to the National Rifle Association.*

DEAR EDITORS **I**n reference to Mark Frankel's article on midget movie mogul Dino DeLaurentiis in your August 1989 issue ["The Little Producer That Couldn't"], I would like to

contribute further evidence of Mr. DeLaurentiis's producing prowess.

Critic Brian D. Johnson's review of the movie *Great Balls of Fire* in *Maclean's* magazine mentions that the script was offered to DeLaurentiis in an effort to get him to invest in the film. After reading the script, the pint-size producer rejected it because it wasn't *funny* enough. Apparently he thought its subject was Jerry Lewis, cretinous comedian, not Jerry Lee Lewis, piano-playing pedophile.

As Dino might have exclaimed had he

chosen to produce the film, "Everybody loves the big junkie!"

Keith Clarkson

Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada

DEAR EDITORS **J**ennet Conant's article "Slaves of *The New Yorker*" [September 1989] brings to mind a similar servitude I observed while employed at no less hallowed an institution than the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum. Fresh graduates of the Institute of Fine Arts or similar schools, almost all of them female, would perform various high-profile "internship" assignments (answer telephones, fetch coffee, type) without compensation, to demonstrate their "commitment." Regardless of the unlikelihood of their ever rising in the hierarchy of curatorship, these interns regarded the director with awe; his office, as if it were a Delphic temple. They would avoid saying the director's name inside the museum, as if Frank Lloyd Wright's curving concrete walls were one enormous ear leading to the office of the Great One.

Peter Meitzler  
Los Angeles, California

DEAR EDITORS **A**s an ex-flight attendant for Air Canada, I can tell you that whenever the Grim Reaper made his way through one of our cabins, the procedure was a little different from Delta Air Lines' ["Bound for Glory: What Happens When Your Last Stop Comes Before the End of the Line," by Jay Blotcher, September]. We still notified the family and had the plane met by an ambulance, but we didn't just leave the deceased for dead during the flight.

Maybe it is just the Canadian way, but

## LETTERS TO SPY

we were basically told to lie and pretend that the passenger was not dead, only ill. It seems the airline thought if we ran down the aisles screaming "Oh God, he's dead, Gloria!" the passengers would become alarmed and subsequently be too afraid to visit the in-flight duty-free shop. So we were told to vacate the seat beside the deceased, put a fake oxygen mask on him, turn his face toward the window and cover him with a blanket. (So he wouldn't get cold?) The rest of the flight would be spent offering the dead man drinks and





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wit, "one decal." So: *no decals allowed in federal prison.* (Some other things the Department of Justice returns to senders, according to form BP-328(58): padded cards, electronic musical greeting cards, sexually explicit personal photos, plant shavings and body hair. Whoops! There go the next five SPY subscription giveaways.) Presumably the other elements of our mailing made it through to 35060-066's cell; he's still, after all, a member in good standing of SPY's target audience, no matter what 12 of his peers evidently had to say.

(For the record: SPY was only trying to sell a subscription. We were not accomplices to any attempted jailbreak. It never even *occurred* to us, as it apparently did to the prison authorities, that 35060-066 could apply the Gorby Lick 'n' Stick Birthmark high on his forehead and, citing wrongful incarceration and an already-in-progress meeting of the Politburo 4,000 miles away, walk out of Allenwood a free man.)

On to the wacky requests, irrelevant information, private correspondence and petty complaints.

Samuel D. Friedlander of North Massapequa, New York, went backpacking in Europe last August (taking with him the latest SPY) and thought to send us a postcard from Switzerland. That in itself is not worthy of mention here—two sentences and counting!—but we were interested in his discovery that if you tear off the pages of the magazine as you read them, your backpack becomes progressively lighter. We hope you disposed of those pages appropriately, Mr. Friedlander. You know the Swiss.

Our New Paltz, New York, correspondent, Gena Feist, continues to send handmade, mortarboard-size postcards on the backs of which she discourses on a variety of subjects. Now she wants us to set her up with Elvis Costello. "I know he's a married man," she admits. Gena, you home-wrecker. "I'd go so far as to resubscribe," she adds. Sorry—we're not that kind of magazine.

David Robinson of Manhattan would like an important, overlooked nugget of information: what fashion arbitress Diana Vreeland was wearing when she died. Well, we're not yet *that* kind of magazine either.

Another reader is bewildered by the re-



complimentary earphones to continue the charade.

The thing I could never understand was that a flight attendant was expected to sit beside the body for landing. It's not as if they expected you to date the guy afterward or anything, but really... how can a corpse have anything but a safe landing?

(I wasn't with the company very long and never personally had a passenger die on one of my flights; however, there were quite a few I wanted to kill.)

Annie Game

Toronto, Ontario, Canada

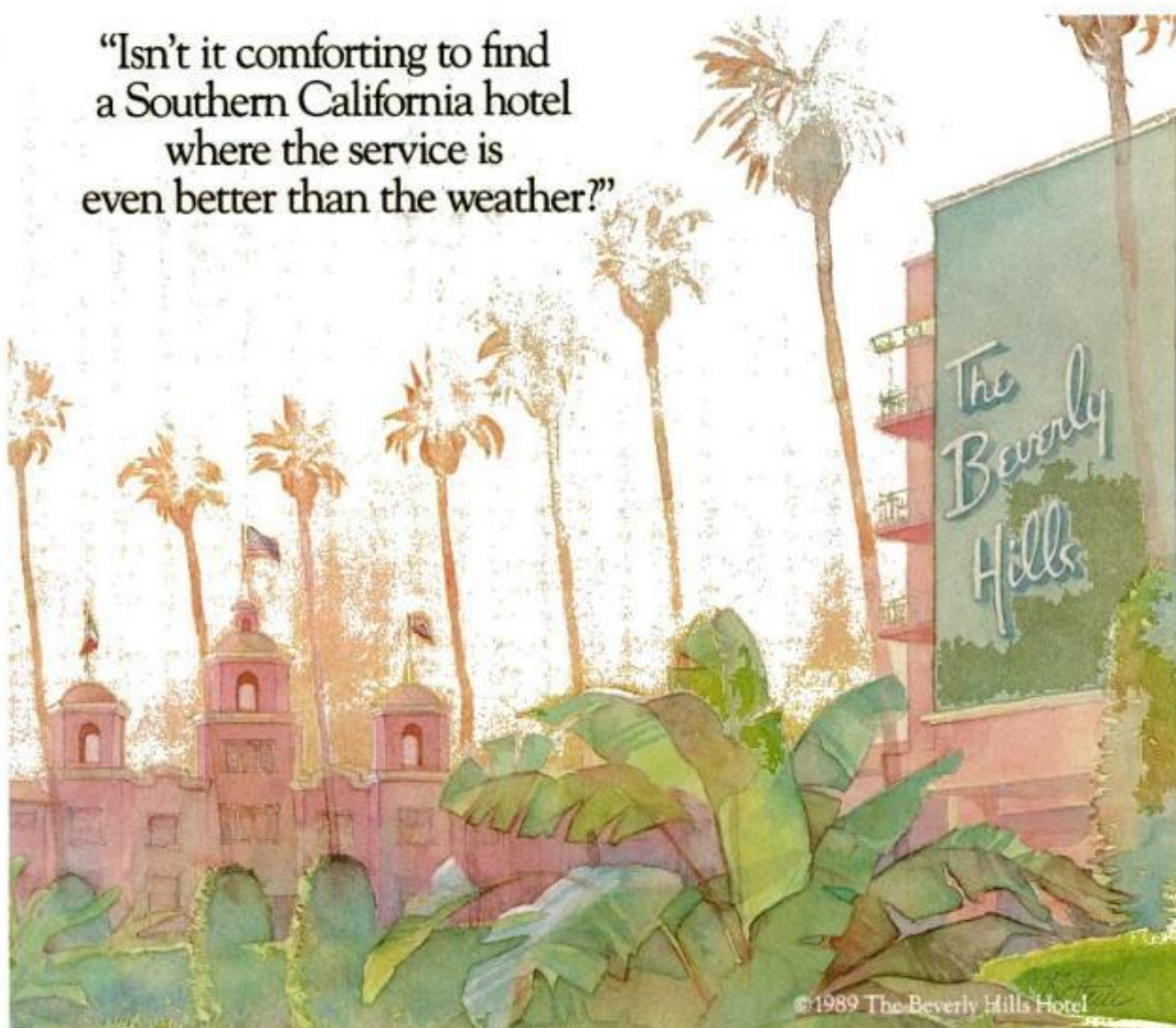
DEAR EDITORS **T**he key to your article on Hollywood's career-making liaisons ["Do You, Sylvester Stallone, ...," by Jeff Trent, September] provided abbreviations for "spouse," "boy- or girlfriend," and "ex-spouse or ex-friend." The chart that followed, however, did not include a single boy- or girlfriend. Are you trying to tell us that friendship isn't what it used to be in the coldhearted industry?

Jerry Balsam

New York

No, we're probably just trying to tell you that in

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Both Donald Trump and Mikhail Gorbachev are given to rhetorical bravado that far surpasses their ability to act. Both of them are sternly critical of the so-called hooliganism of their nations' minority groups. Both of them have much-criticized, elegant and, coincidentally, Slavic wives. Trump, however, still favors the Stalinist, monomaniacal habit of naming everything he controls after himself. Congratulations to SPY for its conscientious efforts against this most recent cult of personality.

Dominic Gualtieri  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

DEAR EDITORS **R**egarding "Save the Whales—We're Coming In for a Close-up," by Tom Rose and Bruce Handy [October], I have to wonder if Tom Rose has ever been to Barrow, Alaska, as you claim. I visited there a couple of years ago and found that while it was remote and decidedly unhip, the town was otherwise right up-to-date.

It is *not* a "cash only" place. My American Express Gold Card was readily accepted at the Top of the World Hotel and at Pepe's North of the Border Mexican

I've never encountered a model or another writer! I've never even known any models, let alone dated one! I don't know who Brian McNally is! Thank God, all I have to do, according to your article, is plaster my next book with a heavily airbrushed photo of me, drink in hand, in front of a stuffed dog at M.K.; if my picture is more important than my writing, it must supersede my actual life as well.

Mary "LaToya" Gaitskill  
New York

P.S. Men *do* come up to women in bars, especially women wearing glasses, and say "I'll bet you're a writer." Sometimes they're just being snotty but still.

DEAR EDITORS **J**erry Brown should know there will be no U.S. Senate seat up in 1990 in California [The Usual Suspects, October]. He should also know that when you are trying to get lucky with a politically inclined lady, you should have your facts straight.

Francis J. McCarthy  
Glenview, Illinois

*Jerry Brown probably does know better on the first count; it was our mistake.*

Like Sneed Knows Suzy," October] appears a cartoon startlingly reminiscent of a Monty Python sketch about news for gibbons. Surely you're trying to teach your readers a subtle lesson.

Jerry Balsam  
New York

*Similarly acknowledged. Last Jerry Balsam letter this month.*

DEAR EDITORS **A**lthough your report on the theory of "dumb money"—the rabid phenomenon of betting *against* the stock market investments recommended in the major media—is all well and good [The Street, by William Smith and Eddie Stern, October], surely you realize that now that this investment theory is out in the open, it is no longer valid. This gives rise to a *new* school—*anti*-dumb-moneyism—the science of studying what analysts say on TV, counting on the fact that in-the-know investors will do the opposite, then *doing the opposite yourself*: in other words, following what the big-time stock analysts said to do in the first place. Back to the drawing board, armchair pop stock-watchers!

Jeffrey P. McManus  
Santa Barbara, California

DEAR EDITORS **G**ee, you guys sure were nice to John Tesh during the interview on *Entertainment Tonight* in the fall. You didn't even wince when John likened SPY to *Mad* magazine and *National Lampoon*, not to mention a high school yearbook! What self-control!

I look forward to your forthcoming television special. Just think: a copy of the show will eventually end up rotting in a cardboard box in Robert Batscha's office at the Museum of Broadcasting.

Kim Schmidt  
San Diego, California

DEAR EDITORS **Y**ipes! I was shocked to see my favorite New York monthly prominently featured on *Entertainment Tonight*. John Tesh called you "superhot." If only he were more familiar with your magazine, he would most likely have said "superglamorous."

Not that you aren't, mind you. It's a fine line between Us and Them, however, and while Jann Wenner and *Rolling Stone* wal-





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# RESTAURANT BELLEVUE

lowed across that line, shedding journalistic integrity for trendy furniture and cash, I'd hate to see SPY go the same way.

Can't you be happy and poor? Reassure me and do a blistering, completely uncalled-for vicious piece on *ET*.

Michael Reynolds  
Berkley, Michigan

DEAR EDITORS I commiserate with SPY after reading in *The Wall Street Journal* about a federal judge's late-summer ban on *SPY Notes*, a SPY parody of Cliffs Notes.

One thing that can be said for parody is that it will not be left out in the cold, chiefly because its viability as a literary form is unimpeachable. I prefer to think of satire as the proud parent of parody, best defined as a montage of exquisite absurdities.

It is hoped that neither SPY's subtle art of parody nor its publisher sustained any permanent injury from this Cliffs-hanger.

Bill Pfriender  
Spring Lake, New Jersey

*We confess you lost us somewhere in the middle there, but we appreciate your support. Actually, things turned out quite well: in September, a three-judge panel of the Second U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals ruled unanimously in favor of our book, which is now available in bookstores worldwide. And we won't say "Finally, a Pfriender letter!" but we are thinking it.*

DEAR EDITORS I have begun a collection of press outtakes concerning the affable Donald Trump. The cover story in the September 25, 1989, issue of *Time*, on the decline of Atlantic City, was so Trump-packed that I had to check that SPY wasn't in my hands:

- The Donald made an attempt to have one of his parking garages, described by *Time* as "a plain block of white concrete," declared a work of art.

- The city is peppered with billboards that call out hypnotically to motorists, YOU'RE LOOKING VERY TRUMP TODAY.

- When he took over Resorts International in 1987, Trump agreed to build some low-income housing in Atlantic City. One year later he sold the resort to Merv Griffin, and when asked about the as-yet-unbuilt units, he announced, essentially, that they were now Merv's problem.

- Sounding eerily like a vice presi-

dent, Trump said, "If there is one word to describe Atlantic City, it's Big Business. Or two words: Big Business."

- Locals were prevented from attending Mother's Day Mass because some churches were inaccessible, due to the final leg of the Tour de Trump.

- Children in Atlantic City like to spend their spare time hurling rocks at the *Trump Princess*.

Brad Slager  
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

DEAR EDITORS Why do you have so many foreigners on your staff? A lot of the names on your masthead sound vaguely *Bulgarian* or something. Schragis? That sounds not only Eastern bloc but also like a skin condition.

Then there's Kalogerakis, which I swear was a planet on one of the original *Star Trek* episodes. Talk about aliens! Two other names, which share equal status on your masthead/depth chart/pecking order—Mihaly and Kuypers—prove the point that your operation is loaded with foreigners. The first is obviously Russian and the second is most likely a demented, drunken Danish physicist.

The list goes on: Vandepaer, Gostin, Kruchko, Arlinsky, Malanowski (is he/she the son/daughter of the infamous crackpot who thought aliens lived in the center of the Earth?), Kihn (Kihn?) and the one that illustrates this entire problem best of all, Auslander, whose name actually means "foreigner." As your readers will now note, many of these people have either too many or two few vowels in their names.

This is supposed to be an *English-language* publication. Where are your ruddy Irishmen, your lyrical Welshmen, your stoic if besotted New Englanders? Even Andersen is spelled with an *e* instead of an *o*, betraying his socialist-leaning heritage.

As it stands now, SPY, the whole thing strikes me as somewhat sinister.

Jon Van Housen  
Vail, Colorado

*Mihaly, Arlinsky and Auslander have left the magazine. Satisfied?*

---

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. Please include your daytime telephone number. Typewritten letters are preferred. Letters may be edited for length or clarity. ♡



## DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT HISTORY...

"Hey, Kids! How'm I Doin'?"



Confounding all of SPY's expectations about how he would live out his days (see "Looking Ahead to Koch: The Years in Exile," September), New York's own great communicator will spend 1990 as a Marnold Visiting Fellow at New York University's School of Public Service. But what if six lectures on urban affairs serve only to whet our logorrheic former mayor's appetite for a young, impressionable, captive audience? Herewith, some other possibilities for Koch at NYU.

ED KOCH, SEMIOTICS PROFESSOR: "I don't think anything is more meaningful or has more symbolism than finally taking down these decals."—on fake windows on abandoned Bronx buildings, 1989

ED KOCH, PHYSICAL EDUCATION PROFESSOR: "I wrestled him to the ground.... I beat the hell out of him."—1987, on his 1979 assault at the New York Hilton by a "radical doctor"

ED KOCH, NARRATIVE FICTION WRITING PROFES-

SOR: "I wrestled him to the ground.... I beat the hell out of him."—1987, on his 1979 assault at the New York Hilton by a "radical doctor"

ED KOCH, AMERICAN HISTORY PROFESSOR: "What's that?"—pointing to the Jefferson Monument in 1975, his sixth year in Congress

ED KOCH, AFRO-AMERICAN STUDIES PROFESSOR: "Face it. Blacks don't vote."—1976, to the suggestion he support more "pro-black" issues

ED KOCH, CONSTITUTIONAL LAW PROFESSOR: "The Constitution is dumb."—1981, reminded that the homeless people he wanted to relocate have civil rights

ED KOCH, HUMAN RESOURCES MANAGEMENT PROFESSOR: "You did exactly the right thing in filling an open job with an able person."—1983 memo to Bess Myerson, on her hiring Sukhreet Gabel for a new position with no other applicants

—Scott Yates

## PRIVATE LIVES OF PUBLIC FIGURES



Successful, important entertainer-educator-author Bill Cosby is never too busy to consider a financial opportunity.

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN

## THE SPY LIST

Woody Allen

Mikhail Baryshnikov

Grover Cleveland

Arthur Dimmsdale

Clark Gable

Steve Garvey

Harry Hamlin

Rich Little

Jack Nicholson

Roscoe Orman  
("Gordon" from  
Sesame Street)

Elvis Presley

Noah Robinson Sr.

Kurt Russell

Sam Shepard

Coleman Young

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

found chili and hamburgers stored at 110 degrees (30 degrees too cool), 70-degree cheese (25 degrees above standard), dirty floors, a peeling basement and flies.



### DINE-O-MAT

942 Third Avenue  
Employees could not wash hands—there was no soap in the staff bathroom.



### EL MOROCCO

307 East 54th Street  
Fresh and old mouse excreta and ponded water were found on the floors of the liquor and garbage rooms. There was no permit to operate a nightclub.



### ASTOR RIVIERA

454 Lafayette Street  
Fresh and old mouse excreta, dirty floors, walls laden with food, and several large turkeys improperly defrosting.



### CARNEGIE DELI

854 Seventh Avenue  
The inspectors found chicken soup and vegetable soups stored on the floor in huge vats; the deli was instructed to refrigerate them immediately. The cutting board had open seams; ponded water was found behind the deep fryer in the kitchen and behind the ice machine in the basement; and there were several leaks, including one in the waste pipe.



### AUREOLE

34 East 61st Street  
In January and again in February, the restaurant was cited for lacking a permit to operate. In May, inspectors found garbage stored in the refrigerator.



### ANAR BAGH

338 East 6th Street  
Fresh and old mouse droppings were found in the kitchen and dining areas; there was a leaky faucet in the kitchen.





THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

## FAMOUS DAIRY RESTAURANT

222 West 72nd Street  
Food that should have been kept at 45 degrees or lower was stored at higher temperatures: egg salad at 54 degrees, tuna salad at 52 degrees, chopped herring at 54 degrees and cottage cheese at 48 degrees. The ice machine was uncovered and had broken hinges, and a gas cylinder that should have been chained to a wall wasn't.



## GREAT AMERICAN HEALTH BAR

821 Third Avenue  
In January: flies. In March: flies. In April: a cat. In May: flies.



## HARD ROCK CAFE

221 West 57th Street  
No permit from the Health Department.



## LIMELIGHT

47 West 20th Street  
Operating a restaurant without a Health Department permit.



## LINDY'S

1256 Avenue of the Americas  
"Potentially hazardous" cold foods—tuna, chicken and egg salads—that should have been kept at 45 degrees measured 60 degrees.



## MARS

28-30 Tenth Avenue  
In January, barely a month after the club opened, owners were cited for operating a restaurant without a permit. In March they were again cited for that violation; inspectors also found water ponding on the floor of the rest room, syrup and carbonators littering the floor and no EMPLOYEES MUST WASH HANDS sign posted in the bathroom.



## PASTA VICCI

332 East 86th Street  
Low dishes hot temperature, rat droppings and flies.



## JANUARY DATEBOOK

Enchanting and Alarming Events Upcoming

**1** New Year's Day. Upon awakening, realize that, due to your food and alcohol intake the previous evening, you have doubled in size. Decide that New Year's Resolution No. 3, Getting Up Early Every Day and Running to Someplace Far Away and Then Returning, is unrealistic and vague. Decide that Resolution No. 2, Spending Increased Time on Things I Really Enjoy, is more manageable. Promptly fall back to sleep.

**3** Fifteenth anniversary of the U.S. Army's announcement that its first-ever course on human sexuality was a huge success. *Men forced to live without women and submitted daily to a regimen of grueling physical labor interested in sex?* Get outta here!

**9** A city holiday is held in Yorba Linda, California, today to celebrate the birthday of native son Richard Nixon. Says Mayor Henry Wedaa, "President Nixon is definitely in fashion again." Yes, and the *Green Acres* cast is getting together for a reunion, but we don't hold special commemorative ceremonies.

**15** Martin Luther King Day. Again this year the nation celebrates with respect. But given that Washington and Lincoln have been reduced to TV car salesmen, it's probably only a matter of time until a commercial like this appears: (*King, on film*) "Free at last! Free at last!" (*Announcer*) "Not free, friends, but at the new Arnie's Valu Hut in Paramus, you'll find prices on Sony, Fisher and JVC that are low, low, unbelievably low!"

**16** Christie's auction house presents "Folk Art or Fake Art: How to Tell the Difference," a free lecture at 6:00 p.m. Find out how to divvy up your art collection according to which paintings were done by untrained artists and which were done by artists merely pretending to be untrained.



**16** Seventy-first anniversary of the ratification of Prohibition.

**20** Richard Nixon was sworn in on this day in 1969 as the nation's 37th president. Those who traveled to Yorba Linda earlier in the

## SEPARATED AT BIRTH?



Fine Young Cannibals' Roland Gift...



and Eartha Kitt?



Leonid Brezhnev...



and Max Schmeling?



Senator John Glenn being punched...



and Mandy Patinkin in *Alien Nation*?

month for the Nixon festivities might very well want to seize this opportunity for still more frenzied Nixon worship.

**25** Ninety years ago today, the House of Representatives unseated Congressman-elect Brigham H. Roberts of Utah for having three wives. Brigham H. Roberts—a foot soldier in the campaign for sexual freedom on the Hill.

**25** Forty-fifth anniversary of the day that Grand Rapids, Michigan, became the first U.S. city to add fluoride to a municipal water supply. (No mention, however, was

made of citywide flossing.) Aging right-wing nuts commemorate the day by muttering under their breath.

**27** Songwriter Lisa Garrison appears at the Museum of the City of New York and encourages her audience to create their own lyrics for songs about life in the city of New York. Sounds fun...but we just can't think of what

rhymes with "a strange man is selling my bike on a corner near my apartment."

**28** Super Bowl Sunday. Lay the points. Take the over. Avoid large-screen TVs. ☺



ORDINARY PROPORTION OF SINGLE MALT WHISKIES ASSURES ITS EXCEPTIONAL SCOTCH CHARACTER

CONTAINS 45% SINGLE MALT WHISKIES • THIS EXTRA

THE SCOTCH  
WITH STATURE...



TEACHER'S  
SCOTCH



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

## SECOND AVENUE DELI

156 Second Avenue  
Walk-in refrigerator fans were grease- and dust-laden, and the floor was food-, grease- and refuse-encrusted.

DE

## SZECHUAN PANDA

509 Third Avenue  
Inspectors found fresh and old mouse excreta. "Traps need to be emptied periodically. The smell of dead mice permeates the basement," they charged. When inspectors returned, they again found droppings, and noted that the sides of the stoves and woks were heavily grease-laden.

DE

## TEACHER'S TOO

2271 Broadway  
Inspectors found mouse droppings in the dry-storage area of the basement; two months later they found mouse-holes by the ice machine.

DE

## HIT THE ROAD, JACK, BUT VISIT THE LITTLE BOYS' ROOM FIRST

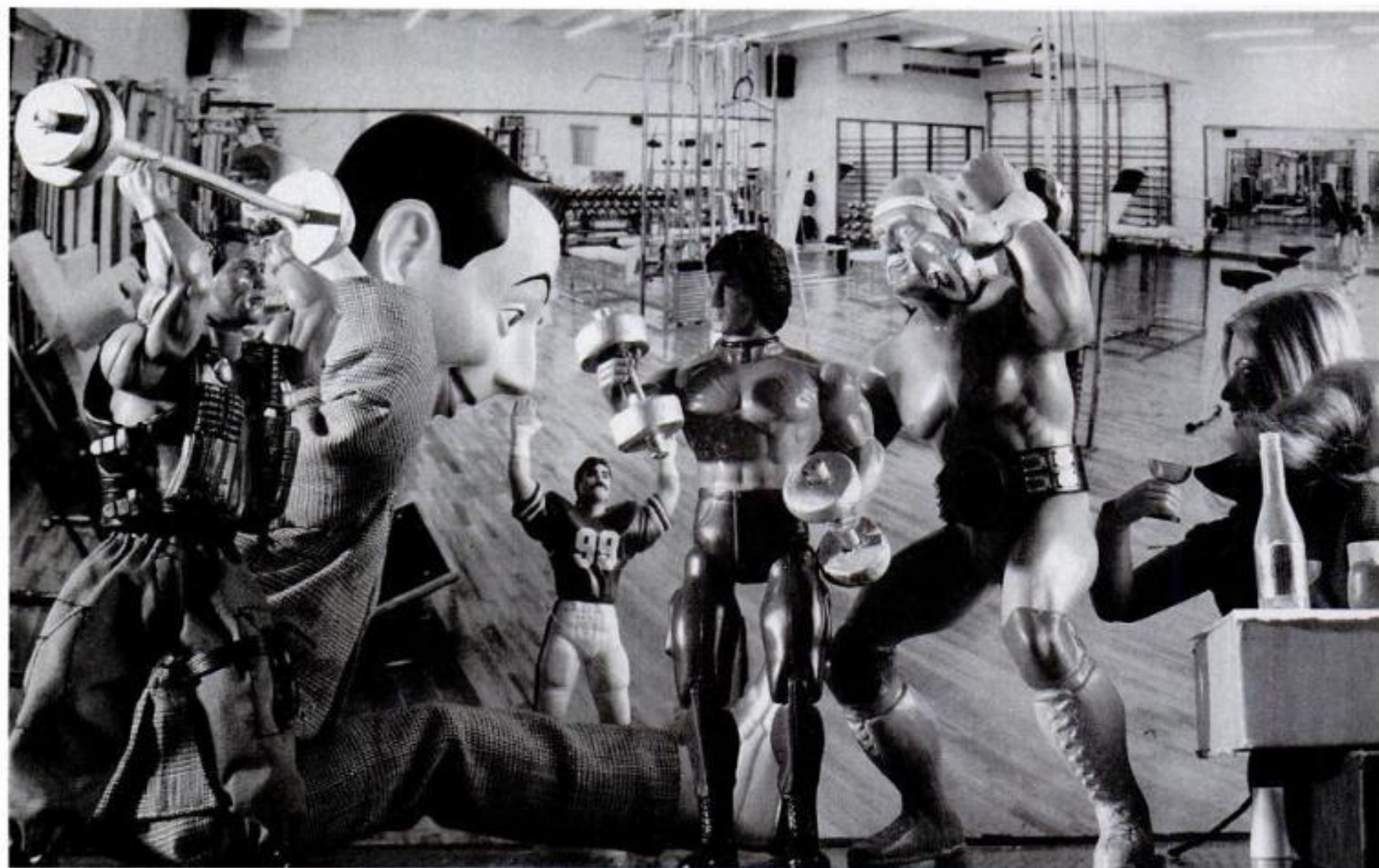
An intercepted memo from Joe Adams, executive vice president of Ray Charles Enterprises, dated July 26, 1989:

"To: All members of the Ray Charles Road Company  
"It has come to my attention that certain members of the Ray Charles Company have abused the convenience of the restroom on the company coach; therefore, EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY, THE RESTROOM WILL BE LOCKED FOR A MINIMUM OF ONE HOUR AFTER THE DEPARTURE FROM A HOTEL OR A REST STOP OR UNTIL SUCH TIME THAT THE DRIVER DEEMS IT SAFE TO STOP COACH AND UNLOCK SAID RESTROOM.

"The toilet facilities on the coach are for the convenience of the entire company, however, there are a few members of the company who have not been housebroken, e.g., urinating on the wall or the floor, leaving soiled toilet tissues on the floor, leaving the face

## YOU ARE THERE

SPY's Exclusive Monthly Behind-the-Scenes Celebrity Vignette



WOW, FEEL THE POWER! The weight room is abuzz with networking megastars, pumping up and getting that attractive, all-over Joe Piscopo look. Look! Arnold Schwarzenegger is terminating his middle-aged-dad love handles and sharing a knowing wink with hunky Sly Stallone behind the back of 96-pound-weakling turned megapumper Pee-wee Herman, who's said to be still chugalugging steroids (Mmmm — steroid-y!) in an attempt to follow in the footsteps of another Saturday-morning superwacko, Hulk Hogan. Lindsay "Peaceable Kingdom" Wagner, blazing a bionic comeback path, takes time off to enjoy a carrot juice and ogle Mark Gastineau's sack dance. Yo, Pee-wee — clean and jerk!

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN FRAILEY

## LOGROLLING IN OUR TIME

Special Washington Post Book Critic Edition

"He is considering in fiction the same men whom David Halberstam analyzed journalistically in *The Best and the Brightest*; Chip Benedict is his personification of them, and a most convincing one he is."

—Jonathan Yardley on Louis Auchincloss's *Honorable Men*

"Succeeds brilliantly... add[s] a significant chapter to American social history."

—Auchincloss on Yardley's *Our Kind of People*

"A book of enormous power, passion, humor, and wisdom."

—Jonathan Yardley on Pat Conroy's *The Lords of Discipline*

"There is such joy here, such quiet triumph!"

—Conroy on Yardley's *Our Kind of People*

"A work of complete maturity and artistic control."

—Jonathan Yardley on Gail Godwin's *A Mother and Two Daughters*

"A stunning achievement."

—Godwin on Yardley's *Our Kind of People*

—Howard Kaplan

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A Monthly Anagram Analysis

### DEBORAH NORVILLE

O, HER BLONDE RIVAL

### MAYOR EDWARD

IRVING KOCH

OR DID MY GRIN

WREAK HAVOC?

### SENATOR AL D'AMATO

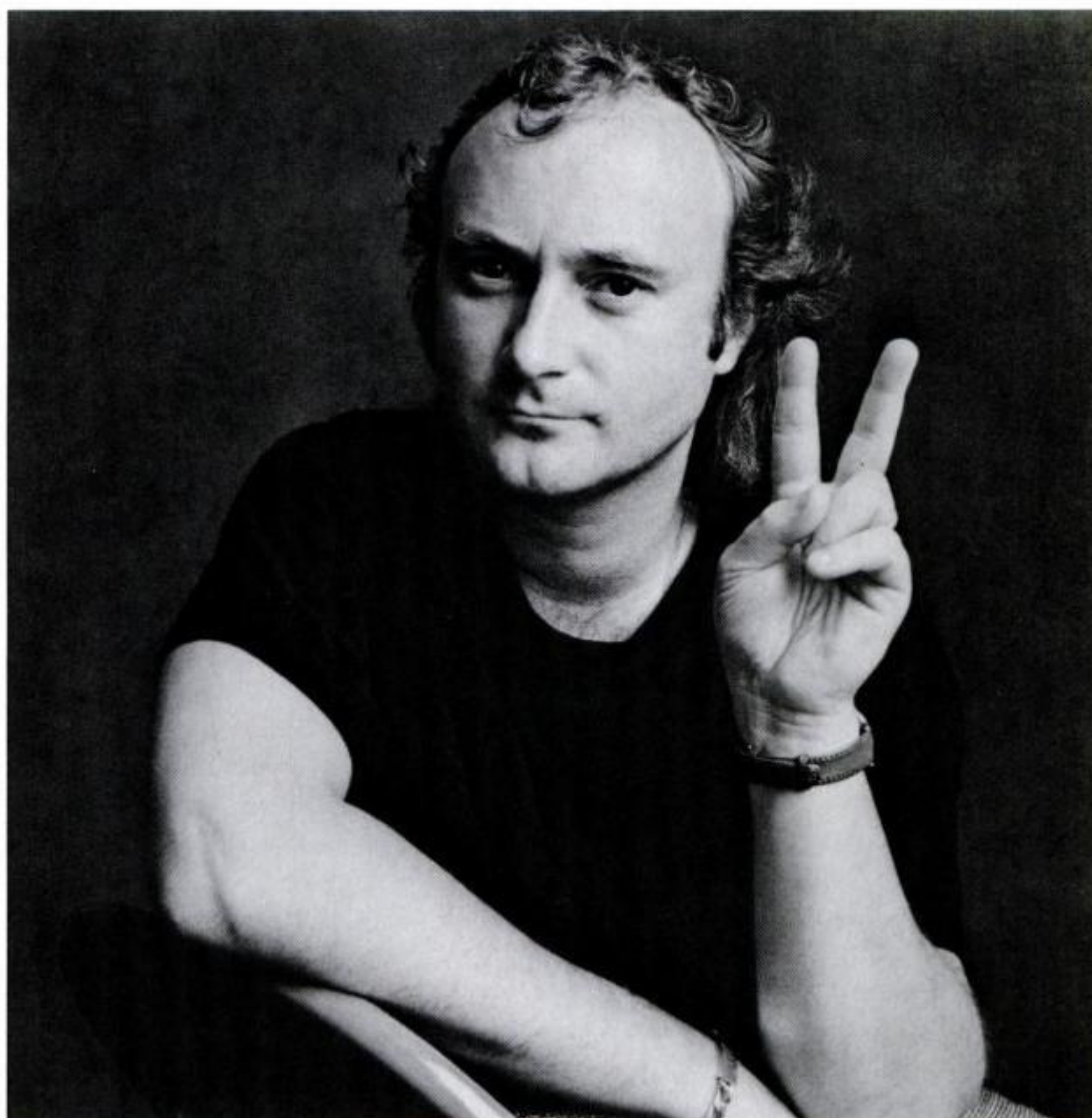
MALE RATS? NO, A TOAD

### JAY LENO

ENJOY L.A.

—Andy Aaron





# How Phil Collins Got Where He Is Today.



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## A ROSE IS A ROSE IS A ROSE

Unless It's a Rose Heather

### THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

receptacle filthy. THESE PRACTICES WILL BE DISCONTINUED IMMEDIATELY OR THE RESTROOM WILL BE LOCKED FOR THE DURATION OF THE TOUR.

"Please be further advised that the restroom is for the elimination of LIQUID WASTE AND NOT SOLID MATTER.

"It is unfortunate that the entire company has to suffer the abuse of a few persons who have no respect for themselves and, therefore, could not possibly have respect for others."

Asked to comment, Adams replied, "That letter wasn't sent to you. I don't know anything about it."

### DEAR MR. FANTASY

As if you needed it, here's further proof of the pampered, unreal existence led by senators and representatives in Washington. Below are some commonplace items that are available in the House and Senate stationery stores, where only our elected officials may shop. The first figure is the price of the item in the privileged stationery store; the second is what it costs down the block in the real store, where ordinary people have to shop:

Copy of <i>The World Almanac</i> . . . . .	\$5.55/\$6.95
Rolodex, model number 1753 . . . . .	\$17.27/\$30.50
Loose-leaf binder . . . . .	\$.93/\$2.50
Ten-pack of Sony 2DD computer disks . . . . .	\$15.89/\$33.80
Copy of <i>The Random House Dictionary</i> . . . . .	\$63.95/\$79.95
Copy of Webster's <i>New Dictionary of Synonyms</i> . . . . .	\$8.22/\$14.95
No. 5 Jiffy bag . . . . .	\$.23/\$.65
Box of rubber bands . . . . .	\$.45/\$1.98
Sharpie pen . . . . .	\$.41/\$.99
Roll of masking tape . . . . .	\$1.79/\$2.95
Four-pack of Energizer batteries, size AA . . . . .	\$2.40/\$4.40
Can of Coca-Cola . . . . .	\$.45/\$.50
Pack of cigarettes . . . . .	\$1.25/\$1.50

We recently leafed through a catalog from Tweeds, a fashionable mail-order clothing company, and wondered, *Why is this merchandise offered in more than 100 colors, and why are so few of them in our box of 64 Crayolas?* The answer was on the cover:

"Color is perhaps one of the most important barometers of character and self-assurance. It is as much a part of the international language of clothes as silhouette. The message colors convey, however, should never overwhelm. They should speak as eloquently and as intelligently as the wearer. Yet whenever colors have that intelligence, subtlety and nuance, we tend to call them European. While Tweeds' fall palette is true to Italian frescos—our reds recall wall paintings in ancient Pompeii and roofs in Florence—these colors are just as easily found in America, where reds alone range from the warm russet of desert rocks, to the bluer reds of cranberry, to the earthiness of brick. It's not surprising that self-assured people are drawn to these hues that mirror our more sensitive surroundings. Color makes an indelible impression, tells how complex you are. And you may feel you have this message to convey."

Well, okay; we do. But which colors best convey our own particular character, self-assurance, eloquence, intelligence, subtlety and complexity?

**1. Colors that'll make you sick if you eat too much:** apple; apricot; aubergine; chocolate; citron; cranberry; eggplant; gourd; grape; honey; licorice; maize; mango; mushroom; olive; pistachio; plum;

pumpkin; rhubarb; sesame

**2. Colors you won't get sitting in coach:** bordeaux; brandy; chartreuse; cognac

**3. Colors in General Foods International Coffees:** cappuccino; espresso; hazelnut; mocha

**4. Colors used by the Three Little Pigs:** brick; mortar; straw; stucco

**5. Colors you get on yourself when you spend the night on the beach:** conch; dew; earth; gravel; sea spray; shell; thorn

**6. Colors in Simon and Garfunkel songs:** sage; thyme

**7. Colors found on the Trump Princess:** maple; spruce; teak; walnut

**8. Colors that impress more than Capo Dimonte livingware:** bisque; delft; wedgwood

**9. Colors for when we kind of want to wear heather but not, well, just plain heather:** cranberry heather; heather grey; licorice heather; marine heather; mocha heather; oatmeal heather; rose heather; steel heather; tuscan heather

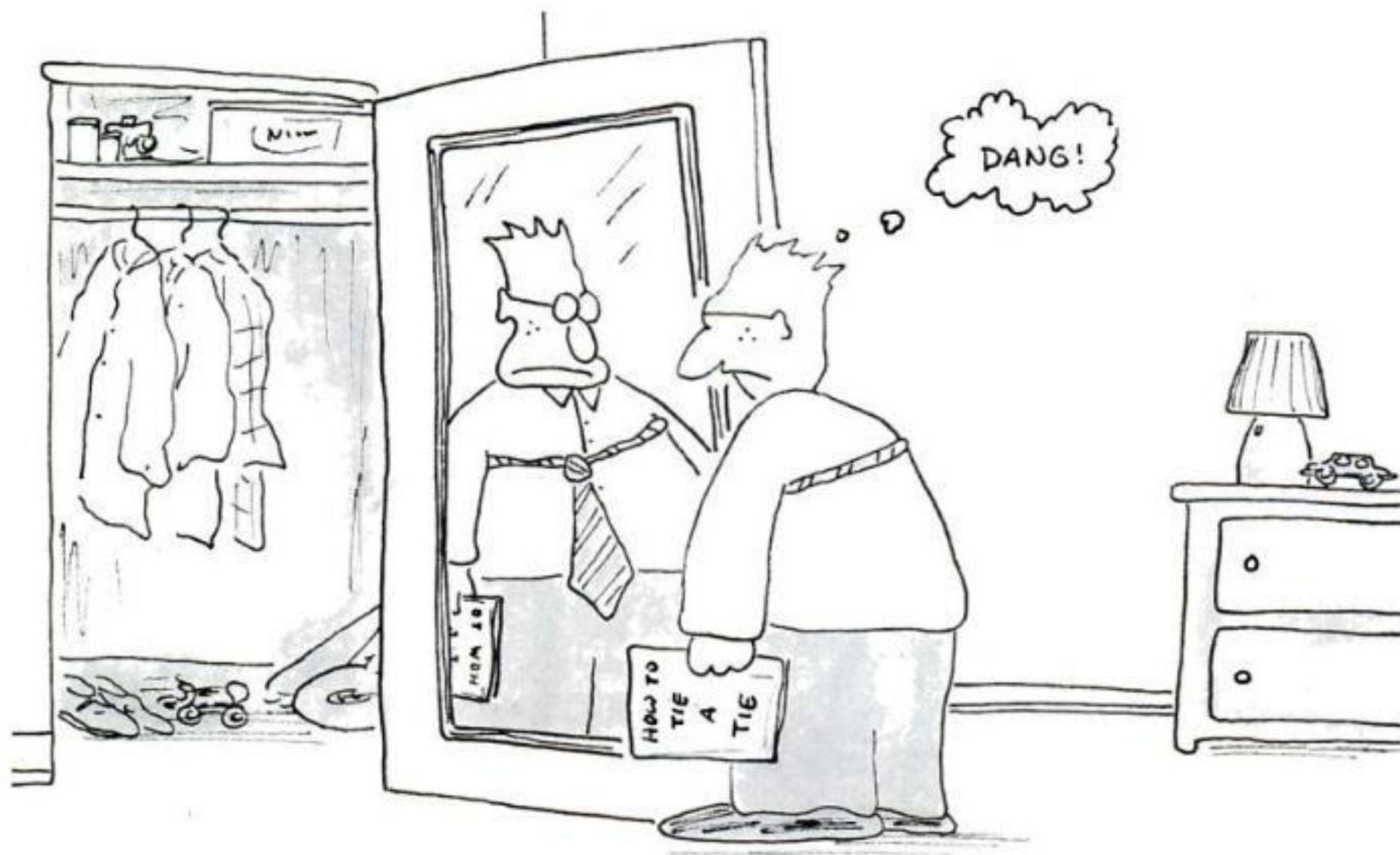
**10. Colors we may have once, long ago, wanted to be:** cadet; cherub; hunter; navajo; riding hood; tuscan

**11. Colors we think we saw at Banana Republic:** ecru; indigo; khaki; ochre; teal

**12. You tell us:** luggage; madder; olivene; ox-blood; verdant

**13. Colors you can get crayons of:** black; brown; violet; white

—R. E. New



Cartoon by David Forley





## THE ORDINAIRES ONE



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"Tart modernist harmonies in the strings, rhythm-and-blues saxophone shouts, complex polyrhythmic arrangements—thundering squalls of sound and noise—makes eclecticism into something natural." - THE NEW YORK TIMES

"The Ordinaires prove that smart, challenging music can also be fun and accessible. Fear of music? Leave it at the door." - ROLLING STONE



Bar/None Records, PO Box 1704, Hoboken, NJ 07030, Manufactured and distributed by Restless Records.



## HOW TO TRANSLATE YOUR FOREIGN LOVER

Life and literature suggest to us that the more intense alliances never last: Romeo and Juliet, Tristan and Isolde, wet fingers and electrical sockets. Nevertheless, when witness to a crowd of suitors we are likely to look over the heads of perfectly qualified candidates in the front and ask, *Would the asshole in the back row come forward, please?*

A similar impulse governs romances with those who hail from afar. Love with foreigners appeals to many of us because it has its own inherent frisson: the difficulty of basic communication. Indeed, foreigners express themselves in a manner so fraught with subtext that heretofore only the trained listener could begin to understand them. *But now you can, too...*

**When the Italians Say:** "You are a very kind man." **What the Italians Mean Is:** "Marry my sister."

**When the Japanese Say:** "There has always been a mythic, larger-than-life quality to Americans for me." **What the Japanese Mean Is:** "Could you reach that box of cereal on the top shelf for me?"

**When the British Say:** "As it were, the thrust of the British education is the bestowal of knowledge that the individual is the conduit to self-fulfillment and self-reliance." **What the British Mean Is:** "I am wonderful."

"You camouflage your inner pain with a daft enthusiasm full of vigour and verve." "You are Liza Minnelli."

**When the Polynesians Say:** "I am detail-oriented." **What the Polynesians Mean Is:** "I enjoy accenting beverages with tiny paper umbrellas."

**When the French Say:** "I hate you!"

"I detest you!"

"Leave at once!"



**What the French Mean Is:** "Where are my cigarettes?"

"Where are my cigarettes?"

"I *do* love you, darling. But we are so different: I enjoy carrying on simultaneous affairs with my bisexual cousins; you enjoy *Cheers*. Thank God for those opportunities when I can laugh at your clothing. That yellow shirt is amusing—I am reminded of my childhood fascination with clowns. But be a love, won't you, *chérie*? Marlboros. In a box."  
—Henry Alford

## TEN YEARS AGO IN SPY

**"How safe are Russian nuclear power plants? Remember, these are people who can't manufacture a decent refrigerator. Even in grainy CIA photographs, the big plant at Chernobyl looks flimsy. If it blows, it could shower radioactive dust all over Europe. We may be heading for a disaster that would make last year's accident at Three Mile Island look like a kitchen fire."**

—from "The Real Soviet Nuclear Threat,"  
by David Owen, SPY, January 1980



## CELESTIAL HINDSIGHT

SPY's Horoscope for Skeptics

**Subject:** Yankee left fielder  
LUIS POLONIA

**Sign:** Libra (b. 10/12/64)

**Date:** October 2, 1989

**Notable Activity:** Was sentenced to 60 days in jail for having sex with a minor

**Horoscope:** "This week is certain to begin on an extremely challenging note."—Patric Walker, *New York Post*



**Subject:** General MANUEL  
ANTONIO NORIEGA

**Sign:** Aquarius (b. 2/11/40)

**Date:** October 3, 1989

**Notable Activity:** Was target of unsuccessful military coup

**Horoscope:** "This whole affair may seem deliberately designed to undermine your authority and security."—Patric Walker, *New York Post*



**Subject:** RUDOLPH GIULIANI

**Sign:** Gemini (b. 5/28/44)

**Date:** September 27, 1989

**Notable Activity:** Dropped Jackie Mason from his campaign because of indelicate remarks Mason had made about Dinkins, blacks and Jews

**Horoscope:** "Devote some time to placating...neighbors."—Laurie Brady, *Star* magazine



**Subject:** JACKIE MASON

**Sign:** Gemini (b. 6/9/31)

**Date:** September 27, 1989

**Notable Activity:** Agreed to resign from the Giuliani campaign, though didn't take back remarks

**Horoscope:** "If you wish to enjoy life to the fullest, avoid those who cramp your style."—Wendy Hawks, *National Examiner*



**Subject:** ZSA ZSA GABOR

**Sign:** Aquarius (b. 2/6/19)

**Date:** September 29, 1989

**Notable Activity:** Was convicted of three misdemeanors after run-in with a police officer

**Horoscope:** "You are extremely eager to voice your opinions...This is not a favorable week for romance or financial dealings."—Wendy Hawks, *National Examiner*



—George Mannes



# ALL THE HOCKEY AND SKYDOME AND ACID RAIN NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT

What Is "Canada's National Newspaper" Doing on the Streets of New York?



One day we woke up and everywhere we looked, we kept seeing vending boxes for, of all things, *The Globe and Mail*, a newspaper published in Toronto for Torontonians. Well, not literally everywhere, but lots of places: 42nd and Second, Wall and Broad, 116th and Broadway—29 spots in all. *Who*, we wondered, *is buying this paper?* After all, according to Census Bureau Information Services there are only 5,083 ex-Canadians living in Manhattan, most of whom, presumably, have by now found other, more interesting publications to read. A *Globe and Mail* spokesman wasn't entirely helpful when we called the paper in Toronto. He likened the vending machines to billboards ("Maybe the boxes are doing some good if *you* noticed us, eh?") and claimed New York sales of his paper have tripled since its introduction two years ago. We wanted to know more, so for an entire day we staked out the *Globe and Mail* box at West 4th Street and La Guardia Place, where daily sales, according to the paper's New York distributor, averaged "almost one-and-a-quarter—no, just over one" per day. Here's what we saw:

**7:04 a.m.:** Arrive at *Globe and Mail* box. It is gray and says in blue Old English script, NATIONAL, INTERNATIONAL AND BUSINESS NEWS, and, in smaller letters, THE READING EDGE.

**7:18 a.m.:** Woman walking dog yanks him away as he prepares to personalize G&M box.

**7:24 a.m.:** Yellow cab discharges swarthy passenger directly in front of box; he begins counting change. Evidently not in possession of enough to purchase paper—a *Globe and Mail* costs four quarters—the man moves on.

**8:00 a.m.:** Our curiosity piqued, we buy a copy of *The Globe and Mail*. Looking inside box proves enlightening: below the uppermost copy is an enormous stack of at least three weeks' worth of unbought, undiscarded *Globe and Mails*. Apparently the distributor inserts a mere two copies per day—one for the window and one for the stack.

**9:09 a.m.:** Large student studying map leans against G&M box, reorients

himself.

**11:03 a.m.:** Man in yarmulke uses box to rest briefcase while waiting for WALK signal.

**2:00 p.m.:** Nothing new. By the way, *The Globe and Mail* liked the Frank Sinatra-Liza Minnelli concert in Toronto's Sky-Dome. Liked it? The paper said they were "magnificent."

**4:05-4:45 p.m.:** Late classes break. Corner serves as handy meeting and news-dissemination spot. G&M box stays out of the way.

**4:58 p.m.:** Sudden flurry of activity. An actual line—a line of two, but *still*—forms to buy *The Globe and Mail*. We hustle over, but by the time we arrive, the first person, a woman in a denim jacket, has reconsidered and is fiddling with the change-return lever. She denies being Canadian, claiming, "I was just curious." The next customer, a trench-coated man, has successfully made off with final copy. He too

denies Canadian origins. "I just thought I'd buy it on the spur of the moment while I'm in the neighborhood," he explains.

**5:08 p.m.:** The window of the box now features a flier placed by scalper peddling Rolling Stones concert tickets.

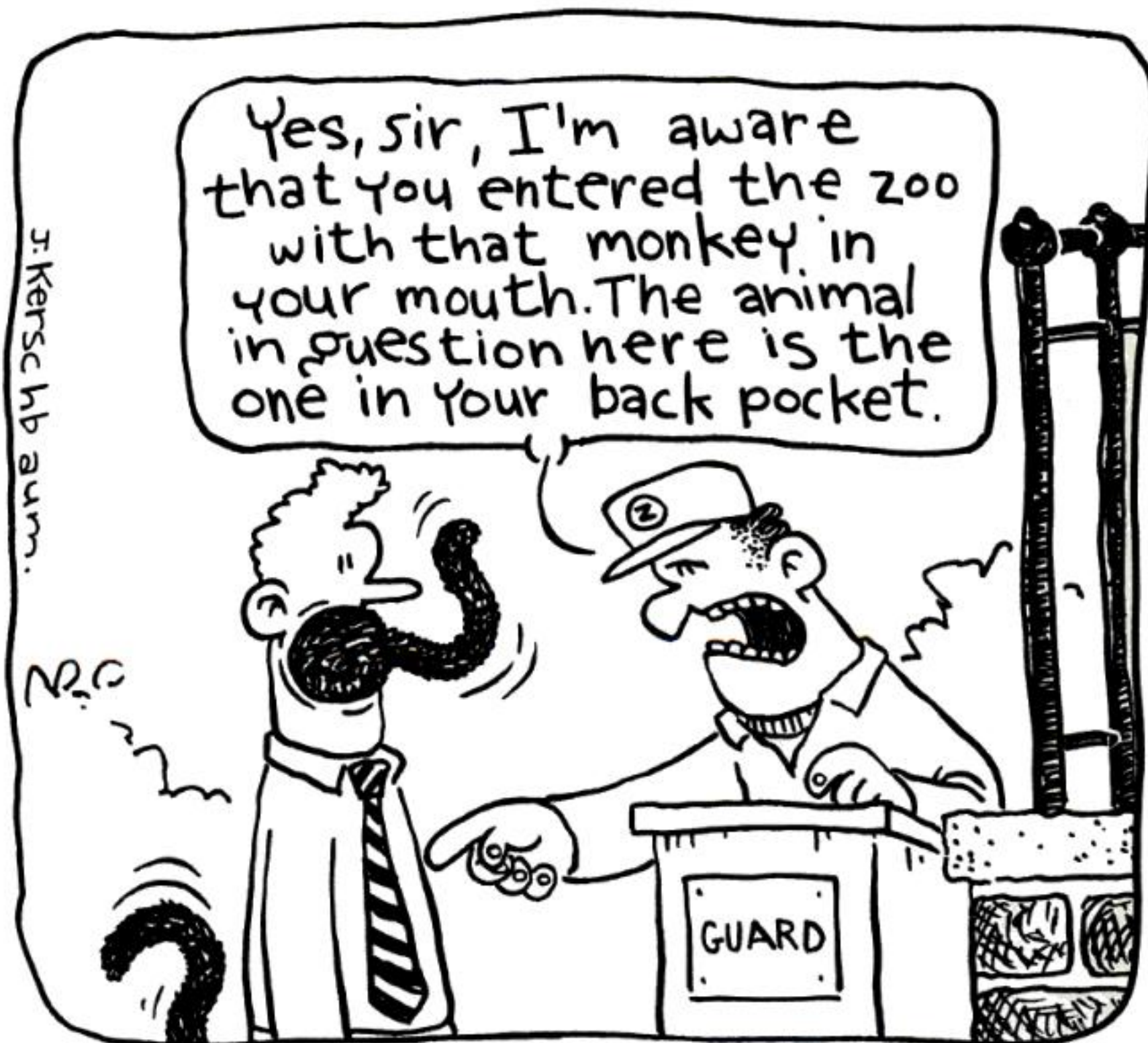
**5:37 p.m.:** Heavysset, bespectacled man leans over to read western side of *Globe and Mail* box, departs chuckling with friends. Against that side of the box is pasted a psychedelic poster for the band Walking the Dragon.

**6:14 p.m.:** A gray Chevette pulls up next to the box. The driver is wearing a Winnipeg Jets jersey. Probably just a coincidence.

**6:18 p.m.:** Man in beret leans against the box while prying a stone from his shoe.

**6:42 p.m.:** Street lights illuminated. Our *Globe and Mail* tucked securely under our arm, we head home for a darned good night's read.

—Peter Heffernan





## EGOMANIA: THE FUEL THAT FEEDS THE INDUSTRY

## THROWING GOOD MONEY AFTER BAD

A Speculative Look at a Blockbuster-in-the-Making

From the director of *Heaven's Gate* and the producer of *From the Hip* comes a new landmark in motion picture achievement—*Desperate Hours*. That this Michael Cimino-Dino DeLaurentiis collaboration, which stars Mickey Rourke, will be a box-office disaster for Warner Bros. seems virtually assured—how could the pairing of moviemaking's premier money squanderers not result in a spectacular new bomb? What we wanted to figure out was just how much money *Desperate Hours*, which is now in production, is going to lose.

Let's assume that, like most crime thrillers without multimillion-dollar stars, *Desperate Hours* is budgeted at around \$15 million. Let's further assume that Cimino will far exceed that budget, doubling it to \$30 million.



DeLaurentiis's last three releases (*Hiding Out*, *Date With an Angel* and *Illegally Yours*) have lost 89 percent of the money invested in them. Cimino's entire output for the 1980s (*Heaven's Gate*, *Year of the Dragon* and *The Sicilian*) has lost 85 percent of costs. (Mickey Rourke is, relatively speaking, the hit maker of the group: although all seven of his films between *Diner* and his recent flop *Johnny Handsome* [for which final box-office tallies are not yet available] have lost money, his career-total loss stands at a mere 58 percent of investment.) So if *Desperate Hours* costs \$30-million, a loss of between 85 percent and 89 percent works out to a projected deficit of around \$26 million—or enough to produce sex, lies, and videotape, for instance, 21 times.

—David Kamp

WHEN HOLLYWOOD TALKS,  
IT TALKS LIKE HOLLYWOOD

This Is the Kind of Fabulous Short Piece Only SPY Publishes

Perspective. It's what big-time show business personalities have to maintain in order to stay in touch with themselves. It's the ability to divorce oneself from the here and now of one's glamorous life in order to rediscover the pensive individual that eludes the paparazzi. It's the sure-handed flair for self-analysis and show biz egocentrism that prompts one to refer to oneself, Julius Caesar-like, in the third person:

"You've just got to let Bill Cosby be Bill Cosby."—Bill Cosby on his suggested toadying strategy for network executives who are required to deal with him, *Entertainment Tonight*, December 7, 1988

"If you want Sam Kinison, you get Sam Kinison."—Sam Kinison on the essence of his professional being, *Premiere*, February 1989

"They made a test of the movie, and the real hard-core Arnold audience felt that this was the best movie I've ever done."—Arnold Schwarzenegger on the reaction to *Twins*, *Premiere*, January 1989

"Some group of people want me to go to New York or Los Angeles. They want James Brown in a big city, think he's more effective with the business world. They need my guidance because eighty-five percent of the business is all James Brown."—James Brown on his financial savvy, *Rolling Stone*, April 6, 1989

"I'd rather be Bobby."—singer Bobby Brown on critics' suggestions that he is the musical heir to Jackie Wilson and Marvin Gaye, the *Today* show, August 21, 1989

"No, it ain't the devil's music, son. It's Jerry Lee Lewis's music."—Jerry Lee Lewis on his source of inspiration, *Rolling Stone*, July 13, 1989

—D. M. Morgasen

## 1 PERCENT INSPIRATION, 99 PERCENT SELF-INFATUATION

James Woods on Being James Woods, as Quoted in an Ostensibly Unprovoked 7,000-Word Stream-of-Consciousness Monologue Published in the September 1989 Issue of, Oddly Enough, *Smart*

When I was four months old [my mother would] read adult books to me."

"I spoke my first word when I was eight months old."

"I could carry on a conversation before I could walk."

"I was a straight-A student in high school and I never did anything but show up."

"No matter how great a high school is, if you're very smart, it's not much of a challenge."

"I took the Stanford-Binet IQ test, and I guess 180 is the highest it will go, and I got them all right. I didn't miss one. My score was 180 plus."

"I was in this group called the A Team, the Academically Talented."

"I was offered full scholarships to MIT, Brown, Tufts, Johns Hopkins and the Air Force Academy."

"I was the only freshman ever elected president of the Drama Club."

"I think they're either afraid of my intelligence, or they're afraid of my talent."

"And I fucking unloaded on this guy with perfect Académie Française French."

"My intelligence is the single asset that has helped me in acting."

"Yeah, I scored eight hundred on the verbal part of the SAT's and 779 on the math. Why does everybody talk about this? Who gives a shit?"

—Joe Mastrianni



## THE HALL OF FAME HALL OF FAME

Honoring, Sort of, America's Greatest Professional Shrines



**P**ud Galvin, Elmer Flick, Eppa Rixey... the names of enshrinees at baseball's elite Hall of Fame roll off the tongues of fans and nonfans alike. Yet immortality is by no means limited to grizzled men in baggy flannel knickers and sharpened spikes: all across our commendation-hungry land, hundreds of halls of fame keep plaque makers, framers and engravers hunched over their workbenches late into the once-anonymous American night.

For instance:

The **Kansas Teachers' Hall of Fame** salutes Elda Mae Burke, Ursula Clowers and 162 other preeminent Jayhawk educators. As befits an institution that celebrates no-nonsense midwestern schooling, the hall discourages unseemly self-promotion among candidates. "Once in a while someone tries to get himself nominated," says curator Laurence Stanton, "but we've caught them." Located in Dodge City, the hall conveniently shares its building with another great attraction: The Famous Gunfighter's Wax Museum. And best of all, there is a Kansas Teachers' Hall of Fame gift shop.

The keepers of the **Accounting Hall of Fame** have no tolerance for those who might make light of its mission. "David Letterman was after us last year," says curator Thomas Burns, "but we're not interested. This is a *serious* hall honoring *prominent* accountants. We don't want people poking fun at something they don't know anything about." The hall, on the campus of Ohio State University in Columbus, contains photographs of the prominent accountants and plaques that describe their serious accomplishments in abstruse, mockery-by-laymen-proof jargon.

The Vent Haven Museum, in Fort Mitchell, Kentucky, has for years housed a highly flammable collection of ventriloquist's dummies without incident—and the museum has recently inaugurated a **Vent Haven Hall of Fame** for ventriloquists (*vent* is the profession's chosen nickname). Four voice throwers have been voted in so far: Edgar Bergen, Paul Winchell, Jimmy Nelson and, of course, Señor Wences. There are no nominees; 350 fun-loving ventriloquists at the

museum's annual convention do the voting in an ad hoc manner. Because there are no explicit criteria for induction, anyone with a little wooden pal (or a fist with lips) is eligible.

"Here the aspiring novice can stand in the shadow of the great, learn long-treasured secrets, and develop new ideas." That's how the inspirational **National Taxidermist's Hall of Fame**, which will reopen soon in its lavish new Pittsburgh headquarters, expresses its mission. "The concepts [for exhibits] we have in mind have never been done before," says National Taxidermy Association director Dana Poust. And he's probably right. The hall has roughly 30 inductees, including animal-stuffing hobbyist (and U.S. president) Theodore Roosevelt. Only three honorees are still living; none of the others are on display.

The **Trapshooting Hall of Fame and Museum**, in Vandalia, Ohio, displays John Philip Sousa's custom trap gun as well as vanity license plates emblazoned with colorful shooting lingo, such as PULL. The hall's 85 enshrinees have been chosen from two groups: those who have made "significant contributions to

the growth and betterment of trapshooting" and those who are just good shots. There's a selection committee, but you can fill out an application and nominate yourself.

Charles Walker, a millionaire cancer-insurance salesman, founded and continues to fund the impressive **International Checker Hall of Fame**—in fact, it's located in his Petal, Mississippi, mansion. Walker's obsession with the sport of geezers has led him to build a 400-seat auditorium for checkers confabs, a 24-by-24-foot checkerboard and the magnificent Burger King room, which commemorates Walker's feat of having played 201 simultaneous games without a loss in a Burger King-sponsored checkers event. The hall has approximately 100 inductees, chosen by its board of directors. "Quite a few people try to campaign for themselves or for their parents," says a spokeswoman. This, of course, is a problem endemic to the very notion of a hall of fame, best articulated by Herbert Burns, curator of the **Shuffleboard Hall of Fame**, in St. Petersburg, Florida: "Let's be honest," says Burns. "Everybody wants to get in."  
—Jack Barth

## YES, BUT HE SPELLS "WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME?" PERFECTLY

Further Proof of Senator Al D'Amato's Stupidity

**L**ast year, when SPY put together its list of the Ten Dumbest Legislators, we took a little heat for our inclusion of Senator Al D'Amato (R-N.Y.). Many people told us we were flat-out wrong. *D'Amato's not dumb*, they would say. *He may be venal, he may be corrupt, he may be an embarrassment to his constituents, but he's not dumb*. To those naysayers, we present the following evidence: a one-paragraph letter found in the files of Deborah Gore Dean, HUD's Woman of the Year.







## Walter Monheit's BLURB-O-MAT

Capsule Movie Reviews by Walter "Dateline: The Copa" Monheit™,  
the Movie Publicist's Friend

HEART CONDITION, starring Bob Hoskins, Denzel Washington (New Line Cinema)

Walter Monheit says, "Move over, Gibson and Glover—*Heart Condition* has the *real* lethal combination! Bob and Denzel triple-bypass the competition—without missing a beat!"

LISA, starring Cheryl Ladd (MGM/UA)

Walter Monheit says, "Cheryl Ladd has rewritten the book on silver-screen firepower! Sorry, Charlie—she's Oscar's angel now!"

LOVE AT LARGE, starring Tom Berenger, Elizabeth Perkins (Orion)

Walter Monheit says, "Elizabeth Perkins goes from *Big* to *Large*, and *oooof!*—she still leaves you begging for more! She's a thinking man's Jennifer Grey!"

INTERNAL AFFAIRS, starring Andy Garcia, Richard Gere (Paramount)

Walter Monheit says, "Meat-and-potatoes moviemaking like we haven't seen in a long time! Gere sizzles like a porterhouse! And Garcia's a *rare* treat in his juiciest role yet! Hey Oscar—pass the A-1!"

## SPY SALUTES THE STARS OF TOMORROW TODAY



SPY: Do people ever tell you that you remind them of someone?

Vivian Brodsky, *Star of Tomorrow*: I'm often compared with Katharine Hepburn—because of the way I speak. But I'd rather be compared with me—Vivian Brodsky. ☛



## THE LIZ SMITH TOTE BOARD

A Monthly Tally

mentioned once every...

Malcolm Forbes.....	4.8
Elizabeth Taylor.....	4.8
Connie Chung.....	6
Liz herself.....	6
Diane Sawyer.....	6
Robert De Niro.....	8
Tom Shales.....	8
Maria Shriver.....	8
Ivana Trump.....	8
Barbara Walters.....	8
The Plaza.....	8
Martin Scorsese.....	12
Mimi Kazon.....	24
"Today's suddenly quite vicious members of the Fourth Estate".....	24

...days

# Lunch with the Sensory Overdeveloped



## I WAS A TEENAGE WOLFGANG

**P**ower balladeer Debbie "the Gibber" Gibson is always the youngest girl at the prom: the youngest to have written, performed and produced a number one song ("Foolish Beat," on *Out of the Blue*), headlined an act at Madison Square Garden and faced the specter of repetitiveness. But if her peculiar dilemma spells the words *déjà vu* to you, it should: Gibson's eighteenth-century counterpart, Wolfgang "Wolferl" Mozart, was equally precocious. Further comparisons between the composers of, respectively, "Shake Your Love" and "Ach, Was Müssen Wir Erfahren" are almost...well, gosh, Gibber, they're almost uncanny.

### M O Z A R T G I B S O N

Wrote first composition, an Andante and Allegro (K. 1a and b), at age five

Wrote first power ballad, "Make Sure You Know Your Classroom," at age five

Apparently ordinary sister, Maria Anna, was five years older

Apparently ordinary sister, Karen, is five years older

Told people of his ambition to gain audience with Viennese emperor Joseph II

Told *People* of her ambition to gain audience with pop emperor Billy "Vienna" Joel

Early publisher and proponent of compositions: Breitkopf & Härtel

Early copywriter and proponent of power ballads: entertainment lawyer Doug Breitbart

Wrote fulsome 1765 anthem entitled *God Is Our Refuge*

Wrote fulsome 1988 high school yearbook quote: "What you are is God's gift to you—What you become is your gift to God"

Haunted entire life by greater success of establishment-sanctioned mediocrity Salieri

Haunted entire life by greater success of establishment-sanctioned mediocrity Madonna

"I am convinced that I should do better with a wife...than I do by myself"—letter to father, Leopold

"AMBITION: To get married and have children"—Calhoun High School yearbook

"Sometimes he reached absently for the door-pocket, took out his case of illegible scrap papers and jotted down a theme or phrase"—biographer Marcia Davenport

"She writes both the lyrics and music for a number in approximately 15 minutes, scribbling on napkins and scrap paper, which she then jams carelessly into her pockets."—*Life* magazine

—Martin Kihn

## BEGGAR'S BANQUET

The SPY Interview: Sylvia Gattnig and Karan Malta, Caterers to the Rolling Stones

**SPY:** Are you Stones fans?

**Sylvia:** I never was a particular fan.

**Karan:** Sylvia had to explain to me who they were.

*What was Mick Jagger like?*

**Sylvia:** Quiet and short. That was the one thing that really surprised me. When they were all standing together in line waiting for food I realized... they're a little bit on the short side.

*Was there a lot of debauchery?*

**Sylvia:** No, they're more health-conscious than they were before. We did a lot of grilling.

*Did they have favorite dishes that you were expected to prepare?*

**Sylvia:** They all kind of liked the same thing—vegetables, seafood, fish, a little meat occasionally during the week. Their likes tend to overlap, except for Charlie [Watts], who is really a total vegetarian.

*In the song "Live With Me," Mick says, "I've got nasty habits.... The meat I eat for dinner must be hung up for a week." Any recipes like that?*

**Sylvia:** No, they didn't eat very much meat.

*Did they ever request goat's head soup?*

**Sylvia:** No.

*Was it a big mess?*

**Sylvia:** No, they're really nice people, so it kind of goes [without saying] that they're not going to be pigs. They're very clean.

*How were the Rolling Stones' table manners?*

**Sylvia:** We didn't sit with them. I can't comment on that, because I don't know.

*Did they use forks?*

**Sylvia:** Oh, yeah. There were forks. I wouldn't say they ate with their hands. No.

—Mark Strauss



Gotham

"Hold the elevator!"



# PLAY A PRANK FOR FREEDOM!



SPY Allies With Liberty-Loving Magazines Worldwide to Paralyze Communications in China

**A**round much of the world last spring, and even at SPY, reaction to the events in Tiananmen Square was the same — enthusiasm bordering on delight at the heady sight of people experiencing freedom, and revulsion at the murderous way government troops suppressed that appetite. The final feeling was one of impotence, of frustration at being unable to offer anything but ineffective, debating-point objections.

Now there is a scheme, hatched by the editors of *Actuel* magazine in Paris, to enable people to voice objections with a little bite. It's not an idea that will provide visceral satisfaction, nothing like seeing the head of President Yang Xiangkun atop a pike, but that's what happens when your ideas come from French intellectuals and not the fellows who write *Lethal Weapon* sequels. Still, it's an interesting proposal that will permit us (that's not just the editorial *us*, by the way; it includes the readerly you as well) to harass the Chinese establishment, and — this is the alluring part for eighties firebrands — to do it from the comfort of our homes and offices.

The plan is to gum up all the official fax machines of China by sending vast numbers of a single broadside protesting the massacre and calling for continued action. The protest (which appears in Chinese on page 53 and in translation at right) was composed by five leading Chinese dissidents, one of whom helped organize the events in Tiananmen Square. Our friends at

*Actuel*, the French monthly that is sort of a cross between SPY and a newsmagazine that doesn't yet exist here, collected the phone

numbers of some 5,000 fax machines belonging to the most important people in China — Communist officials, bureaucrats, business executives — and then asked 15 publications around the world (including *LA Weekly* and Britain's *The Face*) to invite readers to participate in this prank-cum-political action. And so we are: just clip out the Chinese-language protest, fax it to as many numbers as you like (a fax transmission from the U.S. to China will cost up to \$5.58 for the first minute and \$1.48 for each succeeding minute, depending on the time of day), and then sit back and imagine the chaos. *And the fun!* With tens of thousands of protests beaming in from around the world and grinding through the machines, Chinese government officials will be unable to fax their lunch orders to the Chinese equivalent of the Second Avenue Deli, Chinese lawyers will be unable to fax contractual changes to their clients' Chinese real estate brokers, Chinese mailroom clerks will be unable to fax perfect-album-side requests to Chinese deejays, and so on. Of course, many others may be discomfited by this fax protest as well, including the despots who ordered the killings in Tiananmen Square. And while no protest will compensate for the lives lost, any day in which you can be a nuisance to a Communist autocrat is a splendid day indeed.

## INSTRUCTIONS FOR FAXING

To transmit the fax, select a number from the list, then dial 011, then 86 (the country code for China), then the relevant city code and the local number (see page 54). Remember the time difference: New York is 13 hours behind Beijing. Ideally, your message will arrive early in the day, before the bosses get in, so that it can be safely received, read and passed along. Optimum fax time is between 11 a.m. and 5 p.m., when telephone rates are lowest. Since the authorities will almost certainly jam the lines that start receiving faxes, select a number from the other end of the list if you can't get through. Try to send the Fax for Freedom to as many cities in China as you can.

## ABRIDGED TRANSLATION

We are concerned with four main areas:

1. The Chinese people must realize that there is a need to form an opposition movement that is sufficiently powerful to resist totalitarianism. This is an absolutely vital stage that must be reached in order to bring China closer to pluralistic democracy.

Ever since the huge massacre of June 4, Chinese people all over the world have harbored feelings of immense hatred toward their common enemy. The various organizations are now enjoying an unprecedented degree of unity, while the number of solidarity movements increases. In order to develop democracy, there is now an urgent need to create a nonpolitical global organization that can act as a link between the various political groups within these organizations.

We propose that a meeting be convened this year for the purpose of establishing the Federation for Democracy in China, and we hope with great sincerity that Chinese people living in other countries will draw upon all of their intellectual resources and strength in order to help this organization be created.

2. The main objectives of the Federation for Democracy in China are to protest against massacres like the one of June 4 and to denounce the fascist-style repression of the present Chinese leadership. The Federation aims to sustain and uphold the spirit of the 1989 democracy movement by modeling itself on the basic principles of reason, peace and nonviolence.

3. In accordance with the above, the Federation appeals to all Chinese people of goodwill, and all manner of political and religious groups, to unite under the banner of freedom, democracy, human rights and justice, so that together we may further the progress of democracy in China.

4. The Chinese movement for democracy is part of a worldwide struggle for peace and freedom. The introduction and spread of democracy throughout China will itself help to ensure the progress of mankind and general development throughout the world.

We call upon the nations and governments of the world, including all leaders of goodwill who represent basic human rights and the common will of their respective nations, plus all international organizations working for change and peace in the world, to help and lend their support to the movement for democracy in China.

Fellow countrymen, one-fifth of all human beings on the face of the earth currently spend their whole lives subjected to perpetual terror and repression. This tragic situation applies not only to China but also to human beings all over the world.

Singing songs and shedding tears, the Chinese people have embarked upon a heroic struggle.

Let us all unite and join in this great struggle for human rights and the very life and prosperity of our nation, this fight for the progress and peace of all nations around the globe!

—The Federation for Democracy in China



本篇《人民日報》仿製版是由一羣旅居美國的自由論壇報社的華人記者，在波士頓中國諮詢中心的要求下，製作完成的。由法國 ACTUEL、荷蘭 HP、西德 TEMPO、丹麥 PRESS、意大利 PER LUI、瑞典 PRAT、希臘 KLIK、西班牙 AJO BLANCO、芬蘭 CITY、英國 THE FACE、巴西 CAOS、委內瑞拉 EXCESO、比利時 PANORAMA、葡萄牙 O INDEPENDENTE、美國 L.A. WEEKLY、開羅 偵探 SPY，等雜誌社印刷發行。

# 人民日報

## 人民的共同心願

一九八九年春天，發自中國大陸的強烈的民主吶喊，震動了世界。以北京學生運動為先導，繼而有各界民衆廣泛參加，並得到全球華人和世界各國人民聲援支持的這場波瀾壯闊的民主運動，寫下了中國民主發展史上最為光輝壯麗的一頁。劊子手的屠殺和繼之而來的大搜捕、大處決，企圖將民主的火種淹沒在血泊之中。然而，它同時也說明，反民主的專制寡頭已經到了全無退路，一退即潰的歷史絕境。

中國的民主化進程已經走到了一個至關重要的歷史關頭。順應中國和世界民主潮流發展的大勢，我們鄭重倡議：成立「民主中國陣線」，聯合一切有良知的中國人，爭取世界一切人道主義力量的支持，為把中國民主化的進程推向更高的發展階段而努力。

本倡議要點如下：

①中國民主化的發展進程，中國人民的普遍覺醒，使得有必要形成一種足以抗衡專制獨裁的强大力量，這是中國走

向政治多元化、民主化的重要開端。「六四」大屠殺促成了海內外中國人的同仇敵愾，空前團結，各種聲援中國民運的羣衆團體紛紛建立，成立一個具有廣泛聯繫作用的、非政黨性的全球民主組織顯得尤為迫切。我們建議，在本年度的適當時間，儘快召開代表會議，按照民主程序成立「民主中國陣線」。為此極願全球各地區各界華人羣策羣力，與「民主中國陣線」籌備組共同從事籌備工作。（籌備組的聯絡方法容後公佈）

②「民主中國陣線」以「反對六四屠殺，支持八九民運」為基本出發點，繼承和弘揚「八九中國民運」的精神，以「理性、和平、非暴力」為行動準則，強烈譴責並反抗中國現政權的法西斯暴行。

③「民主中國陣線」在這一出發點上，呼籲一切有良知的中國人，不分黨派、不分團體、不分信仰、不分職業、不分地域，在「自由、民主、法治、人權」的旗幟下聯合起來

，共同推進中國的民主化進程。

④中國的民主運動是世界民主運動與和平運動的一個組成部分，中國的民主化必將是世界和平、進步、自由與發展的重要保證。我們堅決譴責中國現政權對世界民主與進步力量的仇視態度與敵對行為，呼籲：世界各國人民，各國尊重民意與人權的政府和有良知的領導人，各國國際和平、進步組織，支持和援助中國的民主運動。

同胞們：

世界上五分之一人類正處於空前的恐怖與暴虐之下，這是中國的災難，也是人類的災難。中國人民正在為改變這一處境而展開可歌可泣的鬥爭。讓我們攜手並肩投入這一偉大鬥爭，為我們作為人的基本權利，為我們民族的生存與繁榮，為我們這一星球的和平、安寧與發展！

嚴家其 吾爾開希  
萬潤南 蘇紹智  
劉賓雁

9月22日「民主中國陣線」正式在法國艾福瑞宣告誕生。政治學家嚴家其被推選為主席，吾爾開希為副主席，其他新「北京之春」的流亡海外的全體領導人一萬潤南、蘇曉康和陳一諮等出任執行辦公室。此外，萬潤南將出任為「陣線」的總秘書。「民主中國陣線」的總址設在巴黎。《人民日報》社即刻於翌日，9月23日，宣稱這是一項由一小撮人在西方某一大國家中策動的「陰謀」。



# I JUST CALLED TO SAY YOU'RE REPREHENSIBLE

(continued)


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## The Book They Sued To Stop!

Read SPY NOTES—an indispensable guide to the books everyone talks about and some people even read. The outrageous parody from the same people who brought you **SEPARATED AT BIRTH?**

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Punch



Arthur



Abe



he former About New York columnist William E. Geist, so desperately missed at the *Times*, apparently (and inexplicably) also found himself

actually missing the paper, or at least missing seeing his name in it. Around the time his contract with CBS's *Sunday Morning* was up for renewal, he happened to get a call from lame-duck managing editor Arthur "O'Neill" Gelb. After pleasantries were exchanged, the talk came around to Gelb's idea that maybe Geist would be interested in returning to his alma mater. *Why not come up and meet with Max and we can all discuss it?* Gelb said.

It was with a perceptible spring in his step that the sweet-tempered Geist reentered the *Times*'s dreary gray fortress—it is not, after all, every day that the managing editor of the paper of record initiates overtures regarding a return engagement. Barely had he sat down, however, when a grim-faced Max Frankel, veins dilating wildly on his forehead, spittle flying from his lips, launched into a long and angry condemnation of Geist for leaving the paper in 1987 and sully himself in television. *You left just for the money—that's why you are in television*, he raged. *This is the place to be, and if you think you can come waltzing back in here...* And so on. Well, considering that the *Times* had called him and not the other way around, Geist felt ambushed. Sitting silently alongside Frankel the whole time was deputy managing editor Joseph Lelyveld, Gelb's successor, and in time maybe even Frankel's.

Lelyveld's first major pre-managing-editor executive decision appears to have been the termination of the 13-year-old Saturday News Quiz. The last one ran in October and was accompanied by an ominous, Zen-run-amok Editors' Note apparently written by Lelyveld. "The quiz

mixed playful and serious purposes," the note read, "but it also seemed to suggest that there is a right or a wrong way to read The Times. The reality is that every reader has a different agenda and The Times is edited accordingly. The paper may occasionally fail its readers, but its readers cannot fail The Times." *Whaaaat?*

Evidently there is a problem here. Either (a) the readers of the *Times* are too stupid to pass a simple quiz culled from stories they read the previous week or (b) they're just not reading the newspaper at all. If (a) is the correct answer, then the *Times*, in its fanatic yearning to become a national newspaper, is reaching a lower common denominator—shorter stories, bigger photographs, more nonnews—than was once thought possible. If the answer is (b), then the paper is just too boring for anyone to read thoroughly. Both answers are probably correct, if the paper's new, Burger King-ish, READ IT YOUR WAY ad campaign is any indication. Rather than actually make the paper more compelling, the *Times* is telling readers either too dumb or too uninterested in plowing through the whole thing, *It's okay, you won't be graded at the end of the week, just read what you can manage*—in other words, *The New York Times* is happy to become America's first coffee-table newspaper.

The decline in readership standards, a slackening in the advertising market, the closing of one of the *Times*'s three main printing plants, and Max's arrogant, coolly mean-spirited management style have caused morale to plummet. Why, things have reached such a point that the beleaguered wage apes on West 43rd Street find themselves actually pining for the days when Abe "I'm Writing As Bad As I Can" Rosenthal ran the paper (just as other New York-

ers already feel nostalgic for Koch and many Soviets remember Stalin fondly). Alas, Rosenthal, now a columnist and society juju, would have nothing of an encore. Why go back to a desk job when you can spend your remaining years as a scruffy walker for your Cockney-born trouble and strife, the bosomy dirty-book writer Shirley Lord?

*How is he doing in his new career?* you ask. Out every evening, boring dinner-mates on either side, Abe, it must be said, is cutting a rather narrow swath through Manhattan society. In the midst of a discussion on the Soviet Union at a recent function, one dinner partner leaned Abe's way and out of politeness—for nobody else at the table seemed to be paying him much attention—graciously solicited his opinion on the topic at hand. Abe threw his head back, aimed a gimlet eye in her direction and asked, *Don't you read my column?* Needless to say, the little man often finds himself sitting below the salt at such affairs.

In fact, the only way to guarantee himself a good seat at dinner is to host one himself, which he and his lovemate did late last year at their apartment on East 66th Street in celebration of the Frankel-Joyce Purnick nuptials.

Rosenthal's guests were about to sit down to a dinner of ham and chocolate soufflé when who should appear but a couple of guests who had RSVP'd "No." Shirley and Abe stormed into the kitchen, and while their two dozen guests eyed one another uneasily, the pair ranted at each other for what seemed like an eternity. Finally, they emerged with a brilliant solution to the problem of two extra guests: *two extra chairs*. It is not hard to see why they want Abe back in control at West 43rd Street. —J. J. Hunsecker

**Spittle flying from his lips, Frankel launched into a long and angry condemnation of Geist for leaving the paper and sully himself in television.**





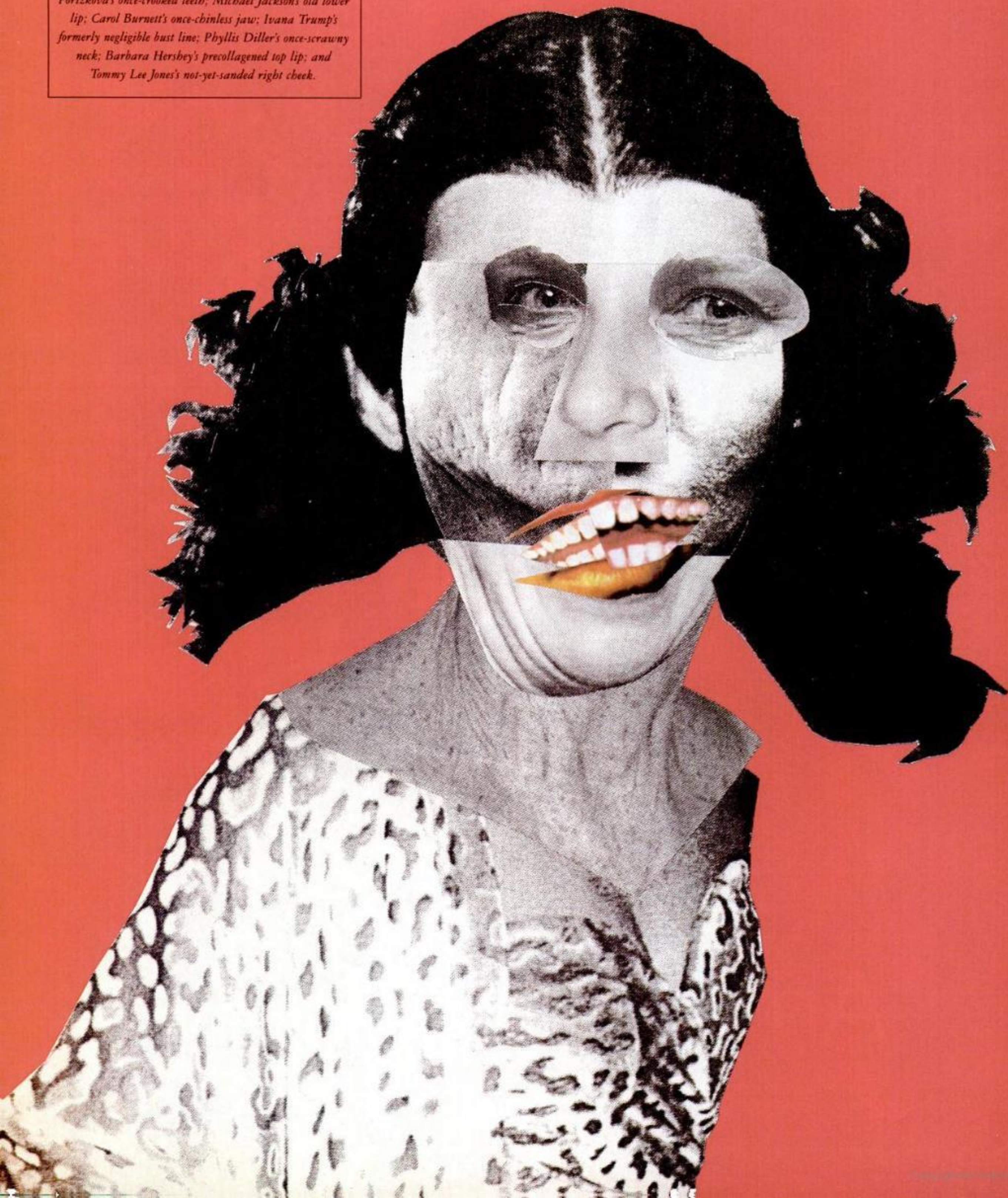
# Amaretto di Holly

To send a gift of Amaretto di Saronno anywhere in the U.S. call 1-800-238-4373.  
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**The Selves They Left Behind:  
The SPY Celebrity-Plastic-Surgery-Leftovers  
Recycling Program**

*Clockwise, from top: Rita Hayworth's pre-electrolysis hairline; Diane Sawyer's unlifted eyes; Cber's pre-facial-peel cheek; Marlo Thomas's original nose; Paulina Porizkova's once-crooked teeth; Michael Jackson's old lower lip; Carol Burnett's once-chinless jaw; Ivana Trump's formerly negligible bust line; Phyllis Diller's once-scrawny neck; Barbara Hershey's precollagened top lip; and Tommy Lee Jones's not-yet-sanded right cheek.*





# the state of celebrity

# 1990

A SPECIAL REPORT ON  
WHAT AMERICA THINKS  
ABOUT CELEBRITIES, WHAT  
CELEBRITIES WILL DO TO  
KEEP THEMSELVES  
CELEBRATED, WHAT  
NOBODIES WILL DO TO  
BECOME FAMOUS AND WHY  
MR. AND MRS. JOHN Q.  
PUBLIC CAN'T STAND  
WOODY ALLEN

You see them every  
movies or books or  
show, confessing their  
litigating their di-

day, promoting their  
causes on the *Today*  
addictions in *People*,  
vances on *Oprah*, roost-

ing night after night in your television set, clogging up the chat on  
the radio, jamming themselves into the gossip columns, horning into  
politics, telling you what to eat and how to dress and even what to



say. They are celebrities, and despite their prominence in your life, you've never been asked what you think about them. 📺 Never, that is, until now. 📺 In a ground-breaking leap, SPY commissioned a national poll to assess your opinions on fame and the famous.

## the spy poll: A NATION OF NOBODIES

### SPEAKS OUT ABOUT THE SOMEBODIES

#### THE FAMOUS PEOPLE AMERICA (SOMETIMES UNACCOUNTABLY) LIKES BEST

According to the SPY  
National Celebrity Survey

1.  
Mel Gibson
2.  
Tom Selleck
3.  
Bob Hope
4.  
Paul Newman
5.  
Eddie Murphy
6.  
John Wayne
7. (tie)  
Lucille Ball  
Bill Cosby  
Dolly Parton
10.  
Clint Eastwood
11.  
James Stewart
12.  
Robert Redford
13.  
Tom Cruise
14. (tie)  
Arnold Schwarzenegger  
Patrick Swayze
16. (tie)  
Fred Astaire  
George Bush
18. (tie)  
Michael J. Fox

*It is a moment imprinted in memory as indelibly as any of the terrible tragedies that plunged the nation into the throes of grief; indeed, as with Pearl Harbor or the Kennedy assassination, it's hard to find a person who doesn't remember exactly where he was when he heard that the lovable comedian Red Skelton had died. Many remember crowding the newsstands to grab the late edition of the Post, the one with the headline RED DEAD!, and then watching, teary-eyed, the hilarious clips of Clem Kadiddlehopper and the Mean Widdle Kid on the special hosted by Dan Rather that evening...*

Hey, wait a minute; Red Skelton isn't dead. He isn't even sleeping. He isn't even officially retired. But apparently his invisibility on television — no slot on *Nick at Nite*, no endorsements for Century Village condominiums, no media-drenched fracas with California police officers — has led some of his fellow Americans to conclude that Red has passed on.

Actually, it isn't just some of his fellow Americans. It's more than that. A full 41 percent of the population — more than 100 million Americans — think Red is dead. "He was shocked to hear that," his secretary stated, before issuing his official, good-sport response (which, for the record, was "I'm not dead — I just appear that way").

This, yes, shocking glimpse of America's current state of celebrity awareness came to light as a result of a national poll commissioned by SPY. The survey, by far the most scientific inquiry into American attitudes toward fame and famous people, was undertaken as part of SPY's first television special, *How to Be Famous*, which will be broadcast on NBC this winter. Conducted by the New York polling firm of Penn and Schoen (their clients have included Edward I. Koch and Menachem Begin), the survey was taken by 450 randomly selected respondents from around the nation.

BY JAMIE  
MALANOWSKI

Essentially, the survey and its 60 questions sought to gauge what we like to call the nation's *celebraliteracy*: what Americans think a celebrity is and what they want a celebrity to be.

On the whole, the poll shows that celebrityhood is thriving. Most Americans, we found, know what a celebrity is and can identify several, if not dozens, by name and often with a salient fact, such as films in which they appeared or people with whom they had sex. We found that many Americans seem fond of celebrities, that millions of Americans would undergo mutilation to become one of them and that nearly all Americans have strong opinions about them — although it struck us that many of these opinions are self-serving, Robin Leach-ishly awed, dopey or simply bathetic. Of course, you could probably say that about every poll; what you can't say about any poll but this one is that it tells you what Americans think about famous people who have pockmarked skin. But that's just the sort of fine, not-at-all-unimportant detail that our researchers have dug deep to discover.

Your question at this point may be *Why?* Well, if you mean *Why are we so interested in an ephemeral phenomenon like celebrity when we could be finding a cure for cancer?*, our answer is simple: we have considered applying to the National Institutes of Health for a grant to pursue some theories we have about DNA mutability, but these things are very political and we don't have such great connections and, frankly, none of us really distinguished ourselves in chemistry class anyway. If, on the other hand, you mean *Why are we interested in polling about celebrity at all?*, then our response is that so far, studying celebrity has been very good to us, and we just wanted to say thank you and give something back to future generations. So here's what we found.



Arsenio Hall  
Burt Reynolds  
21. (tie)  
Jane Fonda  
Clark Gable  
Al Pacino  
Barbra Streisand

25.  
Charles Bronson

26. (tie)  
Paula Abdul  
Anita Baker  
Roseanne Barr  
Lynda Carter  
Billy Crystal  
Bette Davis  
Sammy Davis Jr.  
Robert Duvall  
Sam Elliott  
Henry Fonda  
Harrison Ford  
Gene Hackman  
Billy Dee Williams

39. (tie)  
Tom Hanks  
Janet Jackson  
Michael Jackson  
Don Johnson  
Michael Keaton  
Howie Mandel  
Barbara Mandrell  
Steve Martin  
Ronald Reagan  
Pat Sajak  
Jaclyn Smith  
George Strait  
Elizabeth Taylor  
Philip Michael Thomas  
Ken Wahl  
Bruce Willis

55. (tie)  
Ana Alicia  
Woody Allen  
Richard Dean Anderson  
Bob Barker  
Jack Benny  
James Bond  
Tom Brokaw  
John Candy  
Johnny Carson  
Jimmy Carter  
Richard Chamberlain  
Chevy Chase  
Cher  
Jesus Christ  
Phil Collins  
Gary Cooper  
Kevin Costner  
Rodney Dangerfield  
Miles Davis  
Eddie DeGarmo  
Bruce Dern  
Neil Diamond  
Kirk Douglas

**I. We sought to discover how people have assimilated the ceaseless barrage of media information about celebrities. So we tested our respondents' (all figures are percentages) knowledge of whether ten celebrities were dead or alive. Here are the results.**

Celebrity	Alive	Dead	Don't know
Laurence Olivier*	13	78	9
Ingrid Bergman*	38	51	11
Drew Barrymore	44	30	25
Red Skelton	52	41	6
Bette Davis**	74	20	6
Justine Bateman	74	2	24
Prince	84	4	12
Paul McCartney	86	5	8
Raquel Welch	94	3	3
Marie Osmond	94	2	3

\* Dead at the time of polling.  
\*\* Alive at the time of polling.

**Analysis.** It surprised us that Raquel Welch and Marie Osmond, who have appeared infrequently in the eighties, were the celebrities most often correctly identified as living and that the death of Laurence Olivier, which occurred just before the poll was taken, did not register with nearly a quarter of the respondents. We were also surprised by the high "don't know" figures for Barrymore and Bateman—indeed, a solid majority of Americans don't know that Drew Barrymore is alive or think she's dead. But what astonished us was the discovery that only 12 percent got all ten answers correct, a shocking comment on American celebrality in 1990. Let's push for a Presidential Summit on Celebrity Awareness now.

With these questions, as with all questions following, we broke down the responses by age, race, sex, income, education and region of residence. While the general findings are highly reliable, the breakdowns have a much higher margin of error. Still, they are interesting: no more than 64 percent in any category—even those his age—knew Skelton is alive; Skelton seemed most dead to people making more than \$75,000 a year; 92 percent of midwesterners knew McCartney is alive, but only 77 percent of southerners can say the same. Everybody—100 percent—in the 18-to-24-year-old category knew that 28-year-old Prince and 23-year-old Justine Bateman are alive. (Another recent survey found that only 42 percent of college students knew under whose administration the Korean War began.)

We asked an additional question designed to test the public's attentiveness.

**Q. Who played the female lead in Raiders of the Lost Ark?**

Brooke Adams	Karen Allen	Margot Kidder	Debra Winger	Don't know
10	19	10	14	47

The correct answer, of course, is Karen Allen. Yet the big surprise is not that only 19 percent knew that; the surprise is that while 47 percent of the respondents admitted that they didn't remember Karen Allen, 34 percent of the American public tried to fake it.

**II. We wanted to find out what the public thought celebrity life was like. We asked respondents to agree or disagree with certain statements about celebrityhood.**

Statement	Agree	Disagree	Don't know
A celebrity can't make it without the little people.	85	13	1
Money changes everything.	71	27	2
Celebrities enjoy being on The Tonight Show.	69	25	6
It's lonely at the top.	65	32	3
The press is too hard on celebrities.	56	41	3
People who are famous deserve to be famous.	42	53	5
Celebrities live in gigantic houses and eat fish eggs.	32	61	7
Celebrities have more sex than other people.	26	61	13
Celebrities are a force of divine good in the world.	24	71	4
Celebrities should not have silly names like Cher.	21	74	6
Nearly every celebrity has been to the Playboy mansion.	19	69	12
Celebrities are more fun to hang around with than ordinary people.	12	80	8



Michael Douglas  
Holly Dunn  
Emilio Estevez  
Linda Evans  
Morgan Fairchild  
Mia Farrow  
A. J. Foyt  
James Garner  
Richard Gere  
Danny Glover  
Mikhail Gorbachev  
Billy Graham  
Lee Grant  
Merle Haggard  
David Hasselhoff  
Goldie Hawn  
Susan Hayward  
John Heard  
Katharine Hepburn  
Orel Hershiser  
Dustin Hoffman  
William Hurt  
Jeremy Irons  
Al Jarreau  
Billy Joel  
Elton John  
Tom Jones  
Gene Kelly  
"Captain Kirk"  
Angela Lansbury  
Tom Leonard  
David Letterman  
Shelley Long  
Sophia Loren  
Loretta Lynn  
Madonna  
Lee Marvin  
Kelly McGillis  
Steve McQueen  
Zubin Mehta  
Bette Midler  
Donna Mills  
Joe Montana  
Henry Morgan  
Anne Murray  
Willie Nelson  
Jack Nicholson  
Ozzy Osbourne  
Gregory Peck  
Anthony Perkins  
Michelle Pfeiffer  
Markie Post  
Tyrone Power  
Elvis Presley  
Prince  
Patricia Quinn  
Jean-Pierre Rampal  
Lionel Richie  
Geraldo Rivera  
Joan Rivers  
Oral Roberts  
Cliff Robertson  
Eleanor Roosevelt  
Jill St. John  
Bob Seger  
George Shaw

*Analysis.* One of the questions that seemed most thought-provoking was whether famous people have more sex—it appears that 96 million Americans are at least open to the possibility that celebrityhood might be an amazing aphrodisiac. Overall, respondents were skeptical of celebrityhood—it *does* seem to be lonely at the top; it *isn't* obvious why famous people deserve their renown—and they displayed a perhaps self-serving pro-little-people bias: celebs *do* need the little people; they probably *aren't* more fun to be with than commoners.

Astoundingly, nearly a quarter of the American people actually believe celebrities are a source of *divine good* in the world. Think about it. Johnny Depp, Force of Divine Good. Lisa Bonet, Force of Divine Good. Sherman Hemsley, Dan Aykroyd, Donna Mills and the entire cast of *Who's the Boss?*—Forces of Divine Good. If any of this is true, then what we have here is a funny God, a zany, impulsive, devil-may-care God acting in entirely unpredictable ways. Also astonishing is the news that despite *Playboy's* strenuous self-promotion, 69 percent of the public still doubts that all celebrities have been over to Hef's house. On the other hand, almost 50 million Americans believe that they have.

People who earn the least and who earn the most believe most staunchly that it's lonely at the top; folks in the middle are less convinced. Those who most ardently believe that money changes everything are the (poorer) people who did not finish high school (84 percent); by contrast, only 66 percent of the (richer) people who've received higher education agree.

The one constant that emerges from these questions is that the least educated people are the ones most in thrall of celebrityhood. People who failed to complete high school believe, more than others, that famous people deserve to be famous (56 percent), that celebrities are a benign force in the world (42 percent), that celebrities are more fun (25 percent), that they have sex more often (44 percent), and that they live in big houses and feed on fish eggs (47 percent). Poorly educated people do believe disproportionately, however, that celebrities shouldn't have silly names like Cher (28 percent).

**III. We wanted to know what people thought the perfect celebrity was like.** A country inundated with snow learns to reckon with it—how to deal with it, to dispose of it, to enjoy living with it. A country inundated with celebrities surely must have developed similar national skills. We wondered: have Americans developed a consensus about what we want the perfect celebrity to look like, what talents and flaws he should possess, what hobbies he should enjoy?

*Q. The perfect male celebrity would be*

Taller than me	My height	Shorter than me	Don't know
66	27	4	4

*Q. The perfect female celebrity would be*

Taller than me	My height	Shorter than me	Don't know
30	35	32	3

*Analysis.* Some 93 percent of the population want to be able either to look up to their male celebrities or to look them in the eye. As much as anything else, this explains the 1988 presidential election (George Bush, at 6 feet 2 inches, is five and a half inches taller than Michael Dukakis) and why Laurence Tisch, Barry Diller and other show business moguls have to content themselves with being relatively little-known, power-mad, behind-the-scenes manipulators. Only 65 percent of the respondents want to engage a female celebrity eye-to-eye, or eye-to-some-lower-point-on-her-anatomy. The traditional *man tall, woman short* preference is clearly at work here: 89 percent of women want their male celebrities taller than themselves, whereas only 9 percent of men want female celebrities to loom Julie Newmar-ishly over them.

People apparently become less concerned about height as they become older, richer and better educated. Blacks (56 percent) require less height than whites (68 percent). Midwesterners (70 percent) want large male stars; only 61 percent of northeasterners are as concerned. No Asians wanted the perfect female celebrity to be shorter than themselves. Note to Linda Hunt: avoid personal-appearance tours in Japan.

*Q. The perfect male celebrity's hair would be*

						A	Don't know
Blond	Dirty blond	Red	Brunet	Black	Bald	funny color	
18	6	2	34	34	1	1	3

*Q. The perfect female celebrity's hair would be*

						A	Don't know
Blond	Dirty blond	Red	Brunet	Black	Bald	funny color	
32	7	15	27	15	1	2	

*Analysis.* No real surprises here—Americans want beautiful blond women and tall, dark, handsome men. Black hair on male celebrities is, not surprisingly, far more popular among Asians and Hispanics than among whites. More rich people and midwesterners favor blonds than those of other classes and regions. No one over the age of 65 wanted a bald celebrity, though for 2 percent of that group, ideal famous hair would be "a funny color"—maybe they thought that's what we were calling gray.



Beverly Sills  
 Carly Simon  
 Frank Sinatra  
 Ozzie Smith  
 Bruce Springsteen  
 Sylvester Stallone  
 Bart Starr  
 Meryl Streep  
 Sally Struthers  
 Hunter Thompson  
 Robert Townsend  
 Randy Travis  
 John Travolta  
 Alex Trebek  
 Donald Trump  
 Mike Tyson  
 Ricky Van Shelton  
 Dionne Warwick  
 Sigourney Weaver  
 Richard Widmark  
 Andy Williams  
 Robin Williams  
 Vanessa Williams  
 Betty White  
 Rick Wilson  
 Oprah Winfrey  
 Angus Young  
 Loretta Young  
 172. (tie)  
 Errol Flynn  
 Carole Lombard

174. (tie)  
 Bobby Brown  
 Cristy Lane  
 The Oak Ridge Boys  
 Kenny Rogers

**THE FAMOUS PEOPLE  
 AMERICA (SOMETIMES  
 UNACCOUNTABLY)  
 LIKES LEAST**  
 According to the SPY  
 National Celebrity Survey

1.  
Woody Allen
2.  
Jane Fonda
3.  
Pee-wee Herman
4. (tie)  
Don Rickles  
Joan Rivers
6. (tie)  
Zsa Zsa Gabor  
Dolly Parton  
Arnold Schwarzenegger
9.  
Johnny Carson
10. (tie)  
Roseanne Barr  
Madonna

When considering ideal famous women, poor people and upper-middle-class people (40 percent each) and Asians (53 percent) strongly prefer blonds. Redheads, curiously, are beloved among senior citizens (27 percent)—the Lucy factor at work—and funny-color-haired women among Hispanics (6 percent)—the Cyndi Lauper factor at work. Twice as many women as men idealize redheads.

*Q. The perfect male celebrity would have*

<i>A beard</i>	<i>A mustache</i>	<i>A beard and a mustache</i>	<i>No facial hair</i>	<i>Don't know</i>
4	30	9	54	3

*Analysis.* Surprisingly, 43 percent of the public see their perfect celebrity with some kind of facial hair. Beards alone—do they really mean C. Everett Koop—style chin fringe?—did best among those at the lowest educational and income levels (10 percent and 7 percent) and skyrocketed to 18 percent approval among Hispanics. The beard-and-mustache combination did best among those who'd been to graduate school (22 percent). Those who most insistently like their celebrities clean-shaven are older (more than 65 percent of those over 50) and rich (72 percent of those making more than \$75,000).

*Q. The perfect male celebrity would be*

<i>Pumped up</i>	<i>Medium/well-built</i>	<i>Skinny</i>	<i>Don't know</i>
6	88	5	2

*Analysis.* The pumped-up look is favored by the young and the poorly educated (at last, an explanation for Joe Piscopo's career). The look is also favored by an abnormally high percentage of the wealthiest (at last, an explanation for Maria Shriver's marriage).

*Q. The perfect female celebrity would be*

<i>Very curvy</i>	<i>Medium curvy</i>	<i>Skinny</i>	<i>Don't know</i>
10	83	5	2

*Analysis.* Only a few subgroups deviate from the overall results. A quarter of those who didn't finish high school want very curvy female celebrities, two and a half times the norm. All Asians liked medium curviness best, and nearly a quarter of Hispanics liked their female celebrities skinny, which explains the grumbling whenever Iris Chacón shows up on *Estudio Alegre*.

*Q. If the perfect male celebrity had one physical imperfection, it would be*

<i>A gap in his teeth</i>	<i>Pockmarked skin</i>	<i>A birthmark</i>	<i>A glass eye</i>	<i>Long sideburns</i>	<i>Don't know</i>
12	4	42	5	30	8

*Analysis.* While Hispanics show an unusually high acceptance of birthmarks (59 percent), birthmark tolerance correlates perfectly with age. Two-thirds of young people selected that imperfection; only 13 percent of senior citizens favored this blemish. This may explain why Madonna has been more popular in her time than Anne Francis was in hers. Curiously, the imperfection of choice for old people is long sideburns. Asians show no tolerance whatsoever—0 percent—for glass eyes or sideburns. Our advice: abandon your plans to syndicate *Columbo* along the Pacific Rim.

*Q. The perfect celebrity has which of the following talents?*

<i>Act- ing</i>	<i>Music</i>	<i>Comedy</i>	<i>Danc- ing</i>	<i>Magic</i>	<i>Stunts</i>	<i>Writing an auto- biography</i>	<i>Don't know</i>
38	26	15	8	0	2	8	1

*Analysis.* People under 50 have a higher regard for actors (up to 46 percent in some groups) than do older people, who prefer their perfect celebrity to be a musician (30 percent of senior citizens versus only 18 percent of young people). Seniors also value a celebrity's ability to dance, no doubt a vestigial tribute to old-fashioned movie musicals. Bad news for Doug Henning: nobody except Asians much likes magic. There is an inverse relationship between income and admiration for musicians. Thirty-four percent of poor people want perfect celebrities to be musicians, while only 11 percent of the rich do. But the opposite relationship exists between income and fondness for comedians. Only 10 percent of the poorest respondents wanted their ideal celebrity to have comic ability, while nearly three times that many of the rich made that choice.

*Q. The perfect celebrity would have which of the following hobbies?*

<i>Gourmet cooking</i>	16
<i>Watching sports</i>	15
<i>Race car driving</i>	13
<i>Collecting antique cars or art</i>	11
<i>Hunting</i>	10
<i>Acting in legitimate theater</i>	7
<i>Reading</i>	7
<i>Surfing</i>	5
<i>Partying in Aspen</i>	4
<i>Writing poetry</i>	3
<i>Entertaining the troops</i>	3
<i>Dog breeding</i>	2
<i>Don't know</i>	2
<i>Civil War buff</i>	1



12.  
Sean Penn

13. (tie)  
Prince  
Ronald Reagan  
Sylvester Stallone

16. (tie)  
Bill Cosby  
Steve Martin

18. (tie)  
Phil Donahue  
Michael Jackson  
Jackie Mason  
Eddie Murphy  
Robin Williams

23. (tie)  
Alf  
Beatrice Arthur  
Jim Bakker  
Lucille Ball  
Marlon Brando  
Dom DeLuise  
Merv Griffin  
Rock Hudson  
David Letterman  
Jerry Lewis  
John McEnroe  
Bette Midler  
Paul Newman  
Dan Quayle  
Burt Reynolds  
Geraldo Rivera  
Pat Sajak  
Tom Selleck  
Frank Sinatra  
Mike Tyson  
John Wayne

44.  
Tom Cruise

45. (tie)  
Paula Abdul  
Alan Alda  
Steve Allen  
Richard Dean Anderson  
Dan Aykroyd  
Tommy Bakker  
John Belushi  
Charles Bronson  
George Burns  
George Bush  
Cher  
Glenn Close  
Howard Cosell  
Timothy Dalton  
"Dan" from *Night Court*  
Rodney Dangerfield  
Sammy Davis Jr.  
Danny DeVito  
Neil Diamond  
Plácido Domingo  
Morton Downey Jr.  
Sandy Duncan  
Jamie Farr

*Q. The perfect celebrity would actively support which of the following causes?*

<i>Antidrug</i>	42
<i>Antihunger</i>	16
<i>Anti-illiteracy</i>	13
<i>Animal rights</i>	9
<i>Don't know</i>	3
<i>Saving rain forests</i>	3
<i>NRA</i>	3
<i>Antinuclear</i>	2
<i>Recycling</i>	2
<i>Political campaigning</i>	2
<i>Gun control</i>	1
<i>Saving whales</i>	1
<i>Actors' retirement homes</i>	1
<i>Doing a telethon</i>	1
<i>Anti-film colorizing</i>	0
<i>Anti-U.S. in Central America</i>	0

*Analysis.* Note the high level of support for automotive hobbies and for what may be considered a traditionally female/new male activity, gourmet cooking. In other words, a *scientific reason* for race car driver-gourmet food peddler-antidrug activist Paul Newman's popularity. And a possible theory to explain Jill Clayburgh's career track: did she simply start reading too much Bruce Catton? Support for celebrity antidrug activity was strong across the board but highest among the rich and lowest among the poor. Concern for the rain forest may be hip and salutary, but it isn't widespread. Low totals for supporting a political candidate may cause campaigners and celebrity surrogates to fall out of love, if Jackie Mason-for-Giuliani hasn't already accomplished that. Disproportionately high support for saving the rain forests was found among those earning \$50,000 to \$75,000 a year (12 percent), and for the fight against colorization among those holding graduate degrees (3 percent). Clearly, these are haute bourgeois issues now, but it's only a matter of time before the ramifications of this colorization thing begin to be felt by everybody.

*Q. The perfect celebrity would confess to which of the following?*

<i>Drug abuse</i>	21
<i>Having a nickname in school</i>	17
<i>Alcoholism</i>	17
<i>Abusive parents</i>	15
<i>Doing TV commercials</i>	11
<i>Don't know</i>	8

<i>Teenage delinquency</i>	6
<i>Doing nude scenes</i>	3
<i>A prison term</i>	2

*Analysis.* Clearly Americans have a high tolerance for the recovered drug abuser, but a successful battle with the bottle endows the sufferer with only the same measure of dignity as does bearing up with a stupid nickname. In this sense, Ronald "Dutch" Reagan and recovered alcoholic Ringo Starr stand equal in the eyes of America. Professional nudity, it turns out, is almost as objectionable as doing prison time, which provides a final, fitting, bottom-of-the-barrel link between Jessica Hahn and Jim Bakker.

**IV. We wanted to know which celebrities people actually liked.** Having asked about the qualities of celebrity in the abstract, we asked people to specify their favorite and least favorite celebrities.

*Analysis.* Mel Gibson is America's favorite celebrity. Gibson got 33 2/3 unprompted he's-my-very-favorite-celebrity votes, just one-third of a vote more than Tom Selleck. Counting the second- and third-favorite nominations he received, Gibson turns up on a remarkable 15 percent of the ballots. After Gibson and Selleck, the top ten consisted of Bob Hope, Paul Newman, Eddie Murphy, John Wayne, Lucille Ball, Bill Cosby, Dolly Parton and Clint Eastwood. (The complete list accompanies this story.) Among the odder findings: Pat Sajak was chosen more often than Johnny Carson, Jaclyn Smith more often than Meryl Streep, and Roseanne Barr more often than Cher; Gene Hackman was chosen more often than Dustin Hoffman, Howie Mandel more often than Robin Williams, and Sam Elliott more often than Richard Gere; Madonna, Mia Farrow, Markie Post and Eleanor Roosevelt each got the same number of votes. Sylvester Stallone, Bruce Springsteen, Elvis Presley and Prince were the favorite celebrities of only one person apiece.

As unequivocally as the nation adores Mel Gibson, America's least favorite celebrity is Woody Allen, who was denigrated, out of the blue, by 23 respondents. Rounding out the bottom ten were Jane Fonda (15 votes), Pee-wee Herman (11), Don Rickles and Joan Rivers (10 each), Zsa Zsa Gabor, Dolly Parton and Arnold Schwarzenegger (8 each), Johnny Carson (7), and Roseanne Barr and Madonna (6 each). Parton is the only celebrity to make the top ten on both lists. (By the way, only one person loved Woody, and only one person hated Mel.)

It should be noted that there is a high correlation between the abstract qualities that



Farrah Fawcett  
 Marty Feldman  
 Flavor Flav  
 Michael J. Fox  
 Redd Foxx  
 Barney Frank  
 Greta Garbo  
 Debbie Gibson  
 Mel Gibson  
 Robin Givens  
 The Golden Girls  
 Larry Hagman  
 Arsenio Hall  
 Tom Hanks  
 Head of AFL-CIO  
 Benny Hill  
 Dustin Hoffman  
 Hulk Hogan  
 Bob Hope  
 Billy Idol  
 Jesse Jackson  
 Mick Jagger  
 Don Johnson  
 Michael Jordan  
 Michael Landon  
 Angela Lansbury  
 Jack Lemmon  
 Rob Lowe  
 Howie Mandel  
 Steve Martin  
 Reba McEntire  
 Donna Mills  
 Liza Minnelli  
 Dudley Moore  
 Bill Murray  
 Willie Nelson  
 Bob Newhart  
 Wayne Newton  
 Richard Nixon  
 Carroll O'Connor  
 Donny Osmond  
 Elvis Presley  
 Richard Pryor  
 Public Enemy  
 Rap musicians  
 Dan Rather  
 Nancy Reagan  
 Lynn Redgrave  
 Charles Nelson Reilly  
 Pete Rose  
 Jane Seymour  
 Garry Shandling  
 William Shatner  
 Cybill Shepherd  
 Edvard Shevardnadze  
 The Smothers Brothers  
 James Stewart  
 Mr. T  
 Randy Travis  
 U2  
 Bob Uecker  
 Vanna White  
 Gene Wilder  
 Vanessa Williams  
 Bruce Willis  
 Jonathan Winters  
 Robert Young

people say they like in a celebrity and the celebrities they actually choose as their favorites. Consider Tom Selleck, America's second-favorite celebrity, and Woody Allen, America's least-favorite celebrity.

	Tom Selleck	Woody Allen
Height	An above-average 6'4" (first choice)	A below-average 5'7" (last choice)
Hair color	Brunet (first choice)	Red (last choice)
Facial hair	Mustache (second choice)	None (first choice)
Build	Fit (first choice)	Skinny (last choice)
Talent	Actor (first choice)	Actor-director-writer (unlisted)
Causes	Against drugs (first choice), against illiteracy (third choice)	Political campaigns (eighth choice), anti-film colorization (last choice)

#### V. We wanted to know what physical sacrifices people would make for a chance at attaining celebrity.

*Q. Would you sacrifice a finger for a big part in a successful movie?*

Yes	No	Don't know
5	94	1

*Q. Would you sacrifice a limb (your choice) to win a Best Actor or Best Actress Oscar?*

Yes	No	Don't know
4	95	1

*Q. Would you sacrifice the ability to smell and taste in order to be on the cover of Time?*

Yes	No	Don't know
2	97	1

*Q. Would you rather be anonymous and die at an old age, or be famous and die at 30?*

Anonymous	Famous	Don't know
95	3	2

*Q. (Men) I would have sex with Madonna if she asked.*

Yes	No	Don't know
35	60	5

*Q. (Women) I would have sex with Tom Cruise if he asked.*

Yes	No	Don't know
17	78	4

*A research note: with these questions, we always*

assumed that the respondent would imagine the best of circumstances—that is, that he or she would be on the cover of *Time* for some happy reason, not for, say, being indicted. Similarly, the respondent ought to have assumed that he or she would happen upon Madonna or Tom Cruise under appropriate circumstances: scantily clad, full of sweet talk, playing Sinatra's "Come Fly With Me" on the stereo—that sort of thing.

*Analysis.* Although most of America is sufficiently well adjusted and satisfied with its lot to decline amputation in exchange for fame, the fact remains that at least 10 million Americans would give up a limb or a bit of a limb in order to become a movie star. Of those who would, more of them are young, poorly educated and broke. For example, 17 percent of high school dropouts would give up a finger. Yet of those 50 to 64, *not a single person in America* would give up a pinkie for, say, the Jack Nicholson part in *Batman*. Sixteen percent of Hispanics want pretty badly to be on the cover of *Time*, and 10 percent of young people would be willing to die young in exchange for fame. Some would strike any and all of these bargains: 2 percent, or some 5 million grab-for-the-gusto Americans.

The group that would most like to sleep with Madonna is Hispanics. Two percent of women said they would, and another 5 percent of men and 6 percent of women said they might, they might not; they just didn't know.

Tom Cruise most inspires lust among young people (27 percent) and Asians (25 percent). Three percent of men said they'd have sex with him, and another 7 percent weren't sure. Overall, more people would prefer to have sex with Madonna than with Tom Cruise. Two percent of respondents would be willing to have sex with either one; and 73 percent would refuse both.

Regrettably, the high cost of conducting a poll prevented us from asking many more questions that we would like to have answered: Do you think Henry Gibson is alive? Would you be sadder if your dog died or if Mel Gibson died? Your dog or Jane Fonda? Your goldfish or Rue McClanahan? Would you be willing to become a grotesquely wealthy rock star if it meant that you would spend the next 20 years impaired by drugs and having meaningless sex with attractive strangers? Would you be willing to become a movie star if it meant having to appear on *The Joe Franklin Show* in your declining years? Imagine that you're an aspiring actor: do you take a costarring role in the Fox sitcom opposite Gabe Kaplan or the small character part in the new Andrei Konchalovsky movie?

The pursuit of knowledge goes on. ☞



# looking good—UNNATURALLY GOOD

**W**henver Hollywood thinkers convene, an inevitable topic of discussion is the question *What most influences a celebrity's appearance—genes or plastic surgery?* The surgeryists have a strong case: stars have been using primitive methods of improving on nature for years, having molars extracted to elevate cheekbones (Marlene Dietrich, Shelley Winters), undergoing electrolysis to expand the forehead (Rita Hayworth), even taping down too-prominent ears (Frank Sinatra, Debbie Reynolds). Today's stars undergo expensive

## A SPY SURGICAL HISTORY OF CELEBRITY, VOL. I

major surgery to achieve essentially the same effects. Some even risk death in the effort: eleven people died last year from liposuction alone. When it comes to who has had what done where, everyone is willing to talk. Everyone, that is, except the star in question—especially if the star in question is featured in a best-selling exercise video. But makeup artists, costume designers, journalists, fellow film stars, other people's publicists and the most reliable sources in medical journalism, *friends of plastic surgeons' wives*, insist the following is completely true.













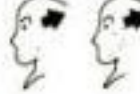





### MOST COMMON COSMETIC-SURGERY PROCEDURES







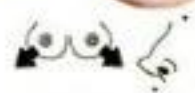




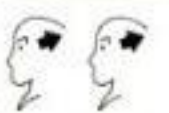




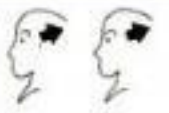






STAR	SURGERY	PUBLICIST'S DENIAL
Loni Anderson		"That happened maybe 20 years ago."
Ursula Andress		"I don't think so. No, no. She's a good friend of mine, too."
Beatrice Arthur		"Oh, we don't know that, and we wouldn't say even if we did."
Roseanne Barr	Leg skin grafts	"To tell you the truth, I have no idea and I don't think I ever will. I mean, is that something people really want to know about or should know about?"
Mr. Blackwell	Buttocks-lift	"Oh, yeah; he had his ass done. He had fat injected into his ass too, to fill it out. He had his stomach flattened too."
Carol Burnett	Chin reconstruction	"No, she didn't have a face-lift. Several years ago she had some orthodontic surgery done because her jaw was out of alignment. It was a hereditary thing. The doctor just brought her jaw forward one millimeter."
Nicolas Cage		"I don't know."
Dyan Cannon	Teeth capped, breast-lift	"No, she hasn't had anything done. It's just 20 years of diet and exercise."
Allan Carr	Stomach stapled, part of intestine removed	Carr says, "No, not true. I did not have my intestine removed. I did have my stomach stapled, but it was not for a weight problem, it was for gastric problems."
Cher	Teeth straightened, chemical face peel, breast-lift	"She has had a nose job. And I think she had something done to her bosoms after the kids. Like a lift or something."

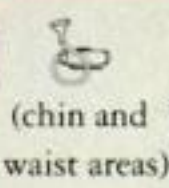











STAR	SURGERY	PUBLICIST'S DENIAL
Bo Derek	Cheekbone implants, lip implants, breast-lift, buttocks-lift	Derek says, "That's all complete fabrication. I know that it's very chic to talk about the plastic surgery you've had, but I've never had anything done. What you see is what you get."
Phyllis Diller	Neck-, brow- and breast-lifts, dental bonding, eyeliner tattoo, cheekbone implants, chemical peel	On the contrary: publicist sends out press kit including fact sheet "How Doctors Remade Diller."
Michael Douglas	Chin-lift	"That is absolutely not true."
Hugh Downs		"No, he doesn't."
Morgan Fairchild		"I'm not familiar with that. I don't think she's had plastic surgery. I'm not the person to ask; I don't know who is."
Jane Fonda	Breast-lift	"Isn't this like asking when you stopped beating your wife? No, she hasn't had a face-lift or anything else done."
Betty Ford		"We don't have any information on that."
Zsa Zsa Gabor	Tendons in calves shortened to facilitate comfort in high heels	"Ha ha. What this poor lady has endured is unbelievable. I guess she's a target for everybody." But is it true? "No."
Cornelia Guest	Lip implants	"No, no, no! None of that is true."
Steve Guttenberg		"That's incorrect. As far as I know, he's had no surgery whatsoever."



STAR	SURGERY	PUBLICIST'S DENIAL
Jessica Hahn	 Teeth fixed, lip implant 	According to <i>Playboy</i> : "This issue features Jessica's new nose, teeth, and breasts. . . . She is not at all abashed about admitting she's had surgery."
Fawn Hall		"We wouldn't know anything about that."
Mariel Hemingway		Doesn't deny it.
Barbara Hershey	Lip implants	"Where have you been? It's only been in the news for the last year. They were collagen injections done for <i>The Last Temptation of Christ</i> . They were only temporary."
Iman	 	"I don't think that's true. And even if it were, I don't think she'd go public with it."
Janet Jackson	 Facial peel	"I don't know, and even if I did, I wouldn't tell you. No, I've known her since she was 15 and I've never seen her come in looking different one week to the next."
LaToya Jackson	 	"I honestly don't know. I don't. I can't say. I shouldn't guess, either."
Michael Jackson	 Cleft in chin, eyeliner tattoo, facial peel, cheekbone implants, lip reduction	Jackson admits to the nose jobs and the cleft chin but insists the other changes were caused by a vegetarian diet.
Elton John		"I don't honestly know if he's had a hair transplant or not. Most of the times that I've been with him he's had hairpieces or hats. His hair is the one thing that I haven't had charge of, thank God."
Tommy Lee Jones	Facial sanding	"He's never had one. You have incorrect information."
Michael Keaton		"No that's incorrect. He wears plugs, but he's never had a transplant."
Nan Kempner	 	Kempner says, "Yes, of course. <i>Somebody</i> has to look older than I do. [Aside] <i>Cut the lemon in half!</i> [to SPY] You can't get good help these days."
Calvin Klein	Collagen facial injections 	"Absolutely not true! He's had no corrective surgery whatsoever."
Cheryl Ladd	 Teeth fixed 	"Absolutely not true. I'll tell you one thing, though: we've been talking about it. We went to see the doctor and he said, 'Get out of here, it's too soon.'"
Michael Landon		"It's not a face-lift. He's had some work done, we don't deny that. It was just a couple of small things that I can't discuss."

STAR	SURGERY	PUBLICIST'S DENIAL
Angela Lansbury	Neck tuck	"Well, she's had a little nip and tuck over the years, but I can't really remember what for. I think it was around her eyes."
Francis Lear		"It's reported in the press." Then it's true? "Yes."
Carrie Leigh	 	Leigh claims that Hugh Hefner forced her to have the surgery.
Melanie Mayron	 Chin and cheekbone implants 	"That's quite funny. The nose job is accurate, but everything else is not true."
Liza Minnelli	 	"No, she's just gotten older and has gained some weight."
Georgette Mosbacher	Eyebrow tattoo	"I doubt it; no, that's not true."
Vince Neil of Mötley Crüe	 Chin and cheekbone implants	"No, as far as I know that's not accurate. But I'll let you know if we hear anything."
Paul Newman		"No, that's not true! He just has incredibly good genes!"
Brigitte Nielsen	 	"To be honest, she's never openly discussed it in the press."
Jackie Onassis	 	"No, as far as I know, she's not had a face-lift."
Dolly Parton	 	"Those are hers; she gets very upset when people think she's had surgery. It's just a diet and an eating plan, that's all."
Paulina Porizkova	Teeth fixed	No comment.
Victoria Principal		"No, she has had no surgery. None whatsoever."
Regine		"I certainly have never heard anything like it."
Burt Reynolds	 Jaw reconstruction	"That's hilarious. If I knew what surgery he's had, I'd tell you. But I don't. That's crazy."
Donna Rice		Has nothing to publicize; hence, no publicist.
Joan Rivers	 	"I don't know whether it's true or not. What's the context? Is it a bitchy story? What? I mean, her plastic surgery, everybody knows about that. I don't know."



STAR	SURGERY	PUBLICIST'S DENIAL
Kenny Rogers	 (chin and waist areas)	"He has not had lipo on his chin, but he did have it on his stomach and they removed 11 pounds. He then dieted away 20 pounds."
Diana Ross		"I doubt it very much. I'm sure it's not true. I've known her since she was a Supreme, and she hasn't changed a bit."
Mickey Rourke	 Cheekbone-lift	"No, that's false, as far as I know."
Vidal Sassoon	 	"He has had plastic surgery, but not numerous face-lifts. He's had his eyes done a couple of times, but that's it. Hey, I love your magazine."
Diane Sawyer	 	"I know nothing about it, and if I did, I wouldn't comment on it. You already printed something on it."
Joan Severance		"The woman spends five hours a day at the gym. She's never had a tummy tuck or any of that."
Frank Sinatra		"It's not true. Goodbye."
Candy and Tori Spelling		"I have no idea. Even if I did, I wouldn't reveal that."
Elizabeth Taylor	 Chin implant	"Yes, she had a chin implant; no, she hasn't had a face-lift or anything else."
Marlo Thomas	 	"I can't confirm that."
Tico Torres of Bon Jovi		"That's not true at all. No truth. None."
Donald Trump	 	"He definitely has not had anything done. I don't know when he would have had it; he's always working. He's never missed a day here."
Ivana Trump	  Lip implant	"She's not had plastic surgery! She's lost a good ten pounds, switched to clothes by younger designers, and she's lightened up on her makeup."
Vanity		"She's had nothing done."
Viva	 	None. She wrote about her surgery for <i>Vanity Fair</i> .
Barbara Walters		"I know nothing about it."
Raquel Welch	 Teeth fixed, ribs removed to make waist smaller	"She hasn't had anything done. Those are her real teeth—I go to her dentist. And the rumor about her ribs being removed has been around for 20 years."

Research assistance by Michael Hainey.



ou've seen the ads—those luscious nightmares thoughtfully reminding us that "the most unforgettable women in the world wear REVLON."

This Avedon-photographed series does not promote particular cosmetics, but Unforgettability itself; the ads feature such indelible lovelies as the newly svelte Oprah Winfrey, lacquered into a shimmery black bodysuit, hovering arachnidlike in a multiple exposure, as if about to pounce on an unsuspecting hamburger or hapless order of fries. There is also Liza Minnelli, cruelly collaged into a three-headed hydra, and Frank Sinatra, in a yarmulke-inspired toupee, playfully strangling his airbrushed wife, Barbara, with her own pearls, perhaps mimicking an imagined mob hit on Mrs. Bush. Other spreads in the campaign celebrate clusters of professional models, three or four to a coven, all seemingly named Rachel and made up to appear as interchangeable as possible.

Revlon, in its ceaseless quest for Unforgettability, recently held a beauty contest to select the "Unforgettable Women of 1989" from the blurry mass of ordinary females. Entrants had to submit a proof-of-purchase for a Revlon product, three color photographs and a short essay on the theme "I Am an Unforgettable Woman Because..." Judging was based on "the contestant's ability to project the Revlon image (35%); her beauty as presented in the photographs (25%); the quality of her cosmetic application (20%); her presence and projection as presented in the photographs (10%); and the originality and clarity of her written statement (10%)."

Nine finalists were winnowed and shipped to Manhattan, where a Most Unforgettable was anointed at The Rainbow Room by a panel whose judges included Diane von Furstenberg, Regis Philbin and modeling agency co-owner Jerry Ford. The winner, Mary Xinh Nguyen, 19,

of Boston, wept memorably as she staggered beneath a four-foot-long check for \$25,000 (where did she cash this tastefully immense windfall? Did endorsing it exhaust her?). Nguyen will also appear in a Revlon ad this spring, but most enviably, she can now be dead certain she is not vaguely charismatic, not merely easy on the eyes, but certifiably Unforgettable.

Just what *does* make a woman unforgettable, aside from her skill with loose powder? To us non-panel members, certain qualities immediately leap to mind: if the female in question stole your car, for example. If she has sprouted a third eye. If she's your mom brandishing your report card. But Unforgettability runs deeper than mere criminal mischief or the physical uniqueness of, say, transsexual tennis pro Renee Richards or amputee porn star Long Jean Silver. Let us examine some of the essays of the finalists. Our first, Jenni-





# why CAN'T I BE FAMOUS, TOO?

fer W. of Paradise Valley, Arizona, claims Unforgettability because of "my music and my funny laugh. As a tall skinny blonde child growing up on the Navajo Reservation, my music helped me fit into a different culture and make friends." Ah, the eternal trauma of the unwanted blond, the alien Anglo buffeted from tepee to trading post. Still, "my Indian friends taught me to ride like the wind bareback and I taught them to sing three part harmony to my Mother's Crosby, Stills and Nash records." Perhaps this young lady's remarks will finally make up for all that unpleasantness at Wounded Knee.

Another remarkable maiden, Carole L. of Fayetteville, Arkansas, insists, "I am an unforgettable woman because my picture was on over 2,000,000 Coleman Dairy milk cartons in Arkansas...and not as a lost child! Miss Arkansas gets her picture on the cartons every summer as a promotion for the pageant." Lucky finalist—all that exposure, and she doesn't have to be bound and gagged and kept in a closet for days at a time. Of course, being a missing child could be a route to Unforgettability, or at least a Movie of the Week, but it does seem extreme. Let's just envy Miss Arkansas, who enjoys "playing the flute, rappelling and playing golf," her milk cartons. As she says, "For a couple of mornings just think of all those sleepy-eyed people, staring at *me* over breakfast!"

Enough shilly-shallying and needless modesty. Our next entrant—the winner—Mary X.N., proclaims, "I am an Unforgettable Woman because I possess an inner beauty that, along with my striking appearance, captures the heart of all who encounter me." Inner beauty—it's like a ray gun, the ultimate lasso, something that might be dangerous in the hands of the Libyans. Finalist Tracy Ann L. of West Haven, Connecticut, traces her U-factor to "the way I move, delicate and subtle, or sexy and mysterious. This energy makes my eyes bright and glowing and my lips full. Often I am imperfect, but my being is so expressive that it leaps out and surrounds you." Yikes! Put that thing away! Unforgettability—sometimes it's downright scary, a thing you wouldn't want to discover trailing you in a dark alley. And sometimes it can make your lips full. It's like injectable collagen, only better, because it also "gives me an incredible energy made up of strength of character and soul"—a sort of Judeo-Christian Unforgettability.

Unforgettability is hard to pin down, vaporous: "I possess those certain qualities of innocence and intrigue [*sic*]," Beckie B. of Plant City, Florida, confides, "that are not easily explained nor understood, but so desired. People may not always understand me, but they will always come back to me; They may not always like me, but they will never forget me." Could this finalist be Guinevere, or Cleopatra, or one of the Manson girls?

Jessica S. of Mill Valley, California, provided an essay of short-story length, if not *Granta* caliber. "It was a Wednes-

## REVLON'S SEARCH FOR ORDINARY WOMEN WHO THINK THEY'RE VERY, VERY SPECIAL BY PAUL RUDNICK

day night in Paris and I was invited out with some friends to a cafe...I wasn't in the mood to get 'dressed'...so I threw on an old pair of shorts, a t-shirt and my favorite filthy, paint-covered jacket." This heedless vagabond feuds with her boyfriend and is then informed of "a change of plans. We're going to 'The Palace' for an exclusive V.I.P. party for all the designers since the Spring Collections have just ended! I could have died. The *LAST* thing I was prepared for was a gala event!" Needless to say, our rag-tag heroine handily outshines all the "famous models wearing

the most exquiset gowns I've ever seen." Soon "the lights and cameras were all facing me, people were pointing, and a news caster standing next to me turned to the camera and said, '...and here's a young lady with such radiance that she needent even have to dress up to steal a party!' Paint stains and convenient proximity to reporters! Vive la Unforgettable!

Another eager U-gal, Ellen W. of Papillion, Nebraska, used her essay to create a sort of fractured poem, using the letters of the word *Revlon* for star-studded testimonials to her own allure: R is for "Rudolph, celebrity reindeer: 'Her glowing smile upstages my nose.'" E is for "Eastwood, actor: 'She makes my day.'" V is for "Van Gogh, painter: 'For her, I'd cut off my other ear.'" Unforgettability, if nothing else, is endlessly perky. We eventually arrive at N for "Nimoy, famous Vulcan: 'She's logical. She'll live long and prosper.'"

Unforgettability—are we any closer to a working definition? Perhaps, as these essays attest, Unforgettability involves a knack for writing fragrant, if occasionally incoherent, ad copy for the neatest boutique item of all: oneself. But true Unforgettability should probably not be assessed until a few centuries after an applicant's demise; earlier Unforgettability may just be lingering irritation, or the triumph of a gifted publicist. Another criterion for the Unforgettable may be the number of bad movies made about an aspirant's life, or the frequency with which drag queens co-opt her flair with a cigarette. Few women achieve unforgettability at the stripling ages of the Revlon lineup; by 19 or 20, even the pushiest beauty has rarely had time to rule a commonwealth, alter an art form or lose substantial amounts of poundage on her own syndicated talk show.

The use of Revlon products may indeed promote Unforgettability, but then so might the use of hand grenades on the subway. Let us congratulate Ms. Nguyen, the most Unforgettable of all, an appealing college sophomore who hopes someday to return to Vietnam, where she was born "a Child of the Dust"—an Amerasian. As for the rest of us, perhaps we should content ourselves with mere Forgettability, a less fatiguing goal. And remember, the most important part of any pageant is meeting so many other girls just like yourself, all of whom you can loathe on sight. ☺



Carole



Jessica



Ellen



Beckie



SEASONAL CATALOG available, write: ESPRIT, 916N Minnesota St., S.F., CA 94107

Photography: Toscani



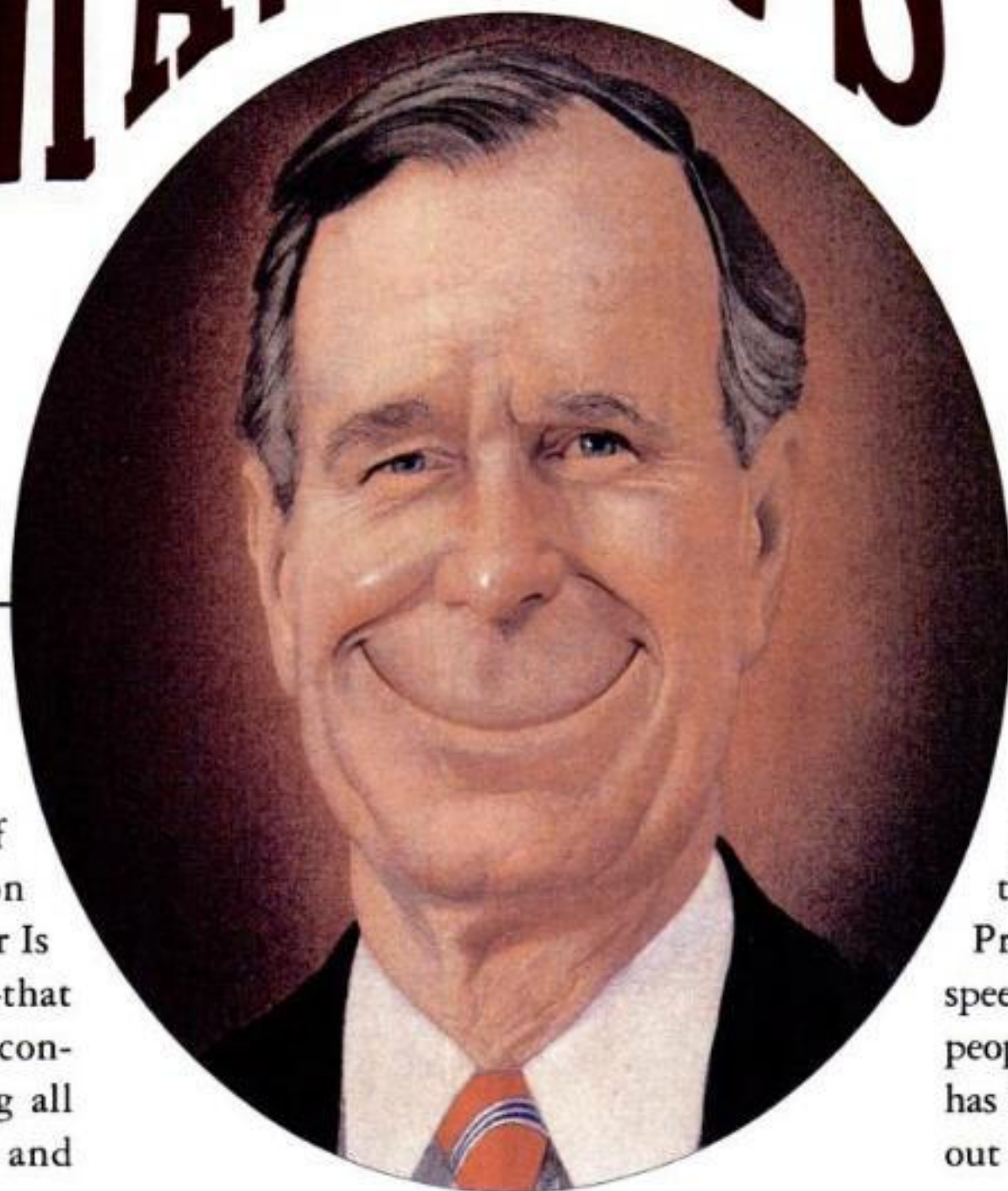
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# OUR MASTER'S VOICE



**T**he political language of Orwell's Oceania was based on brazen semantic inversions—"War Is Peace," "Freedom Is Slavery"—that cast their totalitarian spell by confounding all logic and upending all morality. But 1984 has come and gone (hey, why no fifth-anniversary celebrations?), and instead of Big Brother's sinister Newspeak—which at least had a certain syntactical rigor and masculine simplicity—America's Poppy Bush has devised a fuzzy, dopey and potentially far more insidious method of confounding all logic and upending all morality. Call it Bushspeak, call it high Noonan, or simply

light and tucking themselves and the grandkids into bed. Wait! President Bush has an important speech to deliver before the American people tomorrow, and the press office has forgotten to prepare a text. Without any help from supermuse Peggy

Noonan, can you find a path through this maze of actual Bush quotes, actual easy-listening song lyrics and actual greeting-card poetry that will merge the

## *A Gala Three-Part Citizens' Guide to the Breezy New World of Presidential Lingo*

call it *the diction thing*. (Whatever it is, it's a year old this month!)

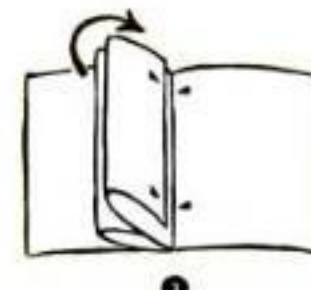
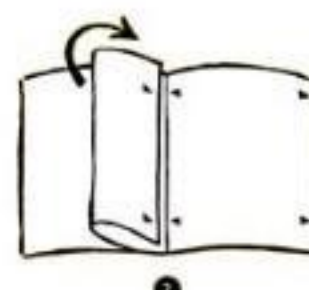
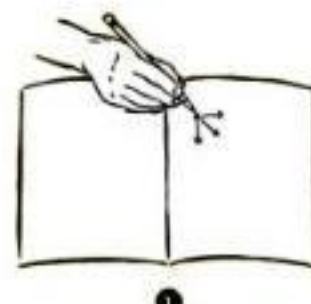
### **PART ONE**

The clock has just struck 12, and the president and his wife, Barbara, are turning out the thousand points of

sound bites into a stirring, heartfelt televised address? Directions: start at the upper left corner and move in a generally downward and rightward direction. (Hint: any path is fine, but some are finer than others.)

#### **HOW YOU CAN ASSEMBLE YOUR OWN BUSH-LIKE SPEECH!**

1. The dotted lines represent the available paths between each text block. When you use a text block, check it off.
2. When you reach the edge of page 73, fold it back against the next page, matching the printed arrows as shown, and continue concocting your speech across page 75.
3. When you reach the edge of page 75, fold it back against page 77 and continue concocting your speech across page 77. When you reach the block



marked **FINISH**, your personalized George Bush speech is complete. Gather friends and family, then stand and deliver! Sources on page 77.





America today is a proud, free nation, decent and civil—a place we cannot help but love. We know in our hearts . . . that this country has meaning beyond what we see, and that our strength is a force for good.<sup>III</sup>

We're a people whose energy and drive have fueled our rise to greatness. And we're a forward-looking nation—generous, yes, but ambitious as well—not for ourselves, but for the world.<sup>II</sup>

You know, we meet at a time of extraordinary hope. Never before in this century have our values of freedom and democracy and economic opportunity been such a powerful and intellectual force around the globe.<sup>II</sup>

To the brave men and women who wear the uniform of the United States of America—thank you. Your calling is a high one—to be the defenders of freedom and the guarantors of liberty. And I want you to know that this nation is grateful for your service.<sup>II</sup>

Weakness tempts aggressors. Strength stops them. I will not allow this country to be made weak again.<sup>I</sup>

We—we've been fortunate during these past eight years. America is a stronger nation than it was in 1980. . . . And when America is stronger, the world is safer.<sup>II</sup>

And so tonight, we must take a strong America—and make it even better.<sup>II</sup>

We are on the verge of a new century, and what country's name will it bear? I say it will be another American century. Our work is not done; our force is not spent.<sup>I</sup>

We saved Europe, cured polio, we went to the moon and lit the world with our culture.<sup>I</sup>

At the bright center is the individual. And radiating out from him or her is the family, the essential unit of closeness and of love. For it is the family that communicates to our children—to the twenty-first century—our culture, our religious faith, our traditions and history.<sup>I</sup>

Our problems are large, but our heart is larger. Our challenges are great, but our will is greater. And if our flaws are endless, God's love is truly boundless.<sup>III</sup>

This moment, this minute and each second in it will leave a glow upon the sky.<sup>IV</sup>

Look at the world on this bright . . . night. One by one the unfree places fall, not to the force of arms but to the force of an idea: freedom works.<sup>I</sup>

Never before has our leadership been so crucial, because while America has its eyes on the future, the world has its eyes on America.<sup>II</sup>

In our hearts we know what matters.<sup>III</sup>

A new breeze is blowing—and a nation refreshed by freedom stands ready to push on. There's new ground to be broken and new action to be taken.<sup>III</sup>

I see America as the leader, a unique nation with a special role in the world.<sup>I</sup>

I may sometimes be a little awkward, but there's nothing self-conscious in my love of the country. I am a quiet man, but I hear the quiet people others don't. . . . I hear them and I am moved, and their concerns are mine.<sup>I</sup>

Continued on page 75



Fold back, matching the arrows.





# THE ANXIETY OF INFLUENCE

**O**n June 8, 1989, between the releases of *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade* and *Star Trek V: The Final Frontier*, President George Bush held a nationally

televised press conference before an audience of 35,500,000. In this column are key excerpts from his historic responses.

ONCE AGAIN, POPPY MEETS THE BEAVER  
MEETS THE PRESS

**F**rom 1957 to 1963, the still precociously neoconservative Theodore Cleaver held forth on

life in these United States before a television audience of 8 to 9 million homes on *Leave It to Beaver*. In this column are more of Beaver's key positions from his landmark series.

## POPPY

### On China

There's no question in the minds of these students that the United States is standing in their corner.

What I want to do is preserve this relationship [with China's leaders] as best I can, and I hope the conditions that lie ahead will permit me to preserve this relationship.

### On Gorbachev

They have 600,000 troops and we have 305, and I made an offer to him.

I want to see *perestroika* succeed. I want to see it succeed, not fail. And I told Mr. Gorbachev that, one-on-one, last fall.

### On Human Rights

There's a relationship over there [China] that is fundamentally important to the United States that I want to see preserved.

I don't want to pass judgment on individual leaders.

### On the GOP Memo Insinuating Speaker of the House Tom Foley Is Homosexual

[Lee Atwater] looked me right in the eye and said he did not know about it. He moved promptly to remove the person that did know about it, and so I accept that.

It's against everything that I have tried to stand for in political life.

### On Tough Questions

Sticks and stones, you remember the old adage, will hurt your bones. The names don't hurt you.

I have not yet received the memo from the general counsel on this decision, and thus I really have to defer. I wish I could tell you. . . . I'm trying to say that I don't know. And I'm trying to say you don't know. And he doesn't know, she doesn't know and nobody knows.

### Tying It Up

This is the last [question]. . . . It's 30 minutes.

## THE BEAVER

[But] I'm sittin' in here so nobody can get at me.

Tomorrow I'll just say, "Hi, Larry," and he'll say, "Hi, Beaver," and then we'll go do somethin' and forget all about hatin' each other.

From now on, I'm gonna do whatever you tell me to do.

I didn't know how to pronounce it till last year.

Even a creep's gotta have friends.

I have enough trouble keeping myself good without keeping all the other kids good.

I can always get another toad.

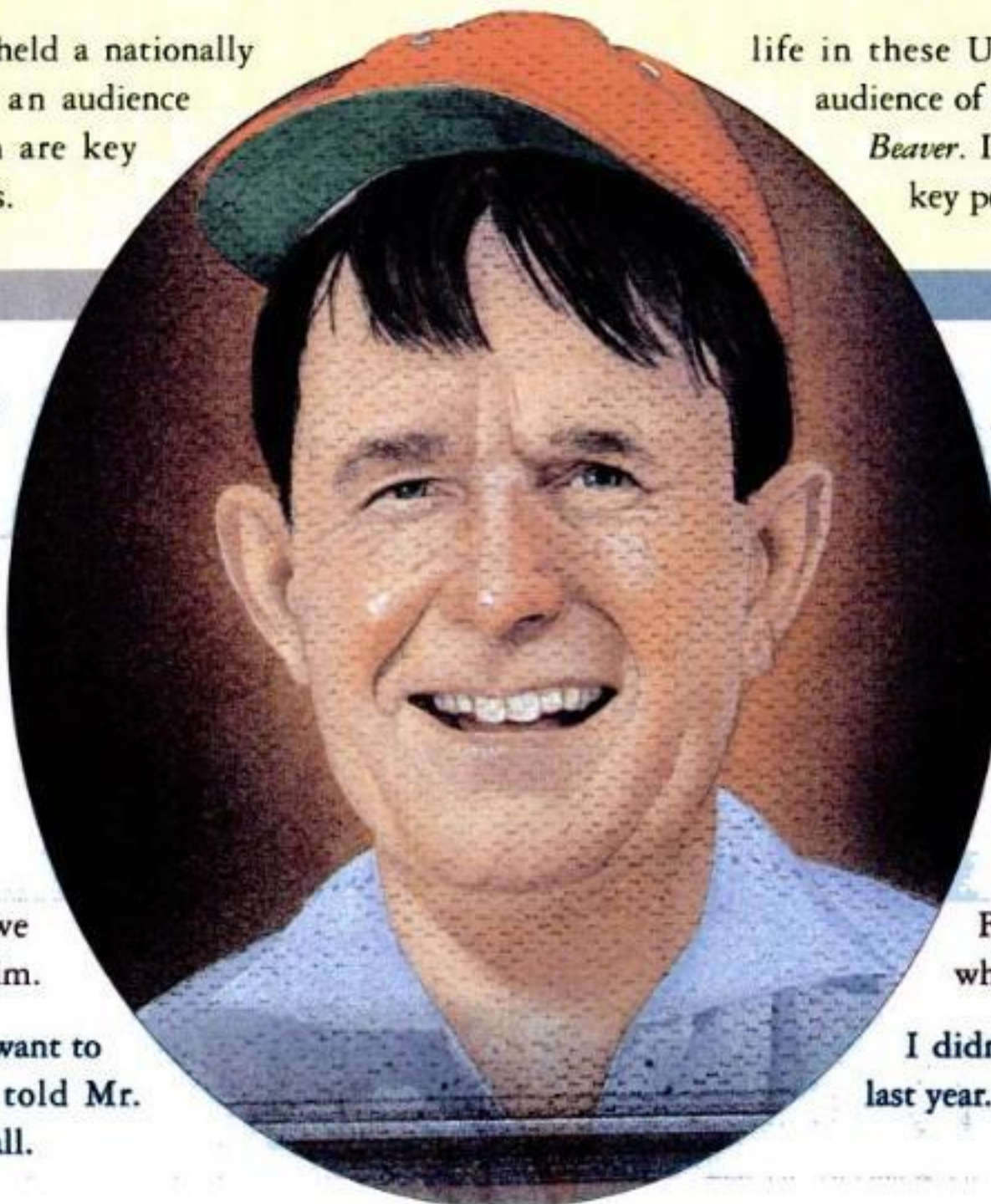
[It makes] it look like we're *both* a couple of sneaks.

You're a funny-lookin' goon.  
'Cause you're a dumb ape, *that's* why!  
Cut it out . . . or I'm liable to *paste* you one!

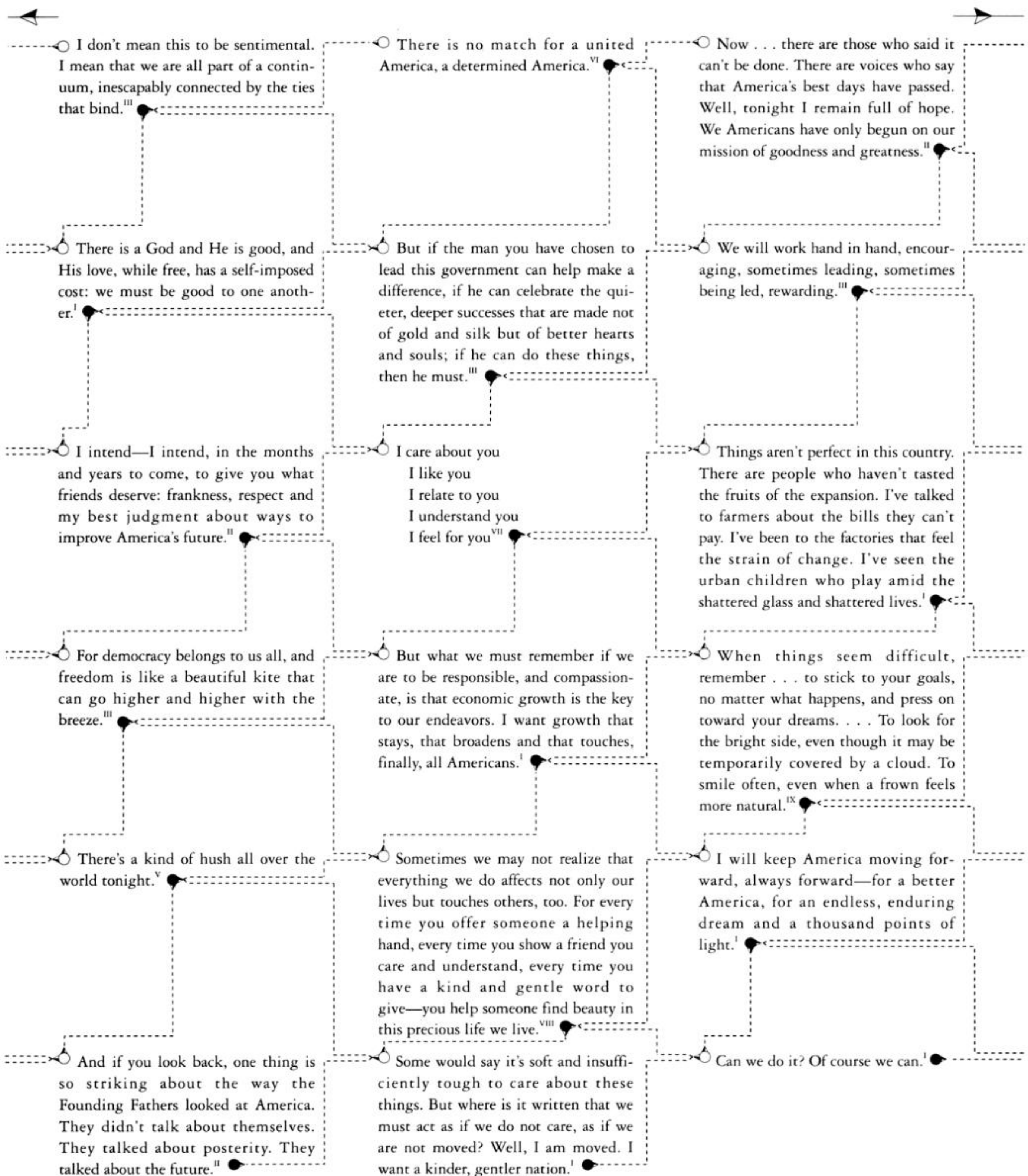
[And] to make up for what I didn't learn today, I'll learn twice as much tomorrow as I'm supposed to.

Thanks for not asking a lot of questions. . . . It sure does make me feel good.

— Hy Bender







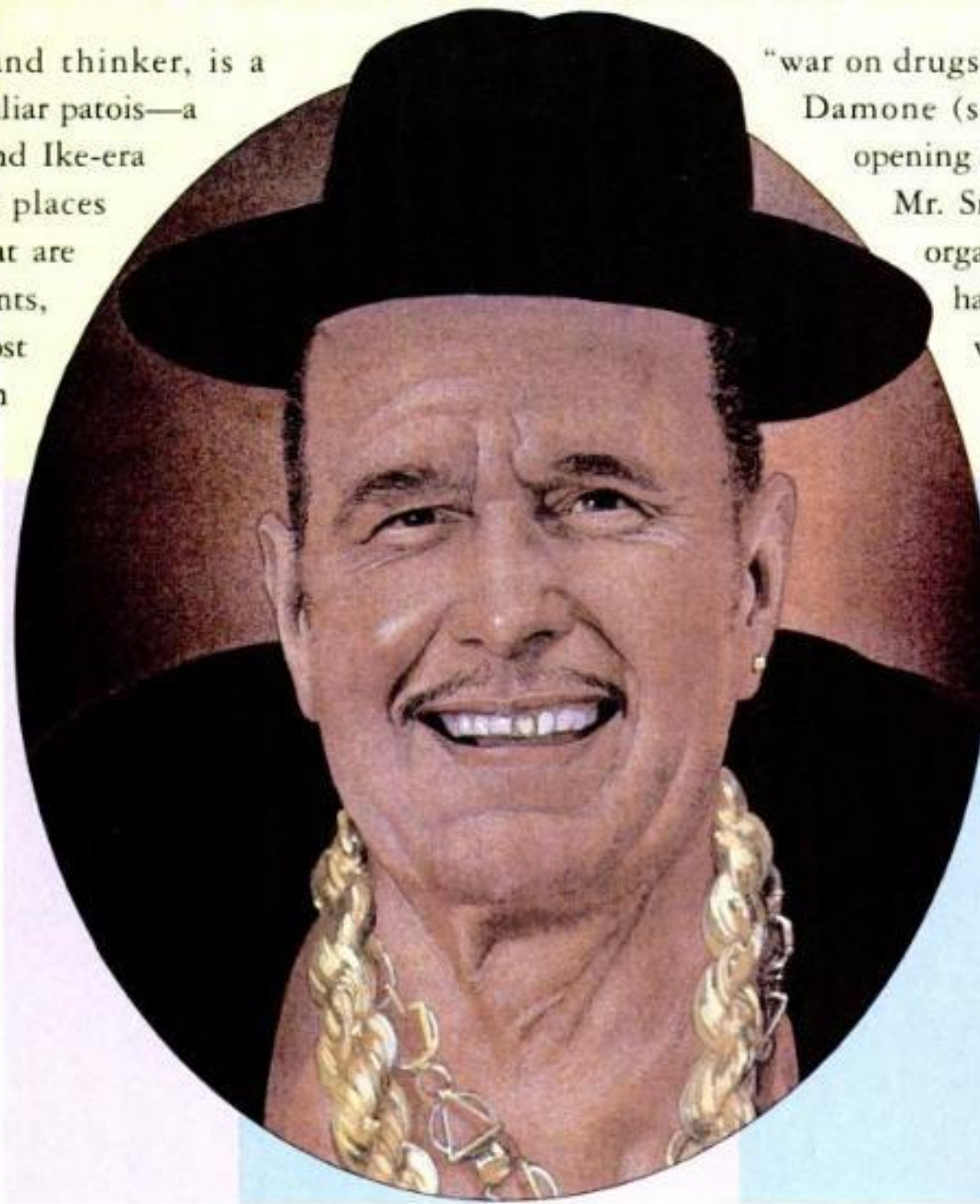


# YO! BUSH BE GANGBANGIN' LIKE A HOMEBOY

## THE FIRST KENNEBUNKPORT-HIP-HOP TRANSLATION DICTIONARY

**P**resident Bush, athlete and thinker, is a resourceful linguist. But his peculiar patois—a ratatouille of East Coast posh and Ike-era hep—is truly at home only in places (coastal Maine, *Air Force One*) that are off-limits to most of his constituents, including the very citizens he most needs to reach if his \$7.9 billion

“war on drugs” is to climax in a triumphal Vic Damone (see below). In the interests of opening a line of communication between Mr. Smooth and certain urban fraternal organizations, many of whose members have been implicated in drug crimes, we present the following highly selective *aide-de-translation*.



ACTUAL BUSH	ACTUAL HOMEBOY
appalling	wack
Big Mo	playing
bit of a cholesterol rise	hemmed up
Cabinet member	cuz
Capitol Hill carp colloquy	the 'hood dis rap
Colonel North, e.g.	bounty hunter
communicate congressman	top it off homeboy
Dan Quayle, e.g.	mark, punk
Dan Rather, e.g.	cheese-eater
deep doo-doo Democrat	heavy shit crab, E-ricket
diddly	two shakes of a rat's rectum
Doberman thugs [Noriega's men]	hope-to-dies
Donald Trump, e.g.	baller, high roller
don't tell mother	don't play me to the left
drugs	shit
finis!	stick out
firing a laserlike shot	makin' a move

gun  
had some sex  
have good relations  
heck  
hi  
high 'n' tight  
impressive  
in the soup  
just a splash [of coffee]  
kicking a little ass  
kinder and gentler nation  
Let him do his thing, and I'll do mine  
log cab  
misdemeanor

gat  
busted a nut  
click up  
fuck  
yo  
fade  
def  
wet  
cop me a rock [of crack]  
good from the shoulders  
Hollywood  
Keep bustin'  
log cabin  
mis

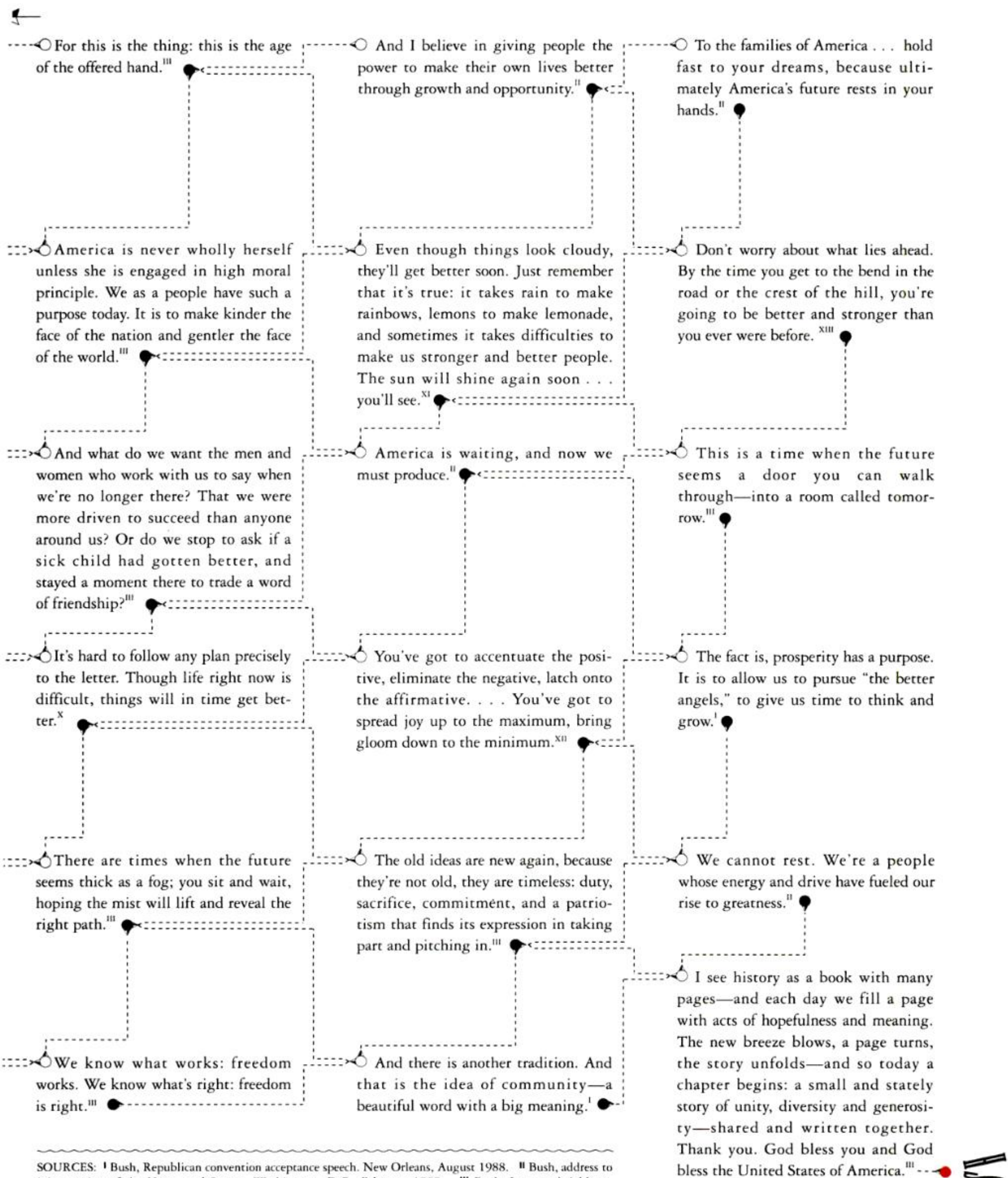
Mr. Smooth [i.e., Bush]  
my opponent [archaic]  
off my game  
off the record  
on your side  
one-liner  
politicking  
post-Vietnam thing  
power outage [horseshoe miss]  
put on the [L.L.] Beans  
read my lips  
semi-ballistic  
show business

Bush bastard  
Dumb-kakis, cock  
perpetrating  
good to go  
slidin' down the same pole you're on  
cap  
gangbangin'  
what time it is  
illin'  
jump in the silk  
co-bus-dis  
fired up  
slingin'

Skull and Bones club  
Silver Fox, Bar [i.e., Mrs. Bush]  
six-pack [horseshoe double-ringer]  
speaker of the House  
step up to the lick log  
stretched out on the couch  
tapped thing  
thousand points of light  
thrown out trash  
tweaky  
Tension City  
Unleash Chiang!  
vacationing veto  
Vic Damone [victory]  
vilified  
wieners working  
yeah  
the set  
broad  
stupid gold, stupid money  
M.C.  
put in work  
what you 'bout  
jumped-in  
uh  
Bics  
cast out  
all in the Kool-Aid without the flavor  
loc-ed out  
head up  
Be down!  
kickin' it  
bust that  
doin' in  
jacket on his ass  
little bro's  
hangin', bangin' and slangin'  
word

—Martin Kibn





SOURCES: <sup>i</sup> Bush, Republican convention acceptance speech. New Orleans, August 1988. <sup>ii</sup> Bush, address to joint session of the House and Senate. Washington, D.C., February 1989. <sup>iii</sup> Bush, Inaugural Address. Washington, D.C., January 1989. <sup>iv</sup> Johnny Mercer, "My Shining Hour." Copyright 1943 by Harwin Music Corporation. <sup>v</sup> Les Reed and Geoff Stephens, "There's a Kind of Hush." Copyright 1966 by Donna Music Ltd. <sup>vi</sup> Bush, address on national drug control strategy. Washington, D.C., September 1989. <sup>vii</sup> Danielle Steel, *Love: Poems*, Dell, 1981. <sup>viii</sup> Hallmark, "A Birthday Wish for a Very Special Person," 6 1/2" x 9", \$2. <sup>ix</sup> Lindsay Newman, Blue Mountain Arts card, 6 1/2" x 8 1/2", \$3. <sup>x</sup> Bruce B. Wilmer, "Things Will Get Better," Light Lines Originals card, 3 1/2" x 2 1/2", \$1. <sup>xi</sup> Collin McCarty, Blue Mountain Arts card, 5" x 7", \$1.75. <sup>xii</sup> Johnny Mercer, "Ac-Cent-Tchu-Ate the Positive." Copyright 1944 by Harwin Music Corporation. <sup>xiii</sup> Adrian Rodgers, Blue Mountain Arts card, 5 1/4" x 7", \$1.75.

—Jeff Wise





Each year over 6 million tons of household and industrial waste are dumped into our already clogged landfills. Recycling everything we can is the only hope.

Every second, another 100 square yards of rain forest are burned away, increasing global warming and killing off entire species of plants and animals. We must make our loans to rain forest countries contingent on saving these habitats. Otherwise they have no economic incentive.



# Will the of natura

You don't have to wear sandals or eat granola to be an environmental activist. All you have to do is care about the future, and put some time where your feelings are.

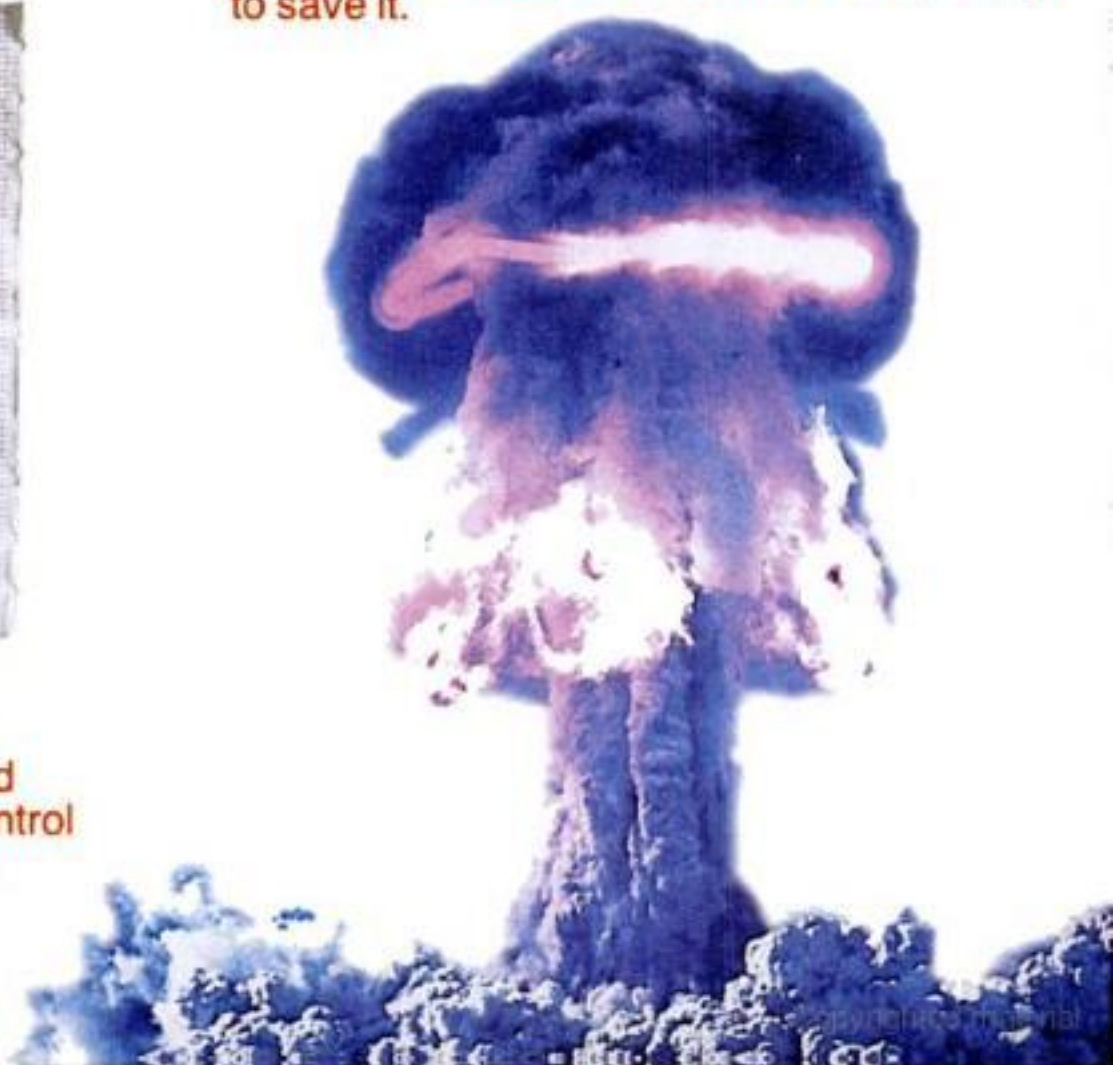
Pick a cause and do something. There are no initiation rites, and you can start slowly. In fact, we can all make a difference just by avoiding the environmentally harmful things we do

Global warming is a global disaster. We must improve energy efficiency and reforest to avoid flooding, crop failures and extinction.

The U.S. and Soviet Union must free defense money for environmental programs. Worldwide focus has to switch from preparing to destroy the planet to preparing to save it.



Overpopulation taxes natural resources and leads to widespread starvation. We must make birth control information available everywhere.







Crops can now be grown in nearly any kind of soil using fertigation, the practice of dripping precise quantities of water and nutrients at the base of plants. Unfortunately, the technology for this kind of agriculture has not yet spread to the places it's needed most.



Ironically, the more man succeeds as a species, the more our sheer numbers and living habits threaten the earth as a human habitat. Technological advances over just the last 100 years have provided us the means to alter our environment drastically. We must begin using our technology to create solutions instead of more problems.

18 billion dirty diapers are dumped annually, spreading disease and taking 500 years to decompose. Use a diaper service or biodegradable diapers.

# World die causes?

in the course of our daily lives.

Consider some of the problems depicted here. If we're going to survive as a species, all of us need to be a part of the solution.

To find out how you can become involved in a cause that you care about, call 1-800-433-0880.

Sure, you can't do everything. But do something. While you still can.



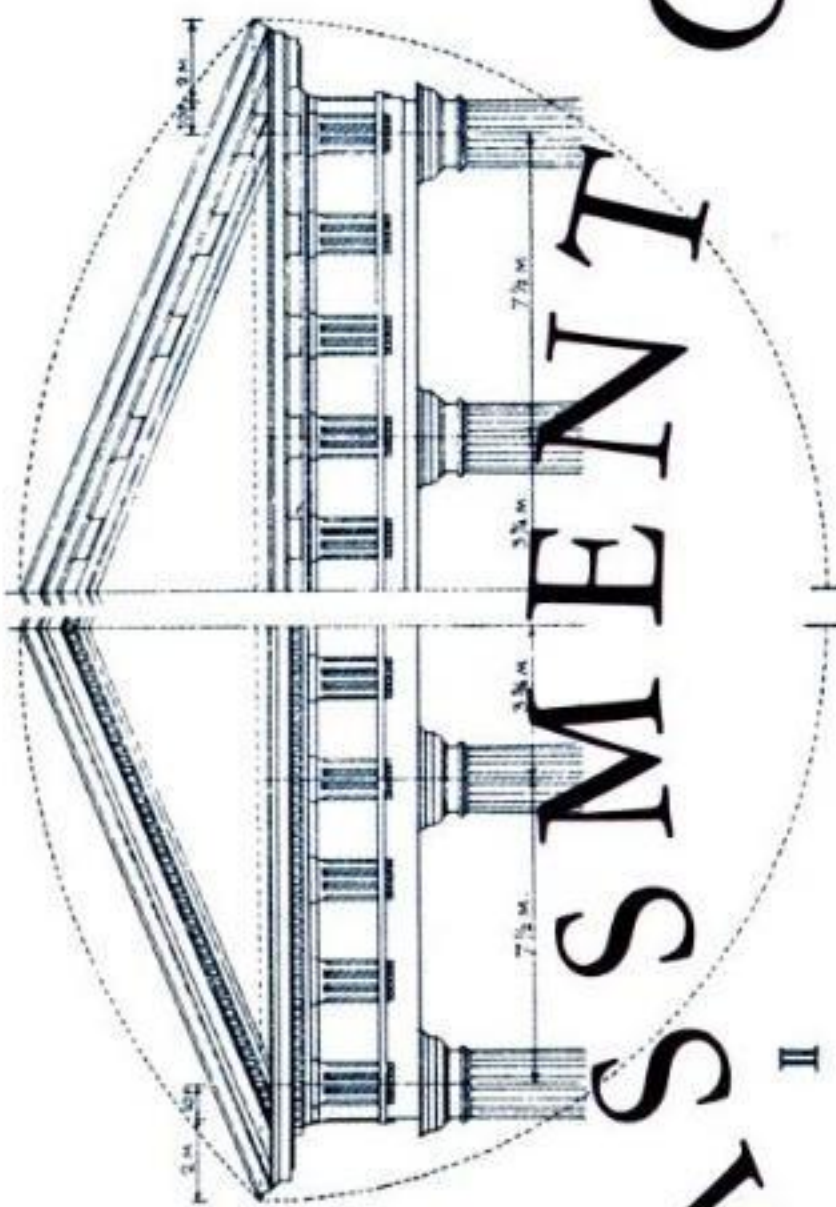
Destruction of habitats drives 100 species of plants and animals to extinction every day. The genetic material being lost forever may contain cures for disease. We must learn to develop land without destroying it.



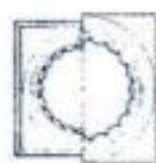
## SAVE THE WORLD

If we're not all helping,  
we're all hurting.





# EMBARRASMENT OF RICHES I CERTAINLY RICHES, ANYWAY



ALEX HEARD REPORTS ON HOW

ENORMOUS DONATIONS FROM EMBARRASSING BENEFACTORS

— SUCH AS LIBYA, PLAYBOY MAGAZINE AND ONE WACKY LAS VEGAS

NAZIBUFF — MAKE UNIVERSITIES BEHAVE IN ENORMOUSLY

EMBARRASSING WAYS





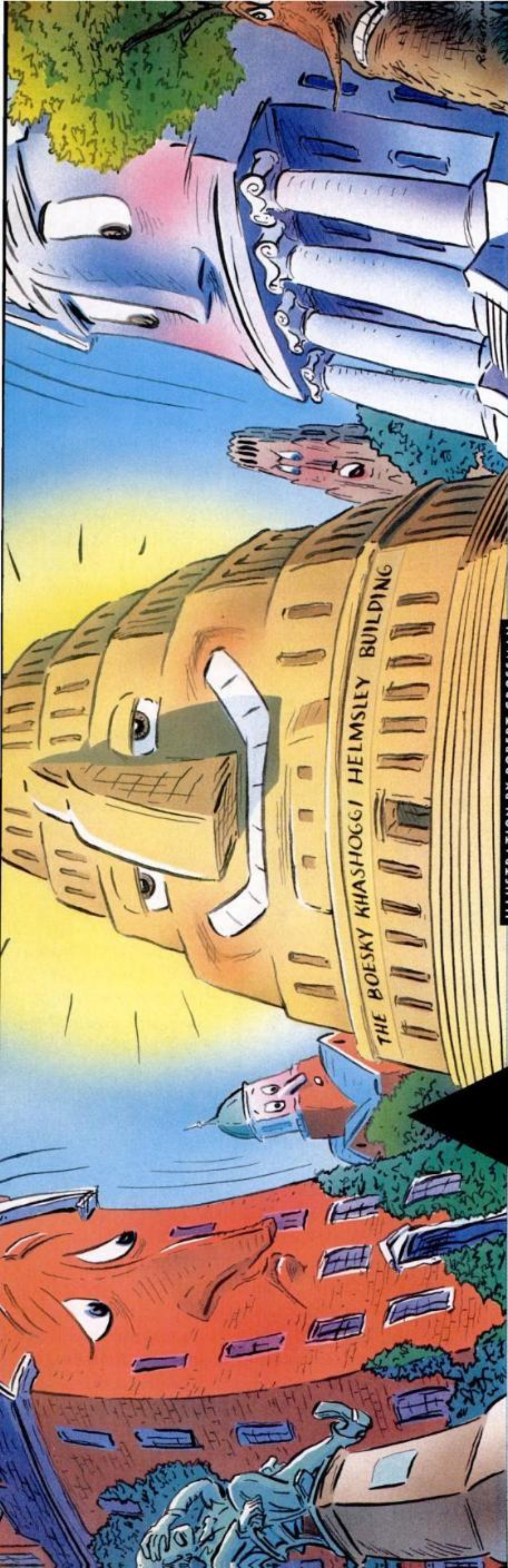


ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT GROSSMAN

As you know if you've ever changed your address and been astonished at the alarming rapidity with which your alma mater's fundraising staff hunted you down, college money solicitors are a tenacious lot. Naturally, since their lives are devoted to ceaseless wheedling, professional fund-

raisers and their administrative overlords like nothing less than giving money back. But sometimes it can't be helped. If a major donor (in whose honor a difficult-to-hide building might be named) commits an indiscretion unseemly enough to sully the university's reputation (such as getting caught for tax evasion, say, or insider trading, or Pacific Rim trafficking in dried-and-powdered penises of endangered species), the school's administration may be obliged to resort to those twin miseries of the fundraising world: *repudiation* and *refund*. Usually, though, things need not go this far. Using masterfully vague public statements delivered with a peculiar gee-whiz logic, one can put a charitable public face on the most unsightly of philanthropic beasts. 🐉 And this, after all, is simply the American way. Without the liberal circulation of "tainted" funds, our society might still be mired in its stick-hut and sky-worship days. Likewise, if money with a greasy texture were suddenly purged from every university in the nation, not just a few scattered limestone buildings but whole campuses — Vanderbilt, Duke and Stanford among them — would cease to exist (not to mention the Brady Urological Institute at Johns Hopkins, financed by Diamond Jim Brady). Hence the especially caring and intensely forgiving nature of crisis handling



WHEN A  
MAJOR  
DONOR IS  
INVOLVED IN  
SCANDAL, A  
UNIVERSITY  
WILL MOST  
OFTEN GET  
OUT THE  
CHISELS,  
ERASE THE  
PUBLIC  
HONORIFICS  
AND KEEP  
THE CASH

on display at some institutions of higher learning.

The February before last, for instance, Minneapolis's Augsburg College learned that Elroy Stock, a generous alumnus for whom the communications wing of a new campus building was to be named, had, over a 14-year period, sent 100,000 letters to mixed-race couples — culled from a decade's worth of newspaper wedding announcements — informing them that interracial marriage was an abomination. Deplorable? Most of the mixed-race couples probably thought so. But as Augsburg president Charles Anderson explained to local reporters, "[Stock] feels he is just trying to teach people. He's a very gentle person. Even if you disagree with him, he's gentle." These remarks seem especially giving in light of the fact that Stock's To Occupants/Miscegenists mailings (a typical rant included observations such as "Satan is on a rampage to destroy God's races" and "A dog breeder would not think of producing mongrel dogs, so why should the human race be mongrel?") found their way to the mailbox of president Anderson's white son and black daughter-in-law. But then, at its highest levels, fundraising is all about turning the other cheek, about offering the embrace of forgiveness, and then ramming one's head into the nearest sandpile. In short, it's all about (if we may suggest a phrase) Standing Very Firm on Very Weak Knees. Augsburg officials had this down pat. Today Stock's name is not appended to the communications wing, but his \$500,000 pledge presumably remains forever etched on Augsburg's profit ledger. "We can use [the money] for minority scholarships," Anderson told the Minneapolis *Star-Tribune*. "We can use it for whatever."

Not every money-seeking institution plays so boldly. In 1988 Duke University — a school founded on tobacco profits — despite grumblings from its in-house fundraising professionals, returned two paintings (*Lady on a Pink Divan*, by Julius L. Stewart, and an anonymous still life of a pipe and tobacco pouch, jointly appraised at \$58,500) and \$20,000 in cash to Duke alumnus and whiz kid con man David P. Bloom and canceled his \$1 million pledge. (This decision was probably made easier by the inevitability that everything Bloom had owned or touched would be turned over to a court-appointed receiver for the Securities and Exchange Commission.) And in 1988, when Dartmouth College linebacker and straight-A student Paul Sorenson was given the \$5,000 Anson Mount Scholar-Athlete

Award, college trustees caved in to the mere *likelihood* that feminists would be angered by the company making the award — *Playboy* magazine — and rejected the money. (No such sensitive-guy scruples exist at the University of Illinois, however, which offers the Hugh Hefner Magazine Award Scholarship in journalism.)

But cases of complete repudiation are rare. What's more common is for a school to get out the chisels, erase the public honorifics and keep the cash. When Ivan Boesky was indicted in 1986 for insider trading, he made things as easy as possible for the many beneficiaries of his largess — such as Princeton University, whose Boesky-financed Center for Jewish Life had already been designed by architect Robert Stern, where he thoughtfully withdrew his \$1.5 million pledge himself. At least one institution, however, held tight to the money in hand. Boesky had given a manuscript collection and a large sum (reportedly \$2 million) to the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York. After his legal troubles were made public in late 1986, he asked that the campus's Ivan and Seema Boesky Family Library be renamed. The seminary agreeably removed the bronze letters and kept the space over the door blank until last October, when a new and unindicted donor came along. The old Boesky library will soon bear the name of Chicago real estate tycoon Joseph J. Abbell and his wife Dora (Abbell pledged \$5 million). But Boesky's donation was never refunded.



IT'S NOT THE MALT SHOP, BUT COEDS LOVE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY'S ADNAN M. KHASHOGGI CENTER.



WHILE IVAN BOESKY CATCHES UP ON HIS READING, HIS SEMINARY LIBRARY GETS A NEW NAME.



TRUSTEE-DONOR ADNAN KHASHOGGI AND THE AMERICAN U. EAGLE SWAP TIPS ON HOW TO PICK UP CHICKS.

R

epudiating the giver while keeping the gift would seem the ideal solution. But some schools, adopting a fairly classic morning-after attitude, can't seem to admit that they have become entangled with an unwholesome gift giver. For them, a scandal involving a major donor provides an opportunity for some exciting ethical

gymnastics and fancy public-relations gimmickry. In 1977 Georgetown University accepted a \$750,000 pledge from the government of Libya (a country whose unconventional M.O. was well known by then) and tenaciously held on to it as long as it could. Though the donation was earmarked for the school's new Center for Contemporary Arab Studies, the association with modern-day, terrorist-friendly Libya prompted criticism, including an angry attack from the ordinarily sleepy Art Buchwald, who called the gift "blood money." Would Georgetown consider, Buchwald sniped in a letter to a campus newspaper,



an Idi Amin Chair in Genocide? "I don't know Uganda," replied Peter Krogh, dean of Georgetown's School of Foreign Service. "I don't know Idi Amin.... I'm hesitant to address what is a hypothetical situation." Michael Hudson, director of the center, helpfully noted to *The Washington Post* that the Libyans "say they're just as anti-terrorist as the next government." Georgetown held fast until 1981, when a State Department report on terrorist activity announced that Libya was supporting subversion in 45 countries and had arranged the assassination of eleven dissidents living abroad. "I guess I'm just kind of slow to move," shrugged Georgetown's then-president, Father Timothy Healy, explaining why the give-back took so long, "but I came to a growing realization that what Libya is up to is incompatible with Georgetown." (Healy now runs the New York Public Library, where his job consists largely of soliciting donations from currently upstanding plutocrats such as Saul Steinberg and Bill Blass.)

Georgetown's remarkable but ultimately futile tack is being one-upped right now at another Washington, D.C., school, American University. American houses the Adnan Khashoggi Sports and Convocation Center, so named because in 1984 the Iran-contra go-between and patron of good, clean student fun pledged \$5 million of the center's \$20 million cost. A few years later, when Khashoggi's role in the Iran-contra scandal became public, enthusiasm for the center waned. "Blood money" was again invoked, and an ex-American professor wrote, "Instead of a lobby with the usual showcase of athletic trophies, why not a display of the death machines that first brought wealth to Khashoggi?" In reply, American U's president, Richard Berendzen, said, "Look at Alfred Nobel—he made his money in dynamite. Every prominent person has, at some point in time, been controversial." (In the course of wooing Khashoggi, Berendzen had been forced to endure numerous sessions of grueling socializing with Cheryl Tiegs, Farrah Fawcett and Koo Stark.) Lately Khashoggi has fallen on even harder times—many of his businesses have gone bankrupt, and just over a year ago the U.S. government indicted him on charges of mail fraud, racketeering and obstruction of justice in connection with his alleged efforts to help Ferdinand and Imelda Marcos conceal millions in New York art and real estate holdings. This past spring the reluctant indictee was seized in Bern by Swiss police. After spending three months in a Swiss jail, Khashoggi was ex-

tradited to New York, where he is free on \$10 million bail and awaiting trial. And yet, acting on the hallowed Yankee principle that under our system *arrested* is not the same as *convicted* (to be followed by *convicted* is not the same as *jailed after losing decade-long appeal*), president Berendzen is keeping the money, and the Khashoggi name on the building. "There's something about innocent until proved guilty," Berendzen told *The Washington Post* after his patron was apprehended. "That's not just for him. It's any donor.... Just sup-

## THE NAMING GIFT AS DISASTER CONTROL: MIKE MILKEN

**T**he same skewed ingenuity once enabled him to finance multimillion-dollar deals with debt: Mike Milken, currently under indictment by the SEC on 98 counts—including mail fraud and racketeering—managed to transform himself into a high-profile philanthropist *after* becoming the target of an SEC investigation in 1987. Most philanthropic self-publicists wait until their name is on the building to become embroiled in scandal and embarrass the object of their munificence. Not Milken. Just one month after the wig-wearing billionaire was indicted, the Los Angeles chapter of the Urban League announced a Milken Family Foundation contribution of \$700,000, to be used for a Milken Family Literacy and Youth Training Center. Another recent contribution inspired the H.E.L.P. Group, a Van Nuys, California-based charity, to christen its brand-new residential facility the Milken Family Campus for Young Adults. In addition, there exists a West Hills, California, Jewish community center that, thanks to a 1988 contribution of \$5 million, bears the name of Milken's father, Bernard. Embarrassing bequests all. But then, only Mike Milken sees an indictment for what it really is: a high-risk opportunity to transmute disgrace into martyrdom.

—David Kamp

pose you were to remove the name and two weeks later he was acquitted." In May American dropped Khashoggi from its board of trustees, however, because he had attended only one board meeting in six years. But Khashoggi's \$5 million pledge is still considered very much alive, and his name remains, in foot-high metal letters that stand as a monument not just to a great and giving man but to one university's gutsy determination to *stand by* that man.



NORTH DAKOTA-  
EDUCATED CASINO  
OPERATOR RALPH  
ENGELSTAD THINKS  
FONDLY OF HIS NAZI  
KNICKKNACKS.

### PART TWO: VIVA DAS VEGAS!

**I**mpressive casuistry. And now, from the windy plains of the upper Midwest, comes another institution whose name demands to be added to this pantheon of

those Who Stand Firm on Weak Knees: the University of North Dakota. In September 1988 administrators at this stingily budgeted state institution were disturbed to hear suspicious rumblings from Las Vegas about one of the school's largest benefactors—Ralph Engelstad, a class of '54 goalie on the UND hockey team who made good in the construction and casino businesses and then pledged \$5 million. (In gratitude, UND



named a difficult-to-hide building after him—the Ralph Engelstad Winter Sports Arena.) Las Vegas newspapers were reporting that Engelstad was a Nazi buff who had set up a Hitler-glorifying “war room” filled with Third Reich knickknacks in his Imperial Palace hotel and casino.

One source said Engelstad was involved in the printing of several hundred HITLER WAS RIGHT bumper stickers. Others claimed that on April 20 in 1986 and 1988 he held Hitler birthday parties for employees and other guests. The parties featured swastika-decorated cakes, Nazi-era German marches and bartenders in T-shirts that said ADOLPH [sic] HITLER—EUROPEAN TOUR 1939–45. Eventually it was revealed that Engelstad’s full collection of Third Reich doodads included a four-foot-high portrait of Hitler with the make-believe inscription “To Ralphie from Adolph 1938”; a companion portrait of Engelstad, with his head painted on a Nazi-uniformed body, signed “To Adolph from Ralphie”; murals depicting Nazi imagery (one showed Wehrmacht soldiers merrily goose-stepping through Paris); various Nazi posters, including an SS recruitment poster of a bile-drooling, Star-of-David-wearing dragon being crushed under the weight of monumental SS letters); films about *der Führer*; a huge painting of a swastika festooned with a fiberglass Fascist eagle; and about 20 automobiles from the good old days, including Hitler’s parade car (a 1939 Grosser Mercedes 770K), a Mercedes-Benz used by Gestapo chief Heinrich Himmler, a 16-ton Krausse Maffei troop carrier, and a car filled with *Sieg Heil!*—ing mannequins.

Well, the generous among you say, *that information could be interpreted any number of ways*. And you’re right. Depending on whom we asked, Engelstad is either (1) a Nazi; (2) an anti-Semitic-but-not-quite-Nazi casino-operating vulgarian; (3) a harmless Vegas vulgarian and legitimate World War II buff who used what he now terms “poor judgment” in holding the Hitler parties; or (4) a victim of a smear attack by former employees out to get him. But as connoisseurs of university anti-give-back contortions, what we’re really interested in is the way UND officials shouted *We believe you, Ralph!* before almost any facts were in hand. For his part, university president Thomas Clifford expressed his deep, sincere, *Überpersonal* belief in Engelstad’s tortured excuses and pledged his utter confidence in his benefactor—about 15 minutes after the story broke. Shortly thereafter, he sent his own not-too-pushy “investigative” team to Las Vegas, where they were treated to a one-day explanatory tour from Engelstad and two PR smoothies Engelstad had hired for the crisis. The investiga-

tors returned expressing heartfelt agreement with president Clifford’s assessment. Even the hometown paper, the *Grand Forks Herald*, eventually got on board with a long, flattering profile of Engelstad that focused on his “devotion to a pet poodle named Buttons” and on the great burden of his newfound wealth (“The Engelstads used to have a modest, suburban home in the parish neighborhood of Our Lady of Las Vegas Church. As the hotel kept growing, they moved—somewhat reluctantly, a parish worker says—to an eighteenth-story penthouse...at the Imperial Palace”). Having declared that Engelstad was officially untainted, university officials stayed this course while waiting for the whole thing to die down.

They didn’t have to wait very long. On December 9 (just over two months after the mess began) Nevada’s State Gaming Control Board released the results of *its* Engelstad probe. The board decided that he had discredited the state of Nevada and recommended that his casino license be revoked or suspended. On that big news day university officials were not available for comment to the hometown *Herald*. The university has remained unavailable for comment: none of my numerous calls were returned. And who can blame the school? After all, lying low and shutting up had worked so well in the past.

Indeed, it was a bravura performance by Engelstad and president Clifford for the benefit of higher education. Let us critique it for a moment. Their pas de deux began October 5, with Engelstad’s try-out excuses and Clifford’s instant support. As an opening gambit, Engelstad sent a letter to Clifford that *must* have come as a relief. “Please be advised,” he wrote, “I am not a Nazi, never have been, never will be.” In reality, Engelstad claimed, he was just a caring, giving guy. His Third Reich collection was a

purely financial enterprise that he had planned to share with the ticket-buying public—not possible now, of course, because the media’s sinister innuendo had irrevocably defiled the harmless objects—and the Hitler birthday parties

were nothing more than morale boosters for faithful staff. “We are a family here,” Engelstad explained poignantly, “and I try to emphasize that by taking an active role in employee morale. Each year, we have a number of parties....I’ve always tried to give them a theme to make them more fun. In this case, I exercised extremely poor judgment and for this, I am sorry.”

By this time some of the “family” was turning on Big Daddy. “Ralph doesn’t have many friends,” one of



THE RALPH ENGELSTAD WINTER SPORTS ARENA—GOOSE-STEPPING-ON-ICE, ANYONE?

WHEN HE  
HEARD THAT  
GEORGETOWN  
HAD  
ACCEPTED  
A \$750,000  
PLEDGE FROM  
LIBYA, ART  
BUCHWALD  
WROTE,  
“WOULD  
GEORGETOWN  
CONSIDER AN  
IDI AMIN  
CHAIR IN  
GENOCIDE?”



# A TOWN CALLED TISCH

A SPY Mini-Map of Self-Memorializers and Their Purchased Commemorations

"A man who gives charity in secret," said Rabbi Eleazar in the Talmud, "is greater than Moses our teacher." A man who gives charity in public, according to the recent history of New York philanthropy, is an odds-on favorite to have his name in three-foot-high letters on an ugly institutional building.

New York's most active philanthropists bestow "naming gifts" at a blistering pace, as the Tischification of Manhattan's medical, educational and cultural facilities proves. Mere aspirants, on the other hand, have a hard time breaking into the naming-gift game: in the early 1980s, New York State rejected Donald Trump's conditional proposal to rescue the behind-schedule,

over-budget construction of the city's I. M. Pei-designed convention center. His condition? That the center be named not for the late Senator Jacob K. Javits but for Trump. (Trump solved his immortality-in-giant-metal-letters problem by naming every building he subsequently built or bought after himself.)

The map below indicates the locations of standing or soon-to-be-standing monuments to the generosity of living people. Some of these people have already given their naming gifts a bad name. The others — well, they'd better watch their step. — D.K.



**NEW YORK UNIVERSITY**  
LEONARD N. STERN  
SCHOOL OF BUSINESS  
① College at 40 West 4th  
Street; graduate school at  
100 Trinity Place. Cost to  
Stern: \$30 million

LEONARD STERN HALL  
② (residence) 79 Washington  
Square East. Cost to Stern:  
\$3 million

TISCH SCHOOL OF  
THE ARTS ③ 111 Second  
Avenue. Cost to Larry and  
Preston Tisch: \$7.5 million

TISCH HALL ④ 40 West  
4th Street. Cost to the Tisches:  
\$2 million

TISCH HOSPITAL\* ⑤ (part  
of NYU Medical Center) First  
Avenue and 31st Street. Cost to  
the Tisches: \$30 million

**THE METROPOLITAN**  
MUSEUM OF ART  
THE TISCH GAL-  
LERIES ⑥ Cost to  
the Tisches: \$10  
million

HENRY R.  
KRAVIS WING  
⑦ Cost to Kravis:  
\$10 million

THE CARROLL  
AND MILTON  
PETRIE EU-  
ROPEAN SCULPTURE  
COURT ⑧ Cost to Petrie:  
\$10 million

THE IRIS AND B. GER-  
ALD CANTOR EXHIBI-  
TION HALL, ROOF  
GARDEN AND GALLER-  
IES ⑨ Cost to Cantor; CEO of  
Cantor Fitzgerald Inc., and  
his wife: \$9.5 million (total)

**THE CHILDREN'S MUSEUM**  
OF MANHATTAN  
THE TISCH BUILDING\*\*  
⑩ 212 West 83rd Street. Cost  
to the Tisches: \$1 million

**THE NEW YORK HOSPITAL—**  
CORNELL MEDICAL CENTER  
THE HELMSLEY MEDI-  
CAL TOWER \*\*\* ⑪ 1320

York Avenue. Cost to  
Helmsley: \$33 million

**THE MOUNT SINAI**  
MEDICAL CENTER  
KRAVIS WOMEN'S AND  
CHILDREN'S CENTER  
⑫ 1176 Fifth Avenue. Cost to  
Kravis: \$10 million

**CENTRAL PARK**  
THE DIANA ROSS  
PLAYGROUND ⑬ Central  
Park at West 81st Street. Cost  
to Ross: \$500,000

\*Last February's rededica-  
tion of University Hospital as  
Tisch Hospital prompted a  
one-man protest campaign by  
Dr. William Caban, the  
antismoking advocate and  
perpetrator of the Bart  
Giamatti "clubbed fingers"  
hoax. Caban argued that the  
Tisches' donation raised a

"huge ethical question" since  
their Loews Corporation  
empire includes Lorillard,  
the cigarette manufacturer.

\*\*This naming gift in-  
volved more than an epony-  
mous building—it also  
cemented a volunteer job for  
Larry Tisch's niece, Laurie  
Tisch Sussman—chairman of  
the board.

\*\*\*New York Hospital  
spokesperson Myrna Manners  
insists that no name change  
for the Helmsley Medical  
Tower is in the works. "There  
have been absolutely no  
discussions about renaming  
the building," she said. "I ha-  
ven't heard a thing about it."  
This gift, incidentally, was  
given in gratitude for a  
certain successful surgical  
procedure that is credited  
with improving the Helms-  
leys' marriage.

Ralph's friends, Dr. Lonnie Hammargren, would tell the *Las Vegas Sun*. Said another, unnamed source, "[Engelstad] was obviously anti-Semitic."

Brand us skeptics. But with all this going on—not to mention the just-revving-up Gaming Control Board inquiry—in Clifford's place we would have stalled a bit (the traditional phrase is *We're adopting a wait-and-see attitude*) before declaring our total confidence in the donor. But president Clifford didn't see the need. The same day he received Engelstad's written explanation he said, "I think the letter cleared up in my mind that he's not collecting this stuff for some morbid reason. He's doing it for a business, and I really believe it."

On October 6 in Las Vegas, Engelstad began his attempt to fend off the Gaming Control Board inquiry with his first press conference. By this time he was under the tutelage of his new advisers, Doug Hearle and Alan Hilburg, "crisis communications" experts who represent many people who get bullied by the media. Who are these brave helpers? They're a little shadowy—Hearle, a vice-chairman at the Hill and Knowlton PR agency, refused to be interviewed; Hilburg would name his clients only "off the record."

Some of the pair's good deeds, however, are on the record for public appreciation. Hilburg flaked for the Liggett Group cigarette company during 1988's Cipollone trial, in which the company was



ENGELSTAD'S  
HITLER  
BIRTHDAY  
PARTIES  
FEATURED  
SWASTIKA-  
DECORATED  
CAKES AND  
BARTENDERS  
IN T-SHIRTS  
THAT SAID  
"ADOLPH  
HITLER—  
EUROPEAN  
TOUR 1939-1945"

found liable in the lung-cancer death of Rose Cipollone and was ordered to pay \$400,000 in damages to her surviving husband. According to a Hill and Knowlton press release, Hearle has crisis-communicated in "such well-known cases as the government attempt to ban saccharine [and] the dioxin-Agent Orange issue." Elizabeth Hampsten, a UND professor of English and a member of Clifford's credulous fact-finding team, remembers that "one of them said they specialize in doing work for corporations that are blamed for disasters—he mentioned Three Mile Island and the Love Canal."

Before you smirk, please remember: *Everybody has a right to tell their side of the story.* Hearle and Hilburg just help in the telling, that's all. In 1988, when two tons of ceiling fell on a man named Carmello Liuzzo while he slept in a suite at New York's Helmsley Windsor Hotel, Hearle was on hand doing just that. He explained to reporters that the flattened Mr. Liuzzo had actually asked for a \$120-per-night room but, because none were available, had received a \$200-per-night, top-floor suite with a parlor and pantry. *At no extra charge.*

But back to their aforementioned client. In his statement at the press conference Engelstad announced, "I despise Hitler and everything he stood for," and blamed phantom enemies for his plight. Reporters were given written explanations for some of the iffy objects in the collection and allowed to tour the war room. According to Engelstad, the "To Ralphie from Adolph" painting was a gift from a Phoenix car broker who "as a gag, had a local artist paint [it]." Its counterpart, the "To Adolph from Ralphie" portrait, was "a practical joke" painted by an Imperial Palace waitress to whom Ralph had shown the Hitler painting so she could "evaluate it as a painting. She found it artistically good and apparently decided to do a similar painting." (Anti-Engelstad sources say he commissioned the waitress to do the work and pestered her about when it would be finished. Reached at her home recently, the waitress-painter, Marlaina Quynn Taylor, who still works for Engelstad, said her boss's version was true and added, apparently as additional proof, "I normally paint desert landscapes, not portraits.")

As for the bumper stickers, they did exist, but Engelstad "did not cause them to be made." He says he had all but "one file copy destroyed" when he learned of their existence. (The Gaming Control Board later concluded that Engelstad was "either aware of or approved the printing of" the stickers, and that several were distributed.)

That should be enough to give you the idea. And

even though many balls were still in the air, the day Engelstad offered his explanations, president Clifford announced, "We have not even thought of considering [renaming the Engelstad sports arena]."



ENGELSTAD PLAYS DRESS-UP WITH HIS PET HITLER BUST AND A STACK OF CASUAL BEACH HATS.



THIS IS NOT YOUR FÜHRER'S OLDSMOBILE. BUT IT COULD BE HIMMLER'S MERCEDES.

Vorland, who would lead UND's one-day fact-finding mission to Las Vegas, told reporters he thought there might well be something to Engelstad's claim that a smear campaign was in progress, because Engelstad was an anti-union "maverick" in Las Vegas, an intensely unionized town.

On the morning of October 9, the UND team was picked up at the Las Vegas airport in two limousines by the glad-handing Hearle and Hilburg. After brunch at the Imperial Palace, they toured the war room, which—surprise!—no longer held the Engelstad-as-Nazi painting. Recalling the trip months later, Professor Elizabeth Hampsten, who felt squeamish about the collection, described it this way: "The tour struck me as sort of compulsive.... Through it all he kept emphasizing *the cars* and the *value* of the cars as collectors' items.... In the Imperial Palace lobby there's an Oriental urn labeled VALUE: \$250,000."

Hampsten pegged Engelstad as a garden-variety vulgarian—on the wall in his office she had noted "a poster of a larger-than-life-size woman naked from the waist up"—who simply didn't understand the connotations of his hobby. That afternoon, the fact finders delivered their verdict. The collection, they said, was unfortunate, but it wasn't "a shrine-type room." In conclusion, Vorland unwittingly precipitated yet another public-relations crisis. "I could almost excuse [Ralph] for bad taste," he said, "because Las Vegas is the bad-taste capital of the world."

The weeklong anti-North Dakota caterwaul that this innocent remark provoked from Las Vegas boost-

**T**he next day, October 7, in Las Vegas, the *Sun* reported that state gaming agents were widening their inquiry to include a look at allegations of discriminatory hiring by Engelstad. To identify undesirable employees, Engelstad's organization had allegedly used code phrases on job applications. *No stars*, for example, was code for "small breasts," and *gentle* meant "union member." Though no formal charges resulted from these allegations, back in Grand Forks, university-relations director David



ers turned out to be a double benefit for the university. It made it easier for North Dakotans to believe that one of their own *was* being unfairly attacked by evil Las Vegans, and it drowned out the quiet sound of the university's announcing, two days later, its official, unconditional pardon of Engelstad and its decision to keep his money, barring new developments. "We weren't able to conclude," said Barry Vickrey, associate dean of the UND law school, that "he was anti-Semitic or pro-Hitler."

UND publicist Vorland still had some major apologizing to do, however—this time to Las Vegans, about the "bad-taste capital of the world" remark. "I was referring to the spectacular atmosphere of the Strip," he told the *Las Vegas Sun*. "This incident demonstrates the dangers of stereotyped thinking and rushing to judgment. In turn," he added, "I hope Las Vegas will be fair to Ralph Engelstad." And as far as UND was concerned, that was the end of it.

For Ralph Engelstad, though, the worst lay ahead. He would yell about (but not sue for libel over) a report in the *Sun* that a "go-between representing an Engelstad aide" had met with a collector who showed him photographs of grisly death-camp artifacts, including a fetus in a jar of formaldehyde and soap rendered from human fat. Engelstad would paint over his murals and announce his decision to donate his Nazi-bilia—except for the supervaluable automobiles—to the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum being built in Washington. (Quasi-good intentions notwithstanding, this transfer never happened: though Hilburg made a perky on-site pitch, the museum immediately turned down the generous offer. "We told him we only want items used by Holocaust victims—diaries, that sort of thing," says museum spokesman Sam Eskenazi. "Not Nazi memorabilia.")

And Engelstad was obliged to do some crisis communicating on a whole new front when the *Las Vegas Sun* reported allegations that a birthday party for his poo-dle, Buttons—which was attended by the UND hockey coach—featured prostitutes and a male casino executive who "mooned" the partygoers while dressed as a UND cheerleader. (Engelstad denies inviting prostitutes.)

And then, in December, the State Gaming Control Board issued a complaint about the Nazi collection and other improprieties and recommended that Engelstad's license be "revoked, suspended, restricted, conditioned or limited."

After this nadir, everything worked out relatively well. Early last year the Nevada Gaming Commission (which makes final decisions based on Gaming Control Board recommendations), Engelstad's attorneys and the state attorney general handed down the equiva-

## A DUBIOUS HONOR: CONFESSIONS OF AN IVAN BOESKY FELLOW

Unsavory benefactors have always been attracted to institutions of higher learning—just ask any athletic director under investigation at a southern or midwestern football power. But for five years, the Harvard School of Public Health had the good fortune to land Ivan Boesky—those were the days when he was heralded as Wall Street's canniest arbitrageur and was still a free, clean-shaven man. Harvard wanted a wealthy benefactor and Boesky wanted the sort of prestige that only money can buy. And so the Ivan Boesky Fellowship was established in 1982 to provide a means for well-established journalists to spend six weeks pursuing public-health-related projects at Harvard. Dr. Jay Winsten, an assistant dean at the School of Public Health, says that Boesky's grant was "a modest one, about \$25,000 to \$60,000 annually." In return, Boesky enjoyed the privilege of acting like a Harvard alumnus—he kept a Harvard wastebasket in his office, and he entertained business associates at New York's Harvard Club.

When the Securities and Exchange Commission and the U.S. Attorney's office indicted Boesky in the fall of 1986, both benefactor and university wisely agreed to make that year the last in which Harvard would select a Boesky Fellow. "He was gracious enough to withdraw the funding when it became appropriate," Dr. Winsten says. And so a poorer public-health-journalism world is left with only memories.

Anthony Gottlieb, the science editor of London's *Economist*, was awarded the fellowship just weeks after Boesky was indicted, making him the only journalist to hold the title of Boesky Fellow *after* the ferret-eyed snitch had been publicly disgraced. Gottlieb devoted his stint at the School of Public Health to the exploration of medical-ethics issues. The irony of his chosen field was not lost on him. "It was something that made people laugh, that I was an Ivan Boesky Fellow in ethics," he says. But Gottlieb's tenure in Cambridge wasn't darkened by *too* many moral misgivings about the man who was both his benefactor and a national villain. "It's quite clear that he did something very wrong," he says. "And I don't feel it's in any way mitigated by his giving away money for useful purposes—such as keeping me in America for six weeks."

Still, Gottlieb feels a certain amount of gratitude. "It was a good time," he says. "I was not exactly racked by guilt." (And yes, he does list his Ivan Boesky Fellowship on his résumé.)

—D.K.

lent of a plea bargain: Engelstad would get to keep his license and the complaint would be dismissed. On the down side, Engelstad would have to pay a \$1.5 million fine (the second-largest casino fine in Nevada history), and nine rather unusual conditions would be attached to his gaming license—among them: Engelstad must place a sign by the Hitler vehicle in his car collection, explaining, in "lettering no less than one-eighth ( $\frac{1}{8}$ ) of an inch high," that the display is not meant to "glorify or otherwise honor Adolf Hitler." Through it all, the University of North Dakota kept quiet. Perhaps if even seamier details about Engelstad emerge during his various upcoming civil trials (two suits against Engelstad for wrongful termination, one against Engelstad for negligence about hotel security, and a libel suit brought by Engelstad against a former employee for statements made to *People* magazine), university officials will feel compelled to speak. In the meantime, UND president Clifford organized a human-rights conference to promote awareness of Holocaust issues. ▀



# I HAVE

Now that the legal theorists who work for The Penn Central Corporation have concocted the novel idea that the company is entitled to develop another much-needed giant skyscraper on Madison Avenue by virtue of unused air rights attached to underground railway tracks it owns (we know, we know—*Hub?* was our reaction too), we were wondering, *What else is down there?* We know about the 106 miles of asbestos-spewing steam pipes under Manhattan, but what about the rest of the antique chaos under New York—the 11 million miles of telephone cable, 7,000 miles of gas mains and service pipes, 77,000 miles of electrical cable, 5,800 miles of water pipes, and the 6,500 miles of sewers through which billions of gallons of raw sewage travel every day? And the memories, the wonderful, wonderful memories. STEPHEN WEEKS and EDDIE STERN decided to plumb our depths, past and present.

# OFTEN WALKED DOWN THESE



# ED BENEATH MY FEET BE

trations of asbestos-covered pipes—and potentially cancer-causing geysers.

15. 42ND STREET AND SIXTH AVENUE. The legendary transit worker James "Smelly" Kelly, who sniffed out trouble in the subways from 1926 to the early 1960s, once found long-buried elephant dung here, beneath the site of the old Hippodrome theater.

16. FROM GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL TO PARK AVENUE AND 49TH STREET, 1944. Franklin Delano Roosevelt was whisked from a secret door at the Waldorf-Astoria to Grand Central via a private rail called Track 61, which also served as the site for Andy Warhol's "underground party" in 1965.

17. PARK AVENUE NORTH OF GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL. This is the Park Avenue Piecrust, a thin layer of land that covers 79 acres of underground railroad tracks and parking lots.

18. A MANHOLE SOMEWHERE ON THE WEST SIDE, sometime around 1955. Researching and publicizing his role as Ed Norton in *The Honey-mooners*, Art Carney descended into a sewer.

19. 51ST STREET AND EIGHTH AVENUE, September 3, 1989. Water from a broken water main washed the asbestos coating off two Con Ed steam pipes, forcing the MTA to disrupt service on several subway



## THE SPY MAP OF UNDERGROUND MANHATTAN

1. **LIBERTY AND NASSAU STREETS.** One of the largest reserves of monetary gold in the free world. About 11,000 tons of gold bars, worth over \$100 billion, are stored in one of the deepest basements in Manhattan, five floors below street level.

2. **GENERAL POST OFFICE, CITY HALL PARK, June 1897.** The Tubular Dispatch Company laid down the pneumatic tubes that for the next several decades carried mail between the General Post Office and the Produce Exchange Branch, located near Bowling Green, at speeds that reached 30 miles per hour.

3. **BROADWAY FROM MURRAY STREET TO WARREN STREET, February 1870.** Alfred Ely Beach, publisher of *Scientific American* and would-be subway mogul, opened the first subway, a 312-foot-long pneumatic tube that ran 21 feet below ground, with a frescoed waiting room, a grand piano, bubbling fountains and a goldfish tank. Shortly thereafter Boss Tweed, furious at Beach for having built the subway in secrecy (i.e., without paying bribes), saw to it that Beach's plans for a citywide transit network were scuttled and had the tunnel closed.

4. **From just above WASHINGTON SQUARE TO SPRING STREET AND THE HUDSON RIVER.** A natural underground stream, Minetta Water, winds its way through Manhattan. Architects building in lower Manhattan today must

consult a map drawn in 1874 to find out if they risk hitting it.

5. **CHAMBERS STREET BETWEEN BROADWAY AND CENTRE STREET, 1799.** Aaron Burr helped establish the city's first water-supply system by piping water from Collect Pond (now Foley Square) through hollow tree trunks coated with tar. Some blamed the epidemics of yellow fever in 1819 and 1822 and cholera in 1832 and 1834 on Burr's decision to take water from a stagnant and mephitic swamp.

6. **CANAL STREET, 1809.** A

canal, later to become Canal Street, was built to drain Collect Pond. The canal later became part of the sewage system, which smelled so bad that in the 1850s the city poured in perfume to cut the stench.

7. **Corner of SPRING AND CROSBY STREETS, circa 1984.** Cannibalistic Humanoid Underground Dwellers (from the low-budget movie *C.H.U.D.*) came up here.

8. **MANHATTAN WELL, SPRING STREET NEAR GREENE STREET, December 29, 1799.** The body of Gulielma Sands was found here. Her lover was

accused of the murder, tried and exonerated after a legal defense by Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr in one of their last friendly collaborations. Whoever *did* kill her started the New York tradition of dumping murder victims into bodies of water.

9. **WASHINGTON SQUARE, 1790-1825.** Between 10,000 and 20,000 bodies are buried hereabouts, from the days when the area served as the city's official hanging ground and then its potter's field.

10. **20TH STREET AND THIRD AVENUE, August 19, 1989.** An asbestos-covered Consolidated

dated Edison pipe burst at 6:30 p.m., scalding one sleeping Gramercy Park resident to death, killing two Con Ed workers and showering the neighborhood with carcinogens.

11. **SEVENTH AVENUE NEAR 25TH STREET, September 22, 1915.** An underground explosion on the site of a subway excavation opened a crater in the street. Moments later, a trolley tumbled in, killing 25.

12. **THREE BLOCKS SOUTH OF TIMES SQUARE, August 27, 1928.** Sixteen were killed and 100 injured when a subway switch malfunctioned and a car was ripped apart.

13. **40TH STREET BETWEEN PARK AND MADISON AVENUES, September 25, 1989.** The third asbestos-coated Consolidated Edison steam pipe to burst in a month erupted, forcing the evacuation of a four-square-block area.

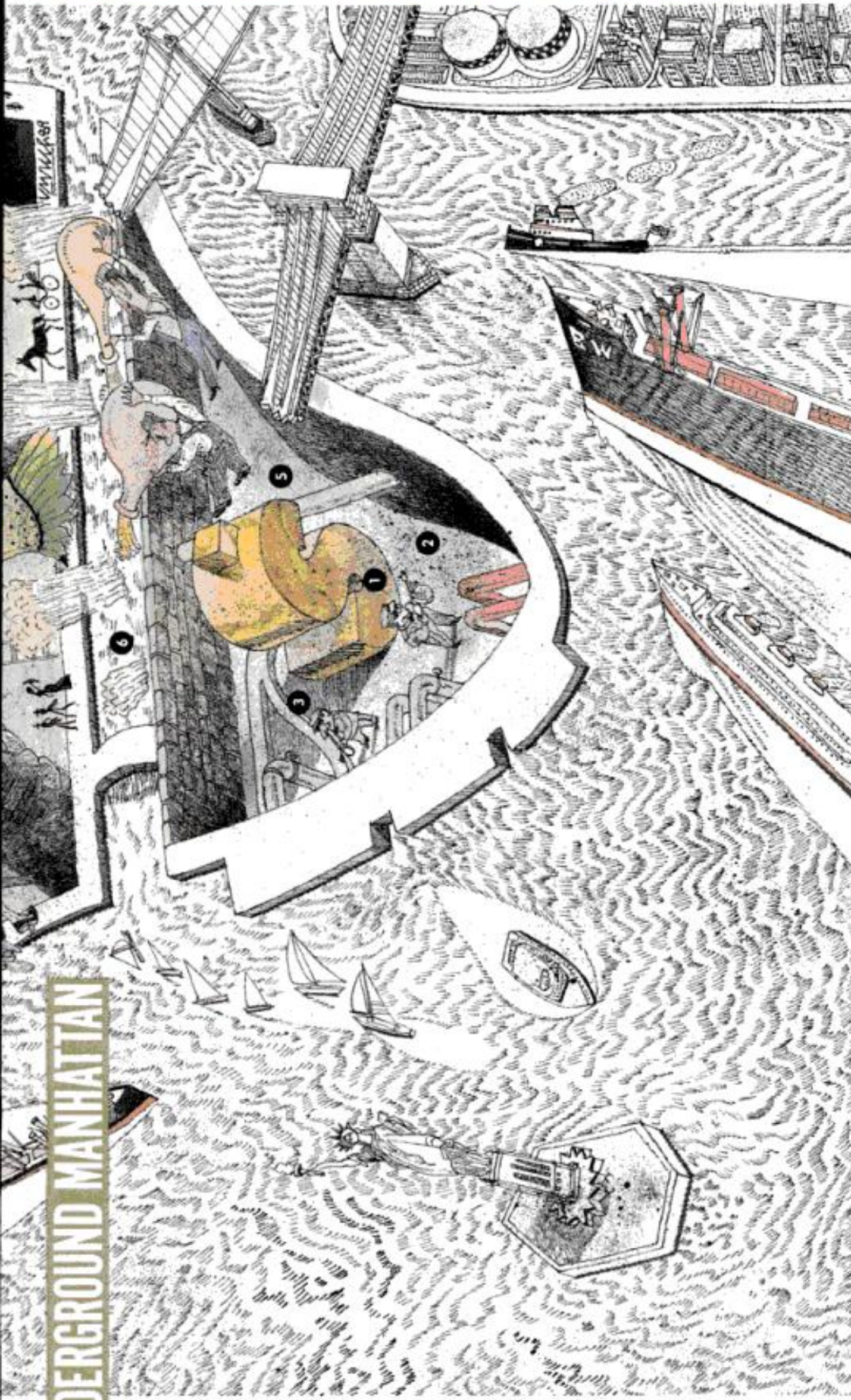
14. **Danger Zone, FIFTH TO EIGHTH AVENUE BETWEEN 42ND AND 57TH STREETS, 1990.** Where will the next asbestos-laden steam pipe erupt? "There's nothing we have identified in the stream system that represents a threat in particular," insists a spokesman for Con Ed, but this area has one of the highest concentrations

of asbestos-laden steam pipe in the city. "There's nothing we have identified in the stream system that represents a threat in particular," insists a spokesman for Con Ed, but this area has one of the highest concentrations

22. **64TH STREET AND WEST END AVENUE, September 6, 1989.** Another Consolidated Edison steam pipe erupted, causing the street to be closed.

23. **125TH STREET.** The biggest of several faults running through the island is the Manhattanville Fault, below this street's surface. Some seismologists predict a major, San Francisco-caliber earthquake by the year 2000.

24. **ST. NICHOLAS AVENUE AND 145TH STREET, October 1903.** Sixty feet underground, dynamite blasts aimed at opening a blocked tunnel got out of control; eleven workers died.



## FORE, BUT THE PAVEMENT

lines. Two days later an MTA operator failed to switch a trainload of commuters onto the appropriate detour, sending them into the contaminated zone.

20. **LEXINGTON AVENUE AND 56TH STREET, June 14, 1913.** Eleven sandhogs were buried under a hundred tons of sandstone.

21. **EAST RIVER SUBWAY TUNNEL, FROM MIDTOWN MANHATTAN TO LONG ISLAND CITY.** The recently opened "tunnel to nowhere"—it fails to connect with nearby E, F, G and R lines—was built by the Schiavone Construction Company, whose former co-owner, Labor secretary Raymond Donovan, became the first Cabinet member to be indicted in office when he was charged with soliciting a \$250,000 kickback from a subcontractor who worked on the project. He got off.

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ONE MAN AGAINST THE SYSTEM. IT IS A SHOPWORN BUT CROWD-PLEASING THEME THAT JOE ESZTERHAS, ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S BEST-PAID SCREENWRITERS, HAS RECYCLED IN ONE MOVIE (*F.I.S.T.*) AFTER ANOTHER (*MUSIC BOX*). BUT WHEN HE WALKED INTO CREATIVE ARTISTS AGENCY HEADQUARTERS LAST FALL TO TELL MIKE OVITZ, THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE MOVIE BUSINESS, THAT HE WAS LEAVING FOR A RIVAL TALENT AGENCY, ESZTERHAS FOUND HIMSELF IN AN IMPOSSIBLY MELODRAMATIC DAVID-AND-GOLIATH STRUGGLE THAT HAS FASCINATED AND SHOCKED EVEN JADED HOLLYWOOD. THE LETTERS BETWEEN THE TWO MEN, FAXED AND REFAXED FROM AGENTS TO PRODUCERS TO SCREENWRITERS COAST TO COAST

BARELY MOMENTS AFTER THEIR AUTHORS HAD DISPATCHED THEM, PROVE THAT THE MOVIE INDUSTRY IS INDEED THE AMERICAN CENTER OF ROUTINE CRUELTY AND SLEEK CYNICISM, THAT EVERYTHING THEY SAY ABOUT HOLLYWOOD IS CORRECT, THAT REALLY AND TRULY



# THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE

# SHOW BUSINESS



It started, as so many things in Hollywood do, with four words: "Let's have a meeting." Joe Eszterhas, the 45-year-old former *Rolling Stone* star reporter turned star screenwriter, who had written the scripts for *Flashdance*, *Jagged Edge*, *F.I.S.T.* and *Betrayed*, wanted to end his professional relationship with his agent, Mike Ovitz, the driven overlord of the powerful Creative Artists Agency.

Since CAA's founding in 1975, Ovitz had got his fingers in more—and more important—film and television deals than any other agent. If he did not exactly create the concept of "packaging"—the

Hawn, Gene Hackman, Bette Midler, Cher, Sydney Pollack, Martin Brest, John Hughes, Oliver Stone, Rob Reiner, Sidney Lumet, Bob Zemeckis and Richard Donner, along with another 550 or so of the highest-paid writers, directors, producers and performers in television, movies and pop music. By all accounts, Mike "the Manipulator" Ovitz really had become, by the mid-1980s, the most powerful man in Hollywood. And the last year had been particularly sweet, personal-power-wise. The agency's sleek, nameless I. M. Pei-designed headquarters on Little Santa Monica Boule-

## THE CHILLING, UNABRIDGED MIKE OVITZ-JOE ESZTERHAS COR

monopolistic procedure whereby an agency lashes together a package of talent culled from its own stable of writers, stars, directors and producers for a particular film, regardless of the appropriateness of the fit, and then strong-arms a studio into accepting it as an all-or-nothing deal and charges it 15 percent for this service—he at least perfected it. It was often speculated, perhaps a bit hyperbolically, that after 1982 no major movie got made in Hollywood without Ovitz's approval. It's not difficult to see why. CAA's client list includes Sylvester Stallone, Bill Murray, Barbra Streisand, Robert Redford, Paul Newman, Kevin Costner, Dustin Hoffman, Robert De Niro, Jane Fonda, Al Pacino, Robin Williams, Billy Crystal, Michael Keaton, Chevy Chase, Sean Connery, Tom Cruise, Goldie

vard had finally opened. Presidential candidates, governors and senators came to Ovitz hoping to curry favor with him and, in turn, the money and endorsements of his stars. Last fall he chaired a celebrity-clotted Los Angeles benefit for Senator Bill Bradley that raised almost \$750,000. Awed puff pieces on Ovitz and CAA had appeared in *Time*, *New York* and *The New York Times Magazine*. And before Sony chose Peter Guber and Jon Peters to run Columbia Pictures, it offered the chairmanship to Ovitz and even offered to buy CAA if that would permit him to accept the job. There were even rumors that Ovitz might buy a bank in order to finance the making of his own movies (and CAA was said to have actually underwritten last summer's production of *Quick Change*, Bill Murray's di-



rectorial debut). The high point of the year was most surely Oscar night, when neither the director of the award-winning *Rain Man* (Barry Levinson) nor the producer of *Rain Man* (Mark Johnson) nor the star of *Rain Man* (Dustin Hoffman) remembered to thank one another in their acceptance speeches. All three, however, thought to thank their agent—Mike Ovitz.

The meeting that Ovitz had with his client Joe Eszterhas in

late September managed to overshadow all the inexorable fabulousness that befell CAA last year. Although the meeting was private, the ensuing epistolary barrage between Eszterhas and Ovitz proved the movie business at its highest levels to be an uglier, even more hysterically dangerous milieu than any fiction had previously portrayed. Here, then, that fabled correspondence.

### OCTOBER 3, 1989: JOE ESZTERHAS WRITES TO MIKE OVITZ

Two weeks ago I walked into your office and told you I was leaving CAA.<sup>1</sup> Not for any reason that had to do with CAA's performance on my behalf, I said: I was leaving because Guy McElwaine was back in the agency business and Guy was my oldest friend in town.<sup>2</sup> He was one of my first agents; he was responsible for the biggest breakthrough in my 13-year-career;<sup>3</sup> he and I continued our relationship while he was at Rastar,<sup>4</sup> Columbia<sup>5</sup> and Weintraub.<sup>6</sup> My decision, I told you, had to do with loyalty and friendship and nothing else.<sup>7</sup> I knew when I walked in that you wouldn't be happy<sup>8</sup>—no other writer at CAA makes \$1.25 million a screenplay<sup>9</sup>—but I was unprepared for the crudity and severity of your response.<sup>10</sup> You told me that if I left—"my foot soldiers who go up and down Wilshire Boulevard each day will blow your brains out."<sup>11</sup> You said that you would sue me. "I don't care if I win or lose," you said, "but I'm going to tie you up with depositions and court dates so that you won't be able to spend any time at your typewriter." You said: "If you make me eat shit, I'm going to make you eat shit." When I said to you that I had no interest in being involved in a public spectacle, you said: "I don't care if everybody in town knows. I want them to know. I'm not worried about the press. All those guys want to write screenplays for Robert Redford."<sup>12</sup> You said: "If somebody came into the building and took my Lichtenstein off the wall, I'd go after them. I'm going to go after you the same way. You're one of this agency's biggest assets." You said: "This town is like a chess game. ICM isn't going after a pawn or a knight, they're going after a king. If the king goes, the knights and pawns will follow." You suggested facetiously that maybe you'd make a trade with ICM. You'd keep me and give ICM four or five clients. Almost as an aside, you threatened to damage my relationships with Irwin Winkler<sup>13</sup> and Barry Hirsch.<sup>14</sup> They are relationships you know I treasure: Irwin and I have done *Betrayed* and *Music Box* together and we are contracted to do four more movies; Barry has been my attorney for 13 years.<sup>15</sup> "Those guys are friends of mine," you said. "Do you think they'll still be good friends of yours if you ▶

ard Pryor, Martin Ritt, Robert Wagner and Eszterhas. (McElwaine took a year and a half off during his time at ICM to serve as a senior vice president of Warner Bros., and helped bring *All the President's Men* and *Dog Day Afternoon* to the screen.) McElwaine subsequently headed up Rastar Films, the production company owned by Columbia Pictures strongman Ray Stark; then Columbia Pictures itself; then his own production company; and then the Weintraub Entertainment Group, where he produced a string of recent box office duds, including *My Stepmother Is an Alien*, *She's Out of Control* and *Troop Beverly Hills*. McElwaine fled Weintraub last summer to return to superagency—during his eight-year absence, Ovitz had made the profession respectable, even glamorous—as ICM's vice-chairman.

3. Early in his career, Eszterhas (McElwaine's first writer client) wrote a script called *City Hall*, which the agent auctioned for \$500,000, effectively dou-

**ANNOTATED BY CELIA BRADY**



bling Eszterhas's going price for a screenplay.

4. McElwaine worked for Stark from 1981 to 1982. One of the most powerful men in pre-Ovitz Hollywood, Stark was instrumental in brokering Columbia, the studio with which he has long been associated, to Coca-Cola, and in ensuring that during the David Begelman-Cliff Robertson check-forgery scandal the studio stood behind Begelman. He also helped orchestrate the departure of David Puttnam from Columbia in 1987, after Puttnam balked at the self-rewarding new deal that Stark had arranged for himself at the studio. When Dawn Steel succeeded

1. No stranger to high-pitched battles with the powers that be, Eszterhas, the son of a Hungarian novelist, distinguished himself early in his career by writing acclaimed investigative stories. It was a human-interest story, however, that resulted in a successful invasion-of-privacy suit being brought against his employer, the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. The paper paid \$60,000 in settlement to an Ohio family that Eszterhas had misrepresented in an account of flood victims. (He had visited the family home and quoted the mother in his story, although she was not there when he conducted the interview.) Because Eszterhas was in job arbitration with *The Plain Dealer* at the time of the suit (the result of his having written an article in *Evergreen Review* critical of the paper's publisher), he was never deposed at the libel hearing and therefore never allowed to give his side of the story. (Many of these details on Eszterhas's two-decades-old newspaper career surfaced in a report of the feud that appeared in the *Los Angeles*

## RESPONDENCE

*Times*; it is believed that CAA worked through the highest echelons at the *Times* to bring these incidents to the reporter's attention.) In 1971 he joined the staff of *Rolling Stone* in San Francisco and became the magazine's star investigative reporter (publisher-editor Jann Wenner is the godfather of one of Eszterhas's children). He left *Rolling Stone* sometime after his first screenplay, the awful labor-organizing melodrama *F.I.S.T.*, was produced in 1978.

2. A tall, silver-haired Beverly Hills fixture who has been married eight times, McElwaine joined the International Creative Management talent agency in 1968 after a decade of running his own public-relations firm, which represented such clients as Judy Garland, Frank Sinatra and Warren Beatty. At ICM his client list included the likes of Steven Spielberg, Aaron Spelling, Rich-



Puttnam in the job, one of her first acts was to renew Stark's studio contract, a quid pro quo-ism that continued last year with Stark's dispatch of weekly gifts to Steel's child.

5. McElwaine was at Columbia for five years, during which time the studio produced Eszterhas's *Jagged Edge*.

6. McElwaine was at Weintraub from 1987 to August 1989.

7. The words *loyalty and friendship*, in Hollywood terms, roughly mean "We've made money together, and our current spouses like each other."

8. This is something of an understatement, as Ovitz's mania for loyalty is legendary. When Judy Hofflund and David Greenblatt defected from CAA in 1988 to form InterTalent, Ovitz not only threatened to use his power to ensure that no one signed with their new agency but fired another CAA agent, Tom Strickler, and had him escorted from the building by security personnel, because he had dared to have breakfast with the defector Greenblatt.

9. A somewhat self-serving figure. Under his current studio contract, Eszterhas receives \$750,000 for the final draft and a \$500,000 production bonus if the screenplay actually gets turned into a film.

10. Again, an understatement. Ovitz's possessiveness and hysterical reactions to client defections are well known. Even such embryonic assets as mailroom employees are told, "If you leave Creative Artists, we sit *shivah* for seven days...and then you die."

11. A reflection of CAA's new corporate address. Previous Ovitz threats must have been something like *My foot soldiers who go up and down Century Park East each day will blow your brains out*, proving that in top-echelon show business thuggery, as in real estate, location is everything.

12. Ovitz is right. Hollywood's impulse to co-opt journalists with implicit promises of production deals and studio jobs if they play the game is time-honored, but during the last decade more journalists than ever have gone over to the other side. Former journalist Tony Schwartz managed sufficient groveling-in-print to secure production deals from both Fox and NBC; Michael London, a talented reporter at the *Los Angeles Times*, left the paper to work first for Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer at Paramount and then for Barry Diller at Fox; Bruce Feirstein, a former CAA client and *New York* (and *SPY*) contributor, won screen-

do this?"<sup>16</sup> You said all these things in a friendly, avuncular way. "I like you," you said. "I like your closeness to your family. I like how hard you work. I like your positive outlook. I like the fact that you have no directing or producing ambitions."<sup>17</sup> You write original screenplays with star parts—your ideas are great and so are your scripts.<sup>18</sup> I like everything about you," you said, "except your shirt."<sup>19</sup> You said I reminded you of one of your children. The child would build these wooden blocks up-high and then would knock all the blocks down. "I'm not going to let you do this to yourself," you said. That night at dinner at Jimmy's,<sup>20</sup> Rand Holston was friendly, too, but he described the situation more specifically.<sup>21</sup> Rand said you were the best friend anyone could have and the worst enemy. What would happen, I asked Rand, if I left CAA? "Mike's going to put you into the fucking ground," Rand said. Rand listed the particulars: If I left CAA, Rand said, no CAA star would play in any of my scripts. "You write star vehicles," Rand said, "not ensemble pieces. This would be particularly damaging to you." In addition, Rand said, no CAA director would direct one of my scripts.<sup>22</sup> But perhaps most important, Rand said, is that you would go out of your way with studio executives and company executives "like Martin Davis,"<sup>23</sup> to use Rand's example, to speak about me unfavorably. What would you say to them? I asked Rand. You'd say that while I was a pretty good writer, Rand said, I was difficult and hard to work with. You'd say that I wrote too many scripts.<sup>24</sup> "There's no telling what Mike will say when he's angry," Rand said.<sup>25</sup> "When I saw him after the meeting with you, the veins were bulging out of his neck."<sup>26</sup> Even worse, Rand said, was that you would make sure the studio people knew that I was on "your shit list."<sup>27</sup> And since most studio executives anxiously wanted to use CAA's stars in their pictures, these executives would avoid me "like the plague" to curry favor with you and your stars. Rand added that since I was late turning in my latest script to United Artists, I was technically in breach of contract with U.A. on my overall deal<sup>28</sup> and said that if I left CAA, United Artists would sue me. To say that I was in shock after my meetings with you and Rand would be putting it mildly. What you ▶

play deals at Columbia and Warners; David Friendly left the *Los Angeles Times* to work for Brian Grazer's Imagine Films, a major CAA client; Dean Valentine abandoned Time Inc. for executive jobs first at NBC and later at Disney; friendless *New York* writer David Blum and his wife, Terri Minsky, a contributing editor at *Premiere*, pressured her uncle Norman Steinberg, the producer of the witless sitcom *Doctor, Doctor*, into giving them jobs as story editors on the show.

13. Winkler was originally a partner in (Robert) Chartoff/Winkler Productions, which, in addition to the *Rocky* series, produced *The Right Stuff* and *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*. On his own, Winkler has produced, among other films, Eszterhas's *Betrayed* and *Music Box*.

14. A cofounder and partner of Armstrong, Hirsch & Levine, and one of the highest-paid entertainment lawyers in Los Angeles.

15. The length of this relationship is not exceptional. Lawyers often play a bigger role in their most important clients' lives than do agents—they negotiate the final details of most contracts and are likely to be far more intimately acquainted with the personal life, financial shenanigans, wills and divorces of the artist than the agent is. When a star's agent needs to be fired, more often than not it is the lawyer who delivers the bad news. Hirsch, along with Johnny Branca (Michael Jackson's and Mick Jagger's lawyer) and Jake Bloom (Sylvester Stallone's), is among the most powerful entertainment attorneys in Los Angeles these days.

16. A pretty good question, actually. Hirsch, whose office was just four floors from Ovitz's before CAA moved, represents a number of the agency's biggest clients, including Robert Redford, Barbra Streisand, Sally Field, Sydney Pollack, Sean Penn, Kim Basinger, Barry Levinson, Tom Cruise and Bill Mur-

ray. Indeed, Ovitz had a hand in the firm's very creation, having introduced Hirsch to his future partner Gary Hendler. And Winkler has used CAA clients in his most important films: Philip Kaufman (director, *The Right Stuff*), Stallone (the *Rocky* series, *F.I.S.T.*), Robert De Niro (*Raging Bull*) and Jessica Lange (*Music Box*).

17. Everybody in Hollywood wants to move to the next creative level. Screenwriters want to direct; television stars want to be in films; film stars want to produce and direct; and in the case of Don (*Top Gun*) Simpson, you have a producer who wants to be a director and a film star. Ovitz has facilitated the



## OCTOBER 3, 1989: OVITZ RESPONDS TO ESZTERHAS'S LETTER

When I received your letter this morning I was totally shocked since my recollection of our conversation bore no relationship to your recollection. Truly this appears to be one of those Rashomon situations,<sup>1</sup> and your letter simply makes little or no sense to me.<sup>2</sup>

As I explained to you when we were together, you are an important client of this company and all that I was trying to do was to keep you as a client. There was no other agenda. If you have to leave, you have to leave and so be it. I have talked to Guy and I have told him that whatever we can do to be helpful in this transition we will do. Of course, as you assured me, I am expecting that you will pay us whatever you owe us.

I am particularly sensitive when people bring families and children into business discussions. If someone said to me what you think I said to you, I would feel the same way as you expressed in your letter. I think that your letter was unfair and unfounded, but it does not change my respect for your talent. I only hope that in time you will reflect on the true spirit of what I was trying to communicate to you.

I want to make it eminently clear that in no way will I, Rand, or anyone else in this agency, stand in the way of your pursuing your career. So please, erase from your mind any of your erroneous anxieties or thoughts you may have to the contrary.

Best wishes and continued success.

1. A reference to Akira Kurosawa's 1951 Oscar-winning meditation on the meaning of truth, in which four characters relate wildly different versions of an event at which all were present. *You say "tomato" and I say "tomato." You say "extortion" and I say "career advice."*

2. See *Gaslight* (1944).

3. Eszterhas ultimately sold the house that he had bought and renovated but never moved into.

Few people in the movie industry doubt that Mike Ovitz threatened Joe Eszterhas. The everyday vocabulary of Hollywood is rife with images of violence and malediction, and the crude threat and the vulgar epithet have long been part of that language. There is an uninterrupted tradition of crass bravado among the rulers of the movie business from Harry Cohn to Dawn Steel.

Mike Ovitz, however, stepped over the line.

At any given time, there are a dozen or so men who truly run Hollywood. The club currently includes Lew Wasserman and Sidney Sheinberg at Universal, Thomas Murphy of ABC/Cap Cities, Laurence Tisch of CBS, Robert Wright of GE (owner of NBC), Steve Ross and Robert Daly of Warners, Disney's Michael Eisner and Jeffrey Katzenberg, Barry Diller at Fox, Sony deal-maker Michael Schulhof (a new member of the club, replacing Victor Kaufman) and Martin Davis of Paramount. They're the men who exercise real power in Hollywood—the ones who can order checks of sufficient size to get movies made. They socialize together and contribute to one another's charities; their wives serve on the same boards and hire the same cooks and caterers. Above all else—above all the glamour, the sequins, the plush seats in the studio Gulfstream and the inflated salaries and toadying underlings—they regard themselves as respectable corporate leaders. They aren't supposed to threaten to blow people's brains out. They aren't supposed to threaten to destroy people's

## OCTOBER 5, 1989: ESZTERHAS RESPONDS TO OVITZ'S RESPONSE

A brief response to your letter dated Oct. 3, 1989:

1. You can quote Rashomon as much as you like, but words like "my foot soldiers... will blow your brains out" and "he'll put you into the fucking ground" leave little room for ambiguity.
2. I am particularly sensitive when people bring their families and children into business discussions, too—and I hope that in the future you will reflect that keeping important clients isn't worth haunting families and children the way you haunt mine.
3. I understand very well "the true spirit" of what you were trying to communicate to me in the meeting and will live my life accordingly.
4. My "erroneous anxieties" notwithstanding, we are selling our new house anyway.<sup>3</sup>
5. Please understand that after the things you and Rand said to me, I can hardly take your "best wishes" for my "continued success" seriously.

livelihoods. They aren't supposed to talk like thugs, or at least not in the presence of onetime journalists.

And when they drive home at night to their houses in Bel Air or Beverly Hills, or their apartments on Park Avenue, they don't like having to explain to their mates (who also read the trades, and the Calendar Section of the *Los Angeles Times*) that one of their business associates—a man who might have come to dinner last week—threatened to grind some writer into the "fucking ground." It doesn't play on the Bel Air-Holmby Hills dinner circuit, or on the New York Stock Exchange.

When the Hollywood elders brought the banty, wheedling former LBJ aide Jack Valenti out from Washington a quarter century ago to head up the Motion Picture Association, they also wanted him to advance the notion that the film business was being run by upright businessmen with briefcases and lace-up shoes.

Eisner, Wasserman and Tisch may well threaten people—they're certainly familiar with the vocabulary—but they're clever enough to avoid actually bearing the message themselves; Ovitz, for all his maniacal self-control and planning, wasn't. He embarrassed the Old Guard—he brought up all the things they'd worked so hard to eradicate or disguise—and in doing so caused them to reassess his position in the Hollywood food chain.

The elders didn't enjoy reading that Ovitz—an *agent*, for



# FROM ESZTERHAS TO YOUR HOUSE

HOW ONE BRAVE MAN'S LIFE IMITATES HIS SCREENPLAYS

In his now-legendary missive to Mike Ovitz, the Hollywood *capo di tutti capi*, screenwriter Joe Eszterhas wrote, "I have always believed, both personally and in my scripts, in the triumph of the human spirit." No truer words were ever spoken. Since the release of *F.I.S.T.* in 1978, Eszterhas has been rehearsing in his screenplays for a real-life, final-act showdown with a force of darkness of the sort embodied by Ovitz.

Scholars of this underdog laureate's work can glimpse in the highly autobiographical *F.I.S.T.* rare snatches of its author's personality. Sylvester Stallone, Eszterhas's first on-screen alter ego, portrays the incorruptible Johnny Kovak, who sees the powers of management conspiring against the humble lunchpail class. Kovak (like Eszterhas, a Hungarian immigrant) becomes a union organizer and transforms a ragtag band of menials from Ohio (Eszterhas's home state) into a cadre of national union officials.

Kovak inspires his men, and the audience, with rousing populist rhetoric. "No goddamn company bastard livin' up in the Heights is

gonna walk over your life!" he pledges. When Kovak is cheated by a factory manager, he roars uncomprehendingly, "He shook my hand! The bastard said we have a deal!" Some Eszterhas scholars have argued that these two scenes are eerily prophetic of the Ovitz episode. Yet, in all fairness, the roughneck language of *F.I.S.T.* is a radical departure from the elegant prose of the letter, which includes such lines as "Maybe you can beat the hell out of some people and they will smile at you afterwards and make nice, but I can't do that."

Eszterhas's *Flashdance* (1983) centers on the heroic Alex, a gorgeous welder and pious Roman Catholic who dreams of becoming a ballerina. While working part-time as a peculiarly prissy stripper, Alex suffers the lewd taunts of a flesh peddler. In the end, she tells her would-be pimp to get lost, demonstrating her refusal to be turned into a piece of merchandise. In his own rebuke to Ovitz, Eszterhas wrote to his Hollywood nemesis, "I am not a piece of meat to be 'traded' for other pieces of meat."

In *Jagged Edge* (1985), Eszterhas slyly reverses his relationship with Ovitz, taking the part of lawyer (played by Glenn Close) for himself and assigning Ovitz the role



of her client (Jeff Bridges). Close eventually suspects that Bridges is not entirely trustworthy. When she complains of feeling dirty and attempts to sever her ties to him, Bridges coldly tells her, "You can't." (Eszterhas employed similar language in his letter to Ovitz, saying, "I simply can't function on a day to day business basis with you and Rand without feeling myself dir-

tied.") Later Close learns from the District Attorney that Bridges is "an ice man"—words that have often been used to describe the driven Ovitz. Spurned and

furious, Bridges dresses up in a Ninja costume and finally resorts to actual Ninja-like violence—a reference by the screenwriter to Ovitz's own passion for martial-arts training and neo-Eastern management philosophies.

Eszterhas's disgust with CAA is further foreshadowed by Debra Winger's desire to leave the FBI in *Betrayed* (1988). Again, like

the Eszterhas who complains in his letter of feeling dirtied, Winger's character ultimately confronts her own control agent—who just happens to be named Michael—about quitting. Winger tells him, "Michael, you promised me that I wouldn't get dirty." Michael replies, giving what sounds very much like a CAA client-recruitment spiel: "We're your family. We protect you." Winger counters, "You betrayed me." Eventually she leaves the agency, and the movie closes on her as a lonely, forsaken barfly, crucified for her unyielding conscience.

In yet another variation on the theme of embattled Eszterhasian integrity, the author's latest film, *Music Box*, follows a crusading young attorney as she fights to clear the good name of her father. But it is *Beat the Eagle*, currently in pre-production, that is likely to stand as the most lasting allegory of Eszterhas's conflict with the omnipotent Ovitz and CAA: the film tells the story of one proud man who dares to take on the Internal Revenue Service—alone.

—John Brodie

Christ's sake!—was the most powerful man in Hollywood, and they didn't like their shareholders reading it either. But so long as Ovitz didn't misstep, there was not much they could do about it. The moment he delivered his assault on Eszterhas, Ovitz gave them an opening to begin reclaiming the empire. It was as if they suddenly woke up and said, "Wait a minute. Aren't *we* the ones writing the checks? Aren't *we* the ones who are supposed to be running Hollywood?"

Nothing will change immediately, of course—wives will be polite, if slightly cooler; surely some of the politicians may shy away; perhaps a client or two will leave the agency, and then a few more. Although now that Eszterhas has shown how difficult it is to leave CAA—*Look, Vito, sure I wanted to join the mob, but only*

*for a week or so*—the agency might have some difficulty recruiting fresh talent.

One might think the Eszterhas affair would cause Ovitz to realize that he had, Colonel Kurtz-like, gone too far this time, that he was operating in a world of his own conventions. One might think so, but one would be wrong. Ovitz has reportedly ordered his frothing troops in CAA's new fortress to be stronger and more aggressive than ever—after all, his management bible, *The Art of War*, advises taking the offensive at just such a moment as this. But that may be just a pose. With Stark, an elder in the movie establishment, having taken Eszterhas's side in this Manichaeian Beverly Hills struggle, it is clear—surely even to Ovitz—that the balance of power in Hollywood has shifted. ☐



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## FEELING OUT THE

# VOID

*The art of writing long and thinking short*

BY HENRY 'DUTCH' HOLLAND

Here's the blurb: "AIMS AT THE HEARTSTRINGS AND PLUCKS BIG." Name the reviewer. (Answer later on.)

How does *New York* theater critic John Simon keep his prose so sharp? Hamsterlike, he uses a sort of literary exercise wheel—occasionally words just tumble over words, with no forward motion. Here is Simon huffing and puffing for the sheer pleasure of it in the middle of a recent review: "I tell you all this not because, late in life, I have developed an addiction to retelling plots but because I know of no more expeditious way of conveying the ludicrousness of *Home Games*, unless it be quoting dialogue, which I resort to next." In other words, *Having said what I've said, I will now go on to say something else, but not without having said all this first.*

Something about that phrase *expeditious way of conveying the ludicrousness of* reminds me of the charming Richard Merkin. Like Simon, Merkin, who writes for *GQ* on style (though not, remarkably, on spec), understands the value of the big word—or, as he might say, the serviceability of the Brobdingnagian locution. (Merkin was celebrated in this column by my predecessor, Ignatz Raztwizkiwzki, for trying to introduce the word *midth* into the language.) In a recent piece on baseball caps, Merkin proves that overwriting equals wit: to sidesplitting effect, he uses *voluminous* instead of *many*, *presently* instead of *now*, *vends* instead of *sells*, and so on. These aren't rare examples. This is the way Merkin writes. The following, taken from the same piece, is translated for your benefit:

MERKINESE: "The paucity of fashionable options that one faced in the realm of athletic footwear was echoed when it

came down to one's choice of chapeau, which meant, of course, the baseball cap."

ENGLISH: "You didn't have much choice in sneakers or caps."

MERKINESE: "Most of the urchins of my acquaintance wore what I did, which was a souvenir Dodger cap fabricated of cheap, thin cotton...."

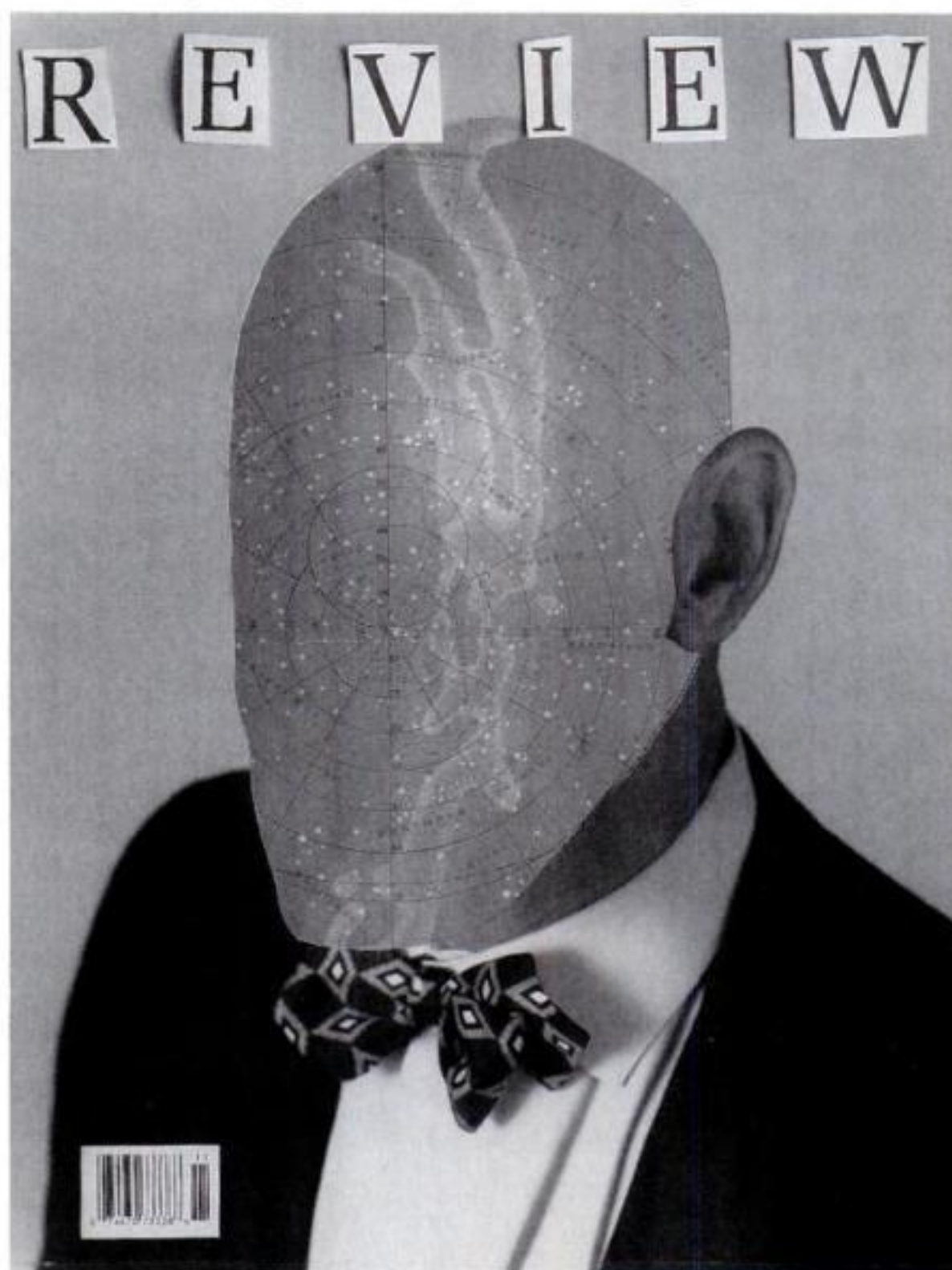
ENGLISH: "My pals and I wore cheap Dodger caps."

MERKINESE: "He lives and works in the most tumultuous environs in this teeming metropolis."

ENGLISH: "He is a New Yorker."

Best of all, Merkin does S. J. Perelman, describing a German-language map "upon which one can locate such key spots as Bechuanaland and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan in a trice—providing, of course, one reads German fluently and owns a trice." Benchley, Thurber, Perelman... Merkin. Yes, the flambeau has been transferred.

A seasoned critic artfully working the high-yield metaphor for all it's worth is a thing of beauty. When *Time's* Richard Corliss reviewed *In Country*, he was able to create poetry out of the language of textiles. "Viet Nam represents a great



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jagged gash in the fabric of American history," he began, "an ugly tear in a tapestry that people once believed had been woven out of high ideals and simple decency. A few years ago, when it became obvious that it was time to repair that rent, our popular culture took on something of the air of a vast quilting bee, with writers, filmmakers and TV producers bending over their restorative needlework." Corliss, a pro, neatly tied up his review by calling *In Country* "a lovely, necessary little stitch in our torn time."

(Sadly, Corliss disappoints on the very same page. His review of *Queen of Hearts* begins with a promising metaphor—"Hollywood wants to paint an anecdote on a \$40 million canvas"—but then he drops it, and potential allusions to, oh, solid framing, bold brushstrokes and maybe even The Cultural Easel are never made.)

The quote that began this column is, surprisingly, from *The Washington Post's* Tom Shales, and it refers to *Life Goes On*, a TV show that apparently does not star Dana Delany (see this space, December). As a writer of blurbs and marquee-ready copy Shales has promise, but he lags far behind the overassigned Peter Travers, a man so prolific he must start churning out the stuff in midscreening. Here Travers shows once again how it's done in the all-too-accommodating pages of *Rolling Stone*: Burt Reynolds, Bill Forsyth and John Sayles are "a combustibly comic combination" in the "nonstop pleasure" that is *Breaking In*. *Black Rain* is "exotic, energized entertainment." *In Country* "steers a straight and stirring passage to the heart." *Apartment Zero* is "a dazzling mix of mirth and menace." And "make no mistake: It's Michelle Pfeiffer who puts the 'fabulous' into *Baker Boys*."

Travers, at least, got the Statue of Liberty one-liner right in his review of *Crimes and Misdemeanors* ("The last time I was inside a woman"—come on, you've all seen it by now—"was when I visited the Statue of Liberty"). Not Nicholas Nicastro in *The New York Observer* ("The last time I was inside a woman I was at the Statue of Liberty") or Ralph Novak in *People* ("The last time I was inside a woman, I was in the Statue of Liberty"). Novak's review contains further evidence of sloppy writing, or sloppy editing: Sam Waterston's name is misspelled and the words *extolling* and *extolls* are used in suc-

cessive sentences. This from the same magazine that misspelled Liza Minnelli's name twice on one page!

When David Denby (*New York*) recommended seeing *Shirley Valentine* "if you relish outrageous seducers working their magic during long, long Ionian sunsets," he presumably meant long, long in reach, not long, long in duration: Mykonos, where most of the movie is set, is in the Aegean Sea, 120 miles (and one tedious passage through the Isthmus of Corinth) from the Ionian Sea. And just what exactly did Ted Rall mean, in a droll concert review in *The New York Observer*, when he described Elton John accepting "bouquets and heart-shaped balloons from his erstwhile fans"? Erstwhile fans wouldn't even be at the show, much less buzzing around the lip of the stage all night waving gifts.

In her *USA Today* review of Annie Dillard's *The Writing Life*, Bonita Friedman is quite forthcoming about her own frames of reference. Dillard's new book, she says in the first sentence, is "as slim and potent as the *Tao Te Ching*." It is not, it turns out, a 111-page discourse on writing but "a finger pointing to the moon, to borrow a phrase from a Buddhist proverb." Friedman also observes that an artist is a "metaphor for anyone involved in a project whose boundaries he doesn't know, anyone going by feel into a void," and she likens writing to "all creative projects, from engineering to psychotherapy." Friedman says she wants to "copy out" what Annie Dillard says and tape it to her typewriter or "fix it with a heavy magnet" to her refrigerator—which, in a way, is kind of how I feel about what Bonita "Going by Feel Into a Void" Friedman says.

"Where has he been?" asks the introduction to *Vanity Fair's* cover story on Al Pacino. Writer Ron Rosenbaum tells us where in his second paragraph: Pacino, it appears, has been "sitting at my East Village kitchen table." And so Rosenbaum is off and running on one of those You Are Not There (But I Am) profiles, the kind in which the ostensible subject must share center stage with the journalist. Rosenbaum—back to him in a moment—is not the only well-known offender. Stanley Booth, in his piece on Keith Richards in *Smart*, ended one long anecdote about Richards and Anita Pallenberg with this non sequitur: "Soon af-

terward, I left England." And Jesse Kornbluth, writing about Melanie Griffith for *Vanity Fair*, sprinkled his article with unnecessary intrusions—"she told me," "I suggested," "I pointed out," "Sigourney Weaver told me"—and tossed into a description of one celebrity-infested party the wonderfully gratuitous "from my table."

But Rosenbaum takes the 1989 prize for Egomaniacal Profile Writing. Placing Pacino in his kitchen (and in the process telling us where he, Rosenbaum, lives—vital information if you really want to understand Pacino), he then settles into his role as costar.

Ron first met Al in 1988 at "a small private screening" of *The Local Stigmatic*, which "features one of the most brilliant Pacino performances on film...one you'll probably never see." Ron saw it, of course; in fact, "I've seen two more versions of it since." At that first meeting, says Ron, "Al took me aside and asked me what I'd thought of one of his clandestine stage appearances I'd happened to catch," an unpublicized workshop reading that Ron Rosenbaum, unlike you and me, had attended.

As the friendship blossoms, Rosenbaum begins offering Pacino professional advice: "I try to tell him I think his character [in *Sea of Love*] radiates desperation.... I suggested we need to see Michael [Corleone, in *The Godfather III*] defeated to make him human again. Maybe his wife, Kay, bitter over not getting custody of the kids, betrays him to Rudy Giuliani's grand jury.... I suggest if he's going to use a thematic epigraph... Later I try out my theory... I wondered aloud to him..." And, in one extremely odd passage: "I asked Al to say the word 'Action' for me."

The relationship is cemented when, for one of their West Coast talks, Pacino suggests meeting at the Hamburger Hamlet—*uncannily, the exact place that Rosenbaum was going to suggest!* No question but they're soulmates, destined for each other's kitchen tables. "File this," Rosenbaum says of the Hamburger Hamlet miracle, "under the heading *Like, I mean, is that psychic or what?*"

Done.

Or, as Richard Merkin might say, having perused the aforementioned anecdote, I ensconced it within the appropriate clerical repository recommended by Pacino's Boswell—and in a trice, no less! ☛



# ANATOMY OF A LOOPHOLE

*A Fairy Tale With a Moral:*

*It Pays to Have*

*Friends in High Places*

BY ANDREA RIDER

As has been said again and again about Washington, the scandal isn't the crimes people try to get away with: the scandal



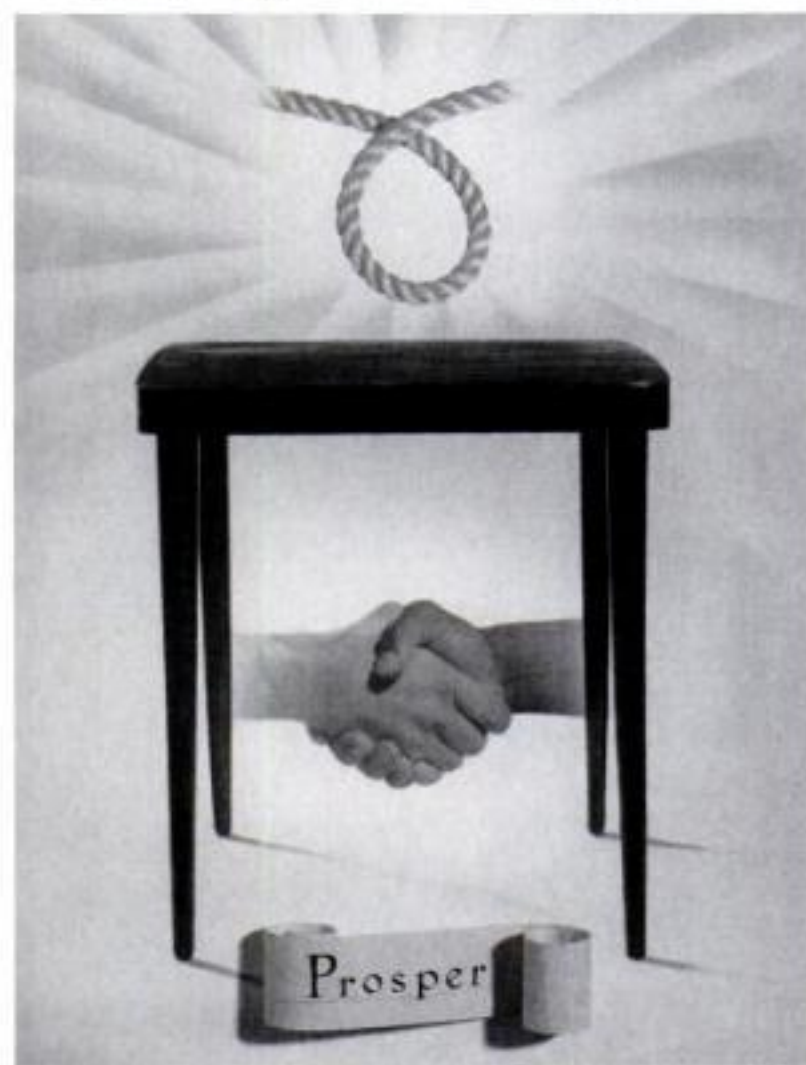
is what's legal. Wedtech and HUD capture national attention, but those scams are rather uncommon. Instead, it's the legal wiggle, the barely noticeable special favor worth a few million to a fortunate supplicant, that constitutes the garden-variety scandal in Washington. Here's the story of one special favor; think of it as a Washington bedtime story, "The Little Loophole That Could."

Alejandro Salas is the president of Craftsmen Corporation, which operates out of Smithtown, Long Island. Craftsmen builds electronics systems for aircraft, primarily for the Defense Department. Founded in 1979, Craftsmen grew prosperous under the special handling it received under Section 8(a) of the Small Business Act, which allowed businesses owned by minorities to receive government contracts without undergoing competitive bidding—the same well-intentioned program the Wedtech Corporation flourished under until recently. One day in 1986, Salas discovered that he had a problem. Craftsmen had done so well under the program that the government was forcing the company to leave the program, and to bid on projects along with all the other non-minority-owned military suppliers; Salas, to be brief, didn't

want to go. He promptly applied to the New York regional administrator of the Small Business Administration for an extension of three years, and received one year. Craftsmen would be forced out on September 20, 1988.

Coincidentally, during the summer of 1988 Congress was in the midst of reforming the Small Business Act, including Section 8(a). Salas heard about the revisions, one of which was a grandfather clause that let companies benefiting from the program when the new law took effect stay in the program. Were Craftsmen still part of the program when the new law took effect, it could, under the arcane provisions of the bill, stay in until September 1992. But it seemed pretty clear that the healthy, profitable Craftsmen would graduate before the reforms became law, thus losing out on the grandfather clause.

How did Salas greet this news? Perhaps he just smiled ruefully and shrugged his shoulders. Whatever he did, he says he didn't try to influence the government. *No way.* Salas told SPY that he undertook no action or lobbying effort to keep his company eligible for the program. He



was apparently confused by our questions. "Are you calling the right people?" he asked. "You flabbergast me."

But Forgetful Dust is part of all good bedtime stories, as is a Fairy Godparent. Here he comes. In the summer of 1988 a man named Al Villalobos helped arrange a meeting with Representative Matthew "Marty" Martinez (D-California), one of the legislators enshrined in SPY's February 1989 roster of America's ten stupidest

congressmen and, as must be fairly noted, my employer between September and October 1988. Joining Martinez and Villalobos at the meeting were two of the most important men on the House Small Business Committee—the chairman, John LaFalce, a Democrat from upstate New York, and the committee's chief of staff, Don Terry. Villalobos, who runs a consultant company called ARVCO, was no stranger to the notion that unqualified minority concerns might receive special governmental favors. In 1987 a Commerce Department investigation alleged that ARVCO wasn't best qualified for the \$200,000 grant it had received under another program to help minorities; another report alleged that Villalobos received the money only because of his Republican connections.

It is a testimony to the fantastical nature of this tale that before refusing to make further comments, Mr. Villalobos, when asked about Craftsmen, said, "I don't know what you're talking about." Still, notes kept by one of Martinez's aides show that Villalobos spoke with members of Martinez's staff on several occasions and was generally kept apprised of developments. "Needs to know when out of conference. His client graduates Sept. 20 '88," says one such note. "If the extension is not granted before 20 Sept., these guys are out," says another, dated September 13, 1988.

(Forgetful Dust, Fairy Godfather—what's missing? Ah, some spine-tingling excitement. The day after I spoke to Salas and Villalobos, someone phoned me twice, first with a threat to kill me, a half hour later with a threat to break my arm. A few hours later, I returned from an outing and found my mailbox ripped open and its contents trashed. Probably just a coincidence.)

While Salas maintains that he never lobbied to be kept in the program, Congressman Martinez did lobby, and quite energetically. Among the most magical parts of this tale is Martinez's involvement. After all, Martinez is not a member of the Small Business Committee (though he once was); nor is Salas a constituent, or Craftsmen an employer, in Martinez's district or state. Nor had Salas or Craftsmen contributed to a Martinez campaign. Still, Martinez's staff threw themselves into the effort to save the favored status of the distant, healthy



Craftsmen Corporation. SPY's repeated calls to Martinez's office, placed in an effort to clear up this mystery, went unreturned.

In one attempt to help Craftsmen, Martinez appealed in early September to Charles Freeman, regional administrator of the Small Business Administration, the man who had dropped Craftsmen from the program. Martinez modestly requested that Craftsmen be given a 90-day extension. "This is a small firm attempting to compete with giants," wrote Martinez, thus introducing giants into this bedtime tale. "It does not yet have the resources to compete and should not be hastily terminated from the 8(a) program." This is a fairly transparent dodge; 90 days would have bought the company nothing except safe grandfathering under the new law. Freeman refused, explaining, "Craftsmen's volume of contracts was significant, and they were well along with business success." Undaunted, Martinez pressed ahead, requesting that chairman LaFalce intercede. "If the SBA will only grant a ninety day administrative extension to allow time to review the initial decision, Craftsmen Corp. will automatically be extended when the bill becomes law," wrote Martinez, explaining to the powerful committee chairman why he ought to lean on a middle-level bureaucrat. This entreaty came to naught.

With time now in terribly short supply, another Craftsmen-friendly scheme was launched. Because the Senate and House had passed slightly different versions of the same bill, members of each body, along with staff members, were due to meet in conference, to iron out the discrepancies. As the aides' notes reveal, Martinez began focusing on the conference: "MGM [Matthew G. Martinez] wants me to do the following: Draft language for conf report. Find a member MGM can personally talk to in order to introduce the proper lang. Find that member or list of members right away." Martinez was looking for someone who would change the language of the grandfather clause in the secret, unpublicized conference in a way that would keep Craftsmen in the program.

When the conference report on the Business Opportunity Development Reform Act came out on October 7, it contained some very happy news for Alejandro Salas. The language of the grandfather



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clause had been slightly altered. Instead of the cutoff time's being the day of enactment, as the House bill had provided, the new cutoff was September 1, 1988. Any company still in the program as of September 1, 1988—why, nearly three whole weeks before Craftsmen was to have been kicked out!—was granted an automatic extension. In the year since it received this legislative rescue, Craftsmen has been awarded nearly \$6.5 million worth of federal business. Changing the grandfather clause affected only four other companies in Craftsmen's region.

Where did the special clause come from? Did committee staff director Don Terry hold the wand? Terry, who attended the conference, remembers talking to Martinez and Villalobos and recalls that "Martinez was looking to help out Craftsmen." But he denies changing the language. "Nothing that we did," he says, "was because of that company," and he suggests that the push to change the language came from the *Senate*. There is much in this account to suggest that Terry is—pixilated. First, Bob Wilson, formerly chief counsel for the Senate Small Busi-

ness Committee, while failing to recall exactly who insisted on changing the grandfather dates, remembers that "the emphasis was on the House side." Moreover, a letter from Martinez to LaFalce, written in the weeks before the conference, contradicts Terry's denial of ever acting on Craftsmen's behalf: "Thank you for asking Mr. Terry to contact the New York Regional Administrator...to request an extension for Craftsmen....I appreciate Mr. Terry's offer...." Moreover, the language in the bill that was approved in conference is virtually identical to that which the House sent in, *except* for the substitution of September 1; the Senate bill had no similar language, suggesting, as Wilson recalls, that the grandfather clause was not much on the Senate's mind. But maybe this is just the most magical part of the story after all: that a congressman and a key staffer would work hard on behalf of a company but would draw the line at fiddling with a conference report—and yet would find that somehow, everything worked out wonderfully for them and the company anyway. Magical indeed. ☺



# BAD

## POETS

### SOCIETY

*Cash prizes, golden thrones,*

*Bob Hope and Mickey Rooney*

BY HENRY ALFORD

She was white-haired and soft-spoken, and she was a poet. You could tell her hair color by looking and her timbre by listening, but her status as

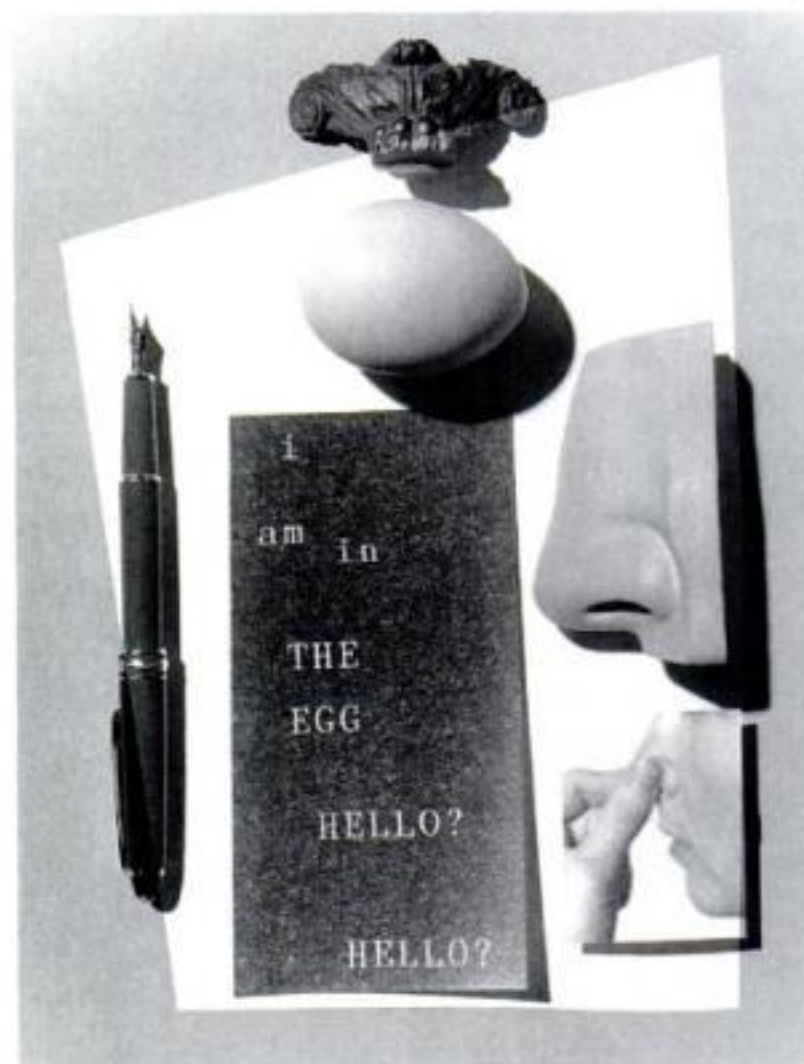


poet—a subtler thing—was best revealed by her presence in the ballroom of the Washington, D.C.,

Hilton, where she was joining 2,000 fellow award-winning poets—many of them also soft-spoken, white-haired ladies—at the fifth annual World of Poetry convention. Of course, her avocation was also revealed by what she was saying to a small circle of newfound friends about the verses she composed when the space shuttle *Challenger* crashed. “When I sat down to write,” she said, recalling the moment of inspiration, “the words just flowed.” As she told the story the corners of her eyes glistened with tears. Her husband, sitting next to her, put his arm on her shoulder comfortingly. “Yep, that was a good one,” he said, beaming with pride. “I had that one *laminated*.”

It was a unique and special moment. Unfortunately, not all of the conventioners found themselves enjoying moments similarly unique and special. Upon their arrival at the Hilton that afternoon, several of those people new to the World of Poetry—a Sacramento-based organization that, according to its jejune, roly-poly founder, John Campbell, has more than 1.1 million members and is the largest poetry society in the world—made an unsettling discovery. Having entered a poetry contest advertised in pub-

lications ranging from *The Atlantic* to *USA Today*, and having received an exuberant letter of congratulations that invited them to the convention (“I’m so excited to tell you the good news! World of Poetry’s Board of Directors has voted unanimously to honor you with our Golden Poet Award for 1989, in recognition of your poem which you entered in our Free Poetry Contest. What is the Golden Poet Award?... The Golden Poet Award is to poets what the Academy Award is to actors”), many of them arrived under the impression that they alone had won. But the World of Poetry is not a cruel, Hobbesian world where a single winner has vanquished many lesser worthies in his dog-eat-dog climb to the top. No, no, no. The World of Poetry is a kind world, a loving world. There was not *one* winner. There were *two thousand*. Those Golden Poets—along with anybody who bothered to respond at all—were offered the opportunity to come to Washington, enter a poem in the convention contest, and contend for \$35,000 in cash and prizes and the World of Poetry



poet laureateship. Some, like the frankly disappointed woman from North Carolina who had forgone paying her car insurance for a month in order to attend, decided simply to “chalk this one up to experience.” Others felt more pointedly aggrieved. But to prove how loving a world the World of Poetry is, the hosts reimbursed, out of the approximately \$1.7 million they had raked in, any conventioneer who felt cheated (the poets had paid a \$495 fee, their guests \$425). A square deal, sure, maybe even a loving

one; still, one could not help but feel sorry for people like Elaine Martin, a woman with cerebral palsy whose friends and relatives had held a fundraiser so that she and her sister could come in from Cincinnati, or Priya Sharma, a young woman whose parents had paid for her to fly in from Bhopal, India.

But enough about the malcontents; the deputy district attorney of Sacramento County, Justin Puerta, whose office is conducting an inquiry into the World of Poetry’s activities, says, “Basically...there’s no law against...vanity.” Besides, the convention itself deserves some celebration. The weekend was jam-packed with events. Upon registering, all conventioners (the 2,000 soon-to-be-award-winning poets and 1,700 non-award-winning poets and guests) were treated to an hour-long “Gala Champagne Reception”—that is, standing in the hallway outside the ballroom, drinking a beverage so glorious that it called to more than one reveler’s mind a heady combination of white wine and 7Up. Directly thereafter, the crowd poured into the International Ballroom for the “Gala Afternoon Welcome,” a three-hour entertainment extravaganza culminating in a song-and-dance routine by Donald O’Connor and Mickey Rooney, an act to which some people responded more enthusiastically than the woman who looked plaintively at her companion and said, “These men are not singers. They should not be singing.”

But the entire weekend was not merely one cheap, tired attempt at razzle-dazzle unconnected even tangentially to poetry. After all, of the 27 scheduled hours of the convention, a full five and a half could be construed as poetry-oriented—an instructive hour and a half on “oral interpretation” and an edifying four-hour period during which all the poets split into smaller groups and read their poems to one another.

However, the rest of the convention was devoted to gushy show biz acts and shameless self-congratulation, the prime practitioner of which was World of Poetry editor and publisher John Campbell, who had himself been crowned Laureate of the first convention, in 1985. Campbell’s Saturday-night performance, billed as a “one-man Shakespearean explosion!” proved to be the perfect showcase for his painful coyness—he donned pe-



# DEBT TAKES A HOLIDAY

*Kicking back and waiting  
for the empire to begin*

BY MACAULAY CONNOR

Having spent the last half year straining the patience of their employees and shareholders with their postmerger spin control, Time Warner executives now find themselves with endless amounts of free time on their hands. And as nominal caretakers of the world's largest entertainment conglomerate, they feel they have to use that free time to muse publicly on their mission. "I think we're going to ride the crest of a historical wave," friendless Time Warner president Nick Nicholas announced dramatically to a recent gathering of *Time* magazine's publishing staff, "the kind of confluence of forces that Victor Hugo had in mind when he wrote, 'Nothing is so powerful as an idea whose time has come.'" That the nineteenth-century French novelist was referring in part to the French Revolution—a period during which rich, feckless nabobs not unlike Time Warner cochairmen Dick Munro and Steve Ross had their heads removed—was lost on feisty li'l Nick.

Another idea whose time had come—that all the magazines would henceforth celebrate Martin Luther King Day—was outlined in a memo-cum-civics lesson sent out to magazine staff members over the joint signatures of magazine-group president Reg Brack Jr. and editor in chief Jason McManus. After informing employees that Martin Luther King Day would now be a regular, paid holiday, the memo, sounding very much like the World Book Encyclopedia, went on to

explain that "Martin Luther King Jr. was one of the giants of the twentieth century, the youngest recipient of the Nobel Peace prize, a man who devoted—and gave—his life to the dream of equality." The sermon ended helpfully, by suggesting that employees use the time off to "celebrate Dr. King's legacy, remembering the man and his ideals."

A rather more practical surge of racial sensitivity overcame the bosses of *Time* in the form of a memo to staff members from extremely white managing editor Henry Muller and extremely white, Yale-educated chief of correspondents John Stacks. The memo, provoked by a few angry reader letters about two recent *Time* stories, one of which described the alleged State Department spy Felix Bloch's behavior as "Talmudic," was certainly well intended, but as with the King memo, its admonitions seemed strangely elementary. "Black does not mean poor," read the key paragraph, "Iranian does not mean fanatical, Jewish does not mean aggressive, Colombian does not mean drug lord, and so on."

**M***cManus whined for ten minutes*

*over the unfairness of the coverage.*

*Hey, Jason: Kick Back. Chill Out.*

*Hang Loose. Have Fun.*

And white does not mean, unless you happen to be Reg Brack, insufferably chirpy. Brack, who has taken to spicing up his tedious speeches on the benefits of the merger with trailers from such Warner Bros. movies as *Batman*, *Lethal Weapon II* and *In Country*, should be applauded for maintaining a straight face even as he continues to expound on the glories of—yes, afraid so—*synergy*. In fact, as the former ad salesman told *Publishing News* recently, he's doing more than just talking about synergy—he's *acting* on it. "We are just now sitting down with a specific person in charge of 'synergy' at Time Warner... a very creative guy," Brack said of the appointment of former *People* associ-



# UN-BRITISH

## CROSSWORD

### ANSWERS

#### ACROSS

1. *Hoops*, in *WA*, followed by *Daisy*.
9. Phil Rizzuto exclaims this when he's broadcasting Yankee games, and *cool why* rearranged ("crazy") spells it.
11. *Saint* rearranged, lacking *a*.
12. The 22nd Amendment limits presidents to two terms, hence we have no *mo' Ron*, but another "dummy." I explain this because I suspect there is someone in the White House, probably Chief of Staff John H. Sununu, who tries to work this puzzle every month when he should be helping to rid Panama of Noriega. Noriega appeared in this puzzle some months ago, but Sununu never has. It *looks* like a crossword-puzzle word, but I, for one, can't conjure with it. (Nobody in there but—well, no, not even *us nuns*.) Sorry, governor. When the Panamanian coupsters who briefly held Noriega captive were asked to turn him over to the U.S., the White House thought they said "We *won't*" and the CIA thought (and told congressional leaders) they said "We *want to*." I mention this in response to all those critics who have charged that crosswords are irrelevant to geopolitical realities.
16. *Sot* backward around *Ward*.
21. A *B.A.* is often referred to as a bachelor's. The word *bachelor* derives from the Vulgar Latin for "farmhand," but it has been my observation that when a person becomes a bachelor, the plants suffer. He's in a relationship, he gets plants; it's over, they can tell. There's a song there somewhere.

I forget to mist the plants,  
The plants are missing you.  
That's the way it goes, romance.  
Doo-doot-dooty-oot doo.

25. *As* may mean "for instance," as in—well, as in *as in*.
28. As a single word, *lookout* means "watchman." Split into *look out*, it means "heads up."
30. It is worth mentioning here that Ronald Reagan was once a General Electric tout.


#### DOWN

2. *On* is the French for "or" and *CH* is the international symbol for Switzerland.
6. Sim played Scrooge in *A Christmas Carol*, Murray in *Scrooged*. I thought the scene at the end of *Scrooged*—Murray oozing shifty goodwill

while urging the audience to sing along to "Put a Little Love in Your Heart"—was (1) Murray's best movie scene; (2) the only movie scene in which a *Saturday Night Live* graduate has taken a real culture-hero leap; and (3) a great way of exclaiming "Feh to the eighties!" and "Come on back, America, in the nineties!" It is all very well for comedians to work with other actors, but is that what we remember Fields, Chaplin, Keaton and Pryor (back when he was proving that outrageousness can be *enlightening*) for? No, we remember them for taking us on (in various ways) directly. And none of them ever looked the moviegoer right in the eye, like a president on TV, and combined entertainment with exhortation. That's what Murray does in *Scrooged*, working with dramatic and historical context. Check it out.

Others who've played Scrooge are Reginald Owen, Albert Finney, Mr. Magoo, George C. Scott and Henry Winkler. What other character has run through such an assortment of actors? Philip Marlowe (Dick Powell, Elliott Gould, Robert Mitchum, Robert Montgomery, James Garner) and Sherlock Holmes (Basil Rathbone, Michael Caine, Nicol Williamson, Peter Cushing, Christopher Plummer, Roger Moore, Vanessa Redgrave) lack Scrooge's range.

Just kidding about Vanessa Redgrave, but it's a thought. With Lynn Redgrave as Watson and Anjelica Huston (whose father also played the role) as Moriarty. Maggie Smith as Mycroft Holmes. And Mel Gibson, I guess, as Irene Adler, "with a face that a [woman] might die for." Wilford Brimley as Mrs. Hudson, the landlady. Tyne Daly as Inspector Lestrade?

Actually, Lynn isn't right for Watson, even if she'd put back on the weight. Angela Lansbury is out; she's Miss Marple. Would it be woman-bashing to ask, where are the great women sidekicks anymore? By *sidekick*, I don't mean Gabby Hayes. Hey, James Mason, Ben Kingsley and Robert Duvall have done Watson. We want someone distinguished, credible as a doctor, yet willing to underplay. Claire Bloom? As *Watson*? Could the character be reconceived for Emily Lloyd? Wonder what Hayley Mills is like in her forties. The game is afoot! 





ate publisher Eric Thorkilsen as synergy point man for the organization.

All at once, it seems, Time Warner executives are making either self-serving, earnest pronouncements or downright stupid ones. *Entertainment Weekly*, the doomed successor to Time Inc.'s *TV Cable Week* and *Picture Week*, that company executives actually talk about as "a lighter version of *People*," has adopted as its slogan "Kick Back. Chill Out. Hang Loose. Have Fun"—a compilation of dated catchphrases only slightly more embarrassing (*We are two wild and crazy guys looking to get down with some American foxes*) than the concept of *Entertainment Weekly* itself. Already there is talk within the Time & Life Building that the magazine's editor, Jeff "Picks and Pans" Jarvis, late of *People*, has a tenuous hold on his job. Another *People* alumnus, *Life*'s new managing editor, Jim Gaines, finds himself *disbursing* pink slips: around Thanksgiving he was preparing to sack much of the moribund monthly's old staff.

In its long, dreary institutional decline, Time Inc. is slowly dispensing with all the elements that once made it unique. First the generous expense accounts have been all but done away with. After trimming many dozens of people from the payroll over the past four years, this fall *Time* dismissed all of its nonstaff stringers around the country. Fully a quarter of *Time* is now written by often quasi-literate correspondents heretofore responsible only for sending in raw reports from the field—and the suddenly unsentimental Time Warner cost-cutting policies will only increase the fraction of bad-newspaper prose. Last fall, when *Time*'s fiscal overseers tried to impose a new budget on the magazine (*Each page of Time, the bean counters said menacingly, costs two and a half times more to produce than a page of People*), Muller, Stacks and two other top editorial executives—all four of them ex-correspondents—spent a weekend coming up with a counterproposal, the gist of which is more money for correspondents, less for editors and national- and international-affairs writers in New York. *Time*'s fact-checking unit, once the pride of the magazine industry, gets depended on less every month, with some reporters and writers now being asked to fact-check their own stories.

Self-reliance, however, reached an all-time high at Time Warner with *Fortune*'s

unusually windy piece on "The Inside Story of Time Warner." The article's mission was threefold: to demonstrate the sort of self-reporting that won *The Wall Street Journal* such respect for its coverage of the Foster Winans scandal, to scoop Connie Bruck's *New Yorker* piece on the merger and to get *Fortune*'s managing editor, Marshall Loeb—whose cheerleading, company-man antics had him flashing WE'VE WON! WE'VE WON! across the magazine's computer system after the merger was approved—the attention he craves from the 34th-floor executive offices, where nobody reads *Fortune*. The story, though relentlessly perky ("A big guy's big guy, Ross lives the high life and makes no excuses for it"), is notable mainly for its size and the special treatment it got. The writer, *Fortune* editor Bill Saporito, was given ten weeks to work on the piece, as opposed to the usual six, and Time Warner management went to great lengths to put out the word that Gil Rogin, *Fortune*'s top editor on the 34th floor, would be the only executive to see the piece before it came out; not even Jason McManus would see it.

Even as such no-conflict-of-interest convolutions become necessary in this new synergistic-monopolistic age, McManus allows himself to get upset when asked how he feels the rest of the press reacted to the Time Warner merger. A good deal of the skepticism about the merger centered on how Time Inc. magazines would cover Warner Bros. entertainment productions. Indeed, the punch-pulling may already have started. When the contretemps between screenwriter Joe Eszterhas and Creative Artists Agency head Mike Ovitz first became public (see story on page 90), it was rumored that *Time* had planned a story on the feud that was scrapped after Ovitz placed a call to his old pal Steve Ross. Even if the rumor turned out to be false, the damage was already done—Hollywood perceived the magazine to be in Ross's pocket.

At a recent meeting with *Time* senior editors, McManus seemed particularly peeved about the carping over his somewhat unseemly role in the merger—specifically, his decision not to cover the deal in *Time* immediately after it happened. The disgruntled *Übereditor* whined for a full ten minutes over the unfairness of it all. Hey, Jason: Kick Back. Chill Out. Hang Loose. Have Fun. ▀

CHEAP

# THREADS

*Dressing up is hard to do*

BY ELLIS WEINER

Let us begin the 1990s with a question we have for too long avoided: is the grown-up a smart shopper? I ask because

about 16 years ago I shelled out five bucks for a book called *The Bargain Finder* and I have been in thrall to its sensible but stern worldview ever since. Back then, when my weekly take-home pay as a bookstore clerk hovered around room temperature, I needed all the bargains I could get, and this paperback detailed the most economical places in New York to shop for everything short of life eternal and binary chemical weapons.

My 1983 copy opens with a cranky explanation of why it's been so long between editions and how burdensome it is to compile this resource. But 16 years ago, when the venture was new and the political atmosphere far different, the book opened with a crisply written and passionately argued manifesto. As I recall, its wisdom included the following: Buy from small local merchants whenever possible, and keep the money in the neighborhood. Pay cash. Don't fall for brand-name mystique. In many cases there's nothing wrong with "factory irregulars." And above all, forget retail—everything conceivable by the mind of man can be purchased in New York at a discount; department stores are for chumps. Snap out of it.

My considered reaction? "Right on! Power to the fucking people, man." After all, it was 1974, Nixon was about to resign, and soon I would be taking courses on *Das Kapital* at a Marxist school in the Village. Thus did I set forth one glorious afternoon, thriftily walking from York Avenue across the entire island of Man-





hattan to a recommended hole-in-the-wall dive on Twelfth Avenue. There did I save a whopping (by 1974 standards) four dollars on a pair of navy-blue corduroys, which I wore with pride as part of my normal clothing rotation for about three weeks, until the zipper broke.

While I no longer purchase slacks at that particular venue, I nonetheless retain—no, am imprisoned by—the too-canny consumer's Weltanschauung as set forth in that seminal Bargainfindertext. It pains me to buy retail; I feel like a sap, a sucker, a dupe. Part of this is the result of coming of intellectual age in New York, where there is an insider's way of doing everything and where "list" is for...you know. *Them*—the saps, the suckers, the dupes.

The rest of the justification for this compulsion to shop discount, this almost physical need to march ten blocks (or drive two miles) out of my way to save a dime on Colgate "dental cream"—why,

**N***o matter what the salesperson*

*hands me, the outcome is the same:*

*I can put it on,*

*but I can't pull it off*

it's simply a matter of good economy and common sense, no?

No. Well, yes when it comes to computers and home-entertainment devices and appliances. A person who buys such commodities at the suggested retail price lacks the intelligence God gave coleslaw. Such items are to be bought either at discount houses, in the face of the almost overwhelming opposition of the people who work there, or at specialty stores, where one pays a sobering premium but receives competent, if inevitably condescending, advice.

But in the case of toothpaste, it is habit—perhaps delicately tinged with neurosis?—that holds sway. And in the case of clothing, economic shrewdness and habit play second fiddle in the backseat to naked, as it were, insecurity.

Which is to say, I buy discount because it so wonderfully limits my choices. Clothes shopping is for me not so much a satisfying exercise in self-expression and ego gratification as a harrowing encounter with the issue of identity: what mine is, what it wants to be seen walking around in and whom it thinks it's kidding.

No matter what I try on, no matter how I stand or slouch before the mirror, I'm unable to answer the question "Who do I think I am?" There is something pretentious, or disingenuous, or corrupt, or otherwise unacceptable about every "look." Sleek Italian shirts? Too vain. American classics? Craven capitulation to the Establishment. Plaid flannels, work shirts? Too loudly, proudly self-effacing. Snowshoes, tutu and a gas mask? *It's not me, I think. I'm not really like that.* No matter what the salesperson hands me, the outcome is the same. I can put it on, but I can't pull it off.

Sometimes I consider chucking the whole freedom-of-choice thing and going monostylistic: a dozen identical outfits, all white or all black, for every possible occasion. But that's not me, either—it's Tom Wolfe, not to mention Halston.

Were someone to hand me a blank check made out to Barneys, Paul Stuart or Bloomingdale's with a cheery "Here—go buy what you like," I would thank him, stride smartly into the store and freeze as though paralyzed by a blowgun. I don't know what I like, and I don't necessarily *like* what I like.

For others the swank boutiques with names like Uomo and Moda Wow. The names of *my* favorite places end in *outlet* or *mart*. They rarely have anything decent, and when they do, it's not in my size. I'm forced to settle—glumly, maybe, but secretly relieved. And to celebrate a triumph or splurge with a windfall, or just in one of those giddy, life-is-for-living, I-deserve-being-me moments, I go to a regular store and buy...anything, really. On sale. The grown-up, in his kind way, pities this. He knows what he likes and, even more impressive, has long ago figured out for whom he is dressing: his peers, his job, women, men, the world, himself. He observes the ancient Iranian (I think) maxim I read somewhere, which, in fact, sums up all of life on both the consumer and Karmic levels: Take what you want, and pay for it. I, in contrast, take what I don't want and pay for it. ☛

**SAY IT**

**LOUD**

*At the top of their lungs, the pits*

BY ROY BLOUNT JR.

Where are the great American exclamations anymore, like the ones we learned in school? *Fifty-four-forty or fight!* Actually,



I guess that one was imperialistic, and it nearly got us into a war with England. *Remember the Maine!* Actually,

I guess that one was imperialistic, too, and it *did* get us into a war with Spain.

But lately it's worse! All anybody exclaims is *Let's stop feeling guilty about this jabbering rabble of other people and just be our natural selves: nasty, hateful and self-respecting!*

We hear plenty of exclamations from proudly offensive comedians and rock groups. From the also proudly defensive Jackie Mason: "Anybody who calls me a racist should be shot in the street like a horse!" Also, "You have to be an idiot, a coward and a bigot to call me names!"

We can do better than that! Okay:

Shame on those congressmen who rushed to the office of Representative Claude Pepper after his death to get his autograph on books and pictures before the automatic signing pen was put away!

But denouncing congressmen is too easy. Presidents are capable of that. So let us quote Public Enemy's former "minister of information," Richard "Professor Griff" Griffin: "The Jews are wicked. And we can prove this." And then let us exclaim, *You have a filthy mouth!*

And let us quote...no. I, for one, am not going to quote the minority-bashing, woman-bashing and entirely unfunny album of Andrew Dice Clay, which I bought out of curiosity and hated so much that I threw it down the garbage chute. Let us just exclaim, *You have a despicable act! You, and your mother, and your*

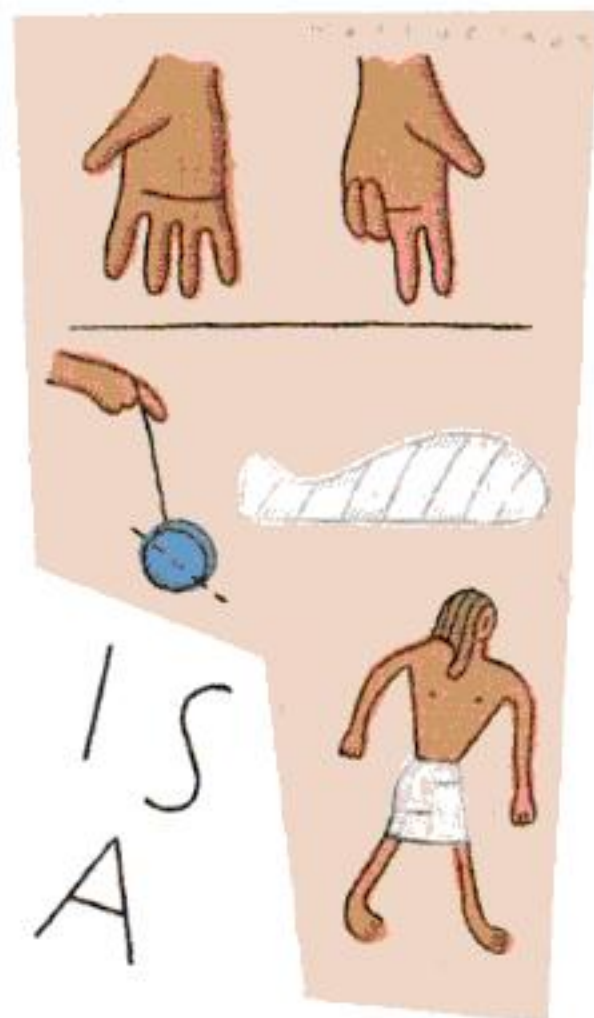


*fans, and their mothers, ought to be ashamed!*

And let us quote Axl Rose, of the rock group Guns N' Roses: "Why can black people go up to each other and say, 'nigger,' but when a white guy does it all of a sudden it's a big put-down?" And then let us exclaim this: *You have evidently given this question so little thought that you must be too dumb to realize how stupid you sound!*

And let us say about Mason that at least he's wrestling openly with what he doesn't want to admit is his racism, and even if he has lost every round to it, he's at least been giving it something *like* thought, what he *thinks* is thought (in fact, something that is thought, up to a point), proving the worst (the most quotably self-defeating) defense makes for the best (the most illuminating) offense. And let us exclaim to Jackie Mason, *Listen to yourself! You could learn something!*

And let us say that radio personality Howard Stern, whose act has always

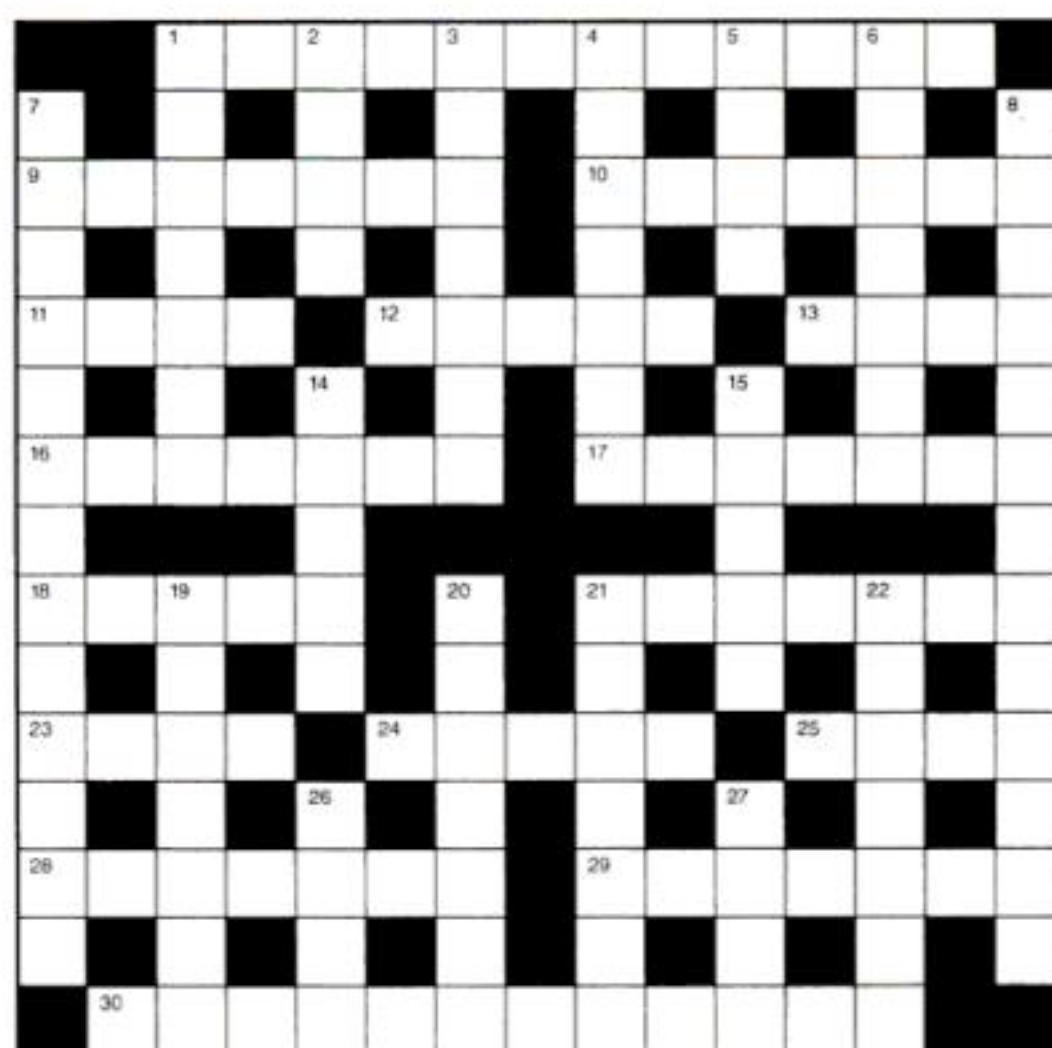


stunk, has gone downhill. Recently, according to *Newsday*, Stern hosted an evening of performances that included "a fellow dressed in a Nazi outfit who, after asking the crowd if it would like to meet Anne Frank, dumped a bottle of ashes on the ground" and "a one-legged ball boy who rolled around the court pathetically retrieving tennis balls." Let us exclaim this to Howard Stern: *No one should speak kindly to you or about you until you show remorse for your career to date!*

*Bleahh!* That outrageousness should sink so low! On the other hand, let us not neglect to exclaim also as follows: *David Dinkins seems like a nice man! Michelle Pfeiffer sure is pretty! Happy New Year!*

## ACROSS

1. What we say when we slip: "Ms. Duck follows basketball in Washington!" (12)
9. Rizzuto's bovine exclamation: "Crazy? Cool? Why?" (4, 3)
10. Yell 17 before ten, and you get a little oat doughnut. (7)
11. Odd sort of saint, lacking a short answer to "Is so!" (4)
12. If not for the 22nd Amendment, we might be having fo' (if not fo' sco') years of this dummy. (5)
13. Curdled soybean milk found in baked potato. Fudge! (4)
16. In the direction of a drunk backing around Mr. Cleaver. (7)
17. Yet may a disorderly fan cry this? (3,4)
18. Bit-part actor gives old newsboy's call. (5)
21. Rum, this! Bachelor's auto runs into princess. (7)
23. The state of Cleveland cloned? Exclamation of surprise! (2,2)
24. Flashy? Monk's music? Yo-yo Head! (5)
25. Large inscrutable landmass, for instance Iowa. (4)
28. Watchman, in a word, split. Heads up! (4,3)



29. Told "Get thee to a nunnery!" she stammered, "L.A., I hope!" (7)
30. Scram, General Electric tout! Scramble free! Oh! (3,3,2,4)
8. What the unwrapper said to King Tut's discoverer, or what a Brit might say, trying to play the dozens. (2,5,2,1,3)
14. Pained sound sounds mature. (5)
15. Whole Rockland town in sin — many acknowledge it! (5)
19. Couple has most woe, perhaps. (7)
20. At B-list blowout? Drat! (5,2)
21. Message for a pest or an out-of-key bee. (4,3)
22. Wild lovers with energy finally settle. (7)
26. Encouraging words for platform dancers in brief fringy attire. (2,2)
27. We take in anonymous male subject with cry of glee. (4)

*The answers to the Un-British Crossword appear on page 106.*



# CAR 54, WHERE ARE YOU?

What's a society matron with a busy afternoon of shopping ahead of her to do when, after she's pushed some \$27

greens around a plate at Le Cirque, her car isn't waiting out front? (1) Socialite Celestine Wallis summons her



technologically up-to-the-minute driver using an elegant purse-size cellular phone; (2) to catch her top chauffeur's eye, dark-rooted Plaza Hotel despoiler and Catherine Oxenberg wanna-be Ivana Trump uses what

is seemingly an old Czech technique that involves doing a folk dance resembling the Pony; (3) slack-jawed female-impersonator impersonator Pat Buckley flaps an exceedingly long arm up and down in the direction of a taxi, graciously allowing her astonishingly short-armed walker, cartoonish agent Swifty Lazar, to stand out of the rain; (4) bosomy dirty-book writer Shirley Lord (not at Le Cirque—after all, look at



what she's wearing!) gropes blindly at a seemingly innocent civilian, presumably to ask his assistance in securing a cab; and (5) career girl Tina Brown sets off for her swanky *Vanity Fair* office on foot, simply closing her eyes and following the scent of Si Newhouse's crew neck sweater.



▼ Accepting a medal for her doddering husband from the Business Council for the United Nations, Nancy Reagan tried to look as if she didn't mind that no one at all was talking to her (no one, that is, except an irritating dwarf who kept waving at her from behind her neighbor, Mrs. Richard Voell).



**SOCIETY CHARADES** We all know that foreigners talk funny, and it's especially entertaining when they interpret English idioms literally. Take, for example, Spanish accessories merchant Paloma Picasso and her husband, Rafael Sanchez (*right*), and Iranian-born husband snatcher Mercedes Bass (*far right*): all of these very classy people with continental accents evidently think that they will distinguish themselves from their plebeian fellows by taking literally the expression *nose in the air*.



◀ At a dinner dance at the Metropolitan Opera, overleveraged billionaire Henry Kravis raises his 120-or-so pounds on tippy-toes and leans on a chair to make sure he appears to be at least as tall as churlish dwarf billionaire Laurence Tisch.

▼ International style setter Nan Kempner seems to be performing her zany knee-puppet trick for fellow vacationers in Venice.





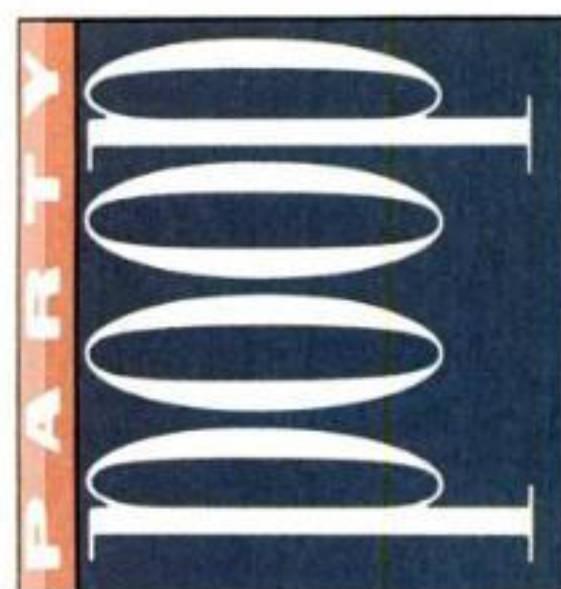
post-Reagan society court jesters are interior designers. *Right*, at the Save Venice Ball, profligate turtle-faced decorator John Saladino tried on an Egyptian attitude, amusing clients and partygoers — notably his putative fiancée, Honore Ryan — with his special King Tut dance. And, *far right*, in Saratoga Springs, decorator Robert Metzger delighted party girl-cum-morning show host Kathleen Sullivan and oil-rich over-size-jewelry buff Mollie Wilmot by doing his hilarious *The Nutty Professor from Hell* bit.



▼ Forever-young socialite Martha Reed and her inflatable date take a moment's break from the dance floor at Marylou Whitney's annual ball in Saratoga Springs.



◀ Finally an answer to the one big question about Gayfryd Steinberg and her husband, Saul, that's stumped society players and spectators for six years: she simply keeps her eyes closed.



◀ **LOOK HOMEWARD, SHORT-FINGERED VULGARIAN** All the little people Donald Trump left behind in Queens haven't forgotten their most famous son. In fact, the borough has lately been brimming with idolatrous Donald and Ivana imitators, such as these two enthusiastic unfortunates, spotted at the U.S. Open in Flushing Meadow. The real Trumps, of course, would never appear in public looking so sweaty, so puffy or so haphazardly groomed.



or Oscar de la Renta will make fun of you behind your back to C. Z. Guest; (2) **DO**

**SOCIETY GALA DOS AND DON'TS** (1) **DON'T** wear a hair net, as Estée Lauder did at Mortimer's,



tuck a napkin into your shirt collar, as Mike Ovitz's East Coast capo Mort Janklow did at Steve McGraw's to avoid dribbling food on his supershiny tie; (3,4) **DON'T** get so caught up in life in the fast lane that you neglect to put your teeth in before going out, or you'll resemble *Vogue* editor Polly Mellon and hastily retired *Times* editor turned socialite Abe Rosenthal.







NEW  
IMPROVED  
NEW YORK

## NEW YEAR'S EVE IN

*Times Square — what could be better? Just about anything, really: by 11:30 you're either one of those looking for an empty square of sidewalk on which to purge or you're sober and desperately dodging the nauseated drunk to your right. But not this year. In our New, Improved New York, the NYPD has installed the Equilibrium Eliminator™, a self-powered turnstile turbo-accelerator that convinces potential overimbibers that they've had enough to drink several drinks before they actually have. And even the stern teetotalers (with all their It looked much neater on TV harrumphing) are whipped — at 120 rpm — into the woozy, festive spirit that is a prerequisite to standing happily with thousands of strangers in the bitter cold, watching a ball with light bulbs on it sink to the end of a steel cable. ☺*